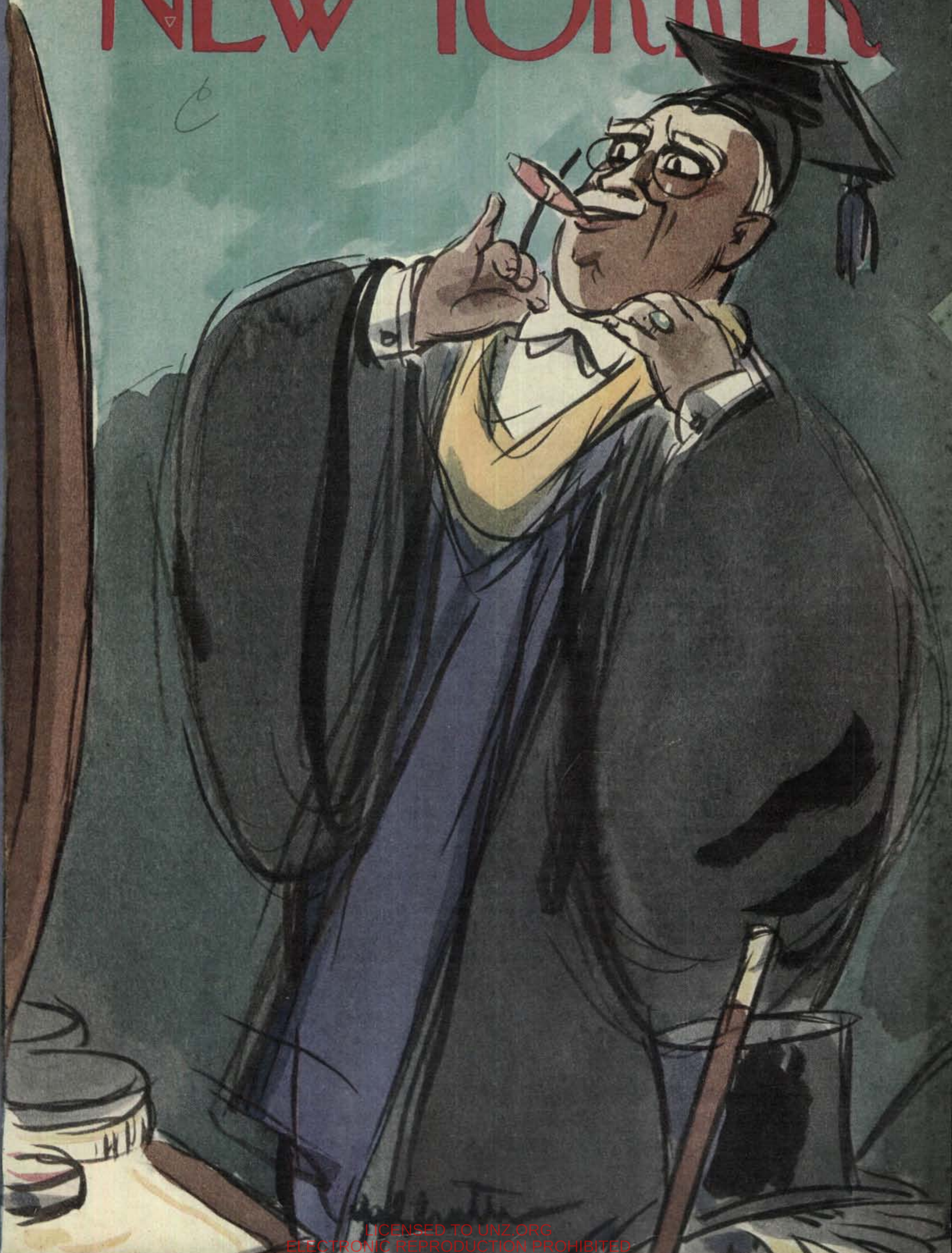
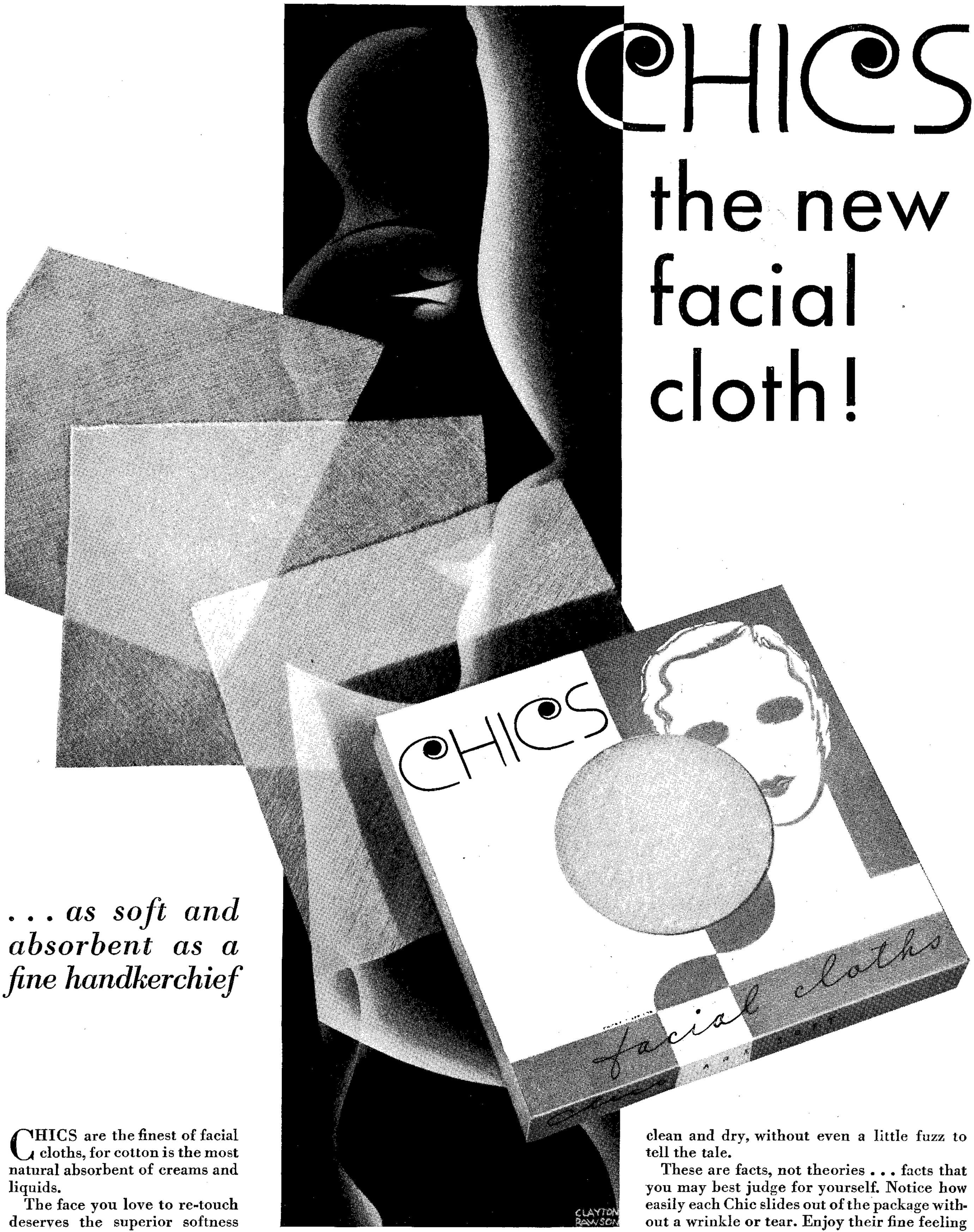
★ June 18, 1932

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

c





CHICS the new facial cloth!

. . . as soft and absorbent as a fine handkerchief

CHICS are the finest of facial cloths, for cotton is the most natural absorbent of creams and liquids.

The face you love to re-touch deserves the superior softness of this downy cleansing cloth . . . a new cosmetic weave that contacts every pore and gently removes every tiny speck of dirt.

Chics fit your hand as naturally as a fine handkerchief and they're as easy and convenient to use (and easier thrown away!). Crumple a Chic, fold it this way and that —it won't wrinkle or tear apart. Even when a Chic is dampened with liquid cleansers or astringents, it still retains its shape and body . . . for it's a special weave of highly absorbent cotton.

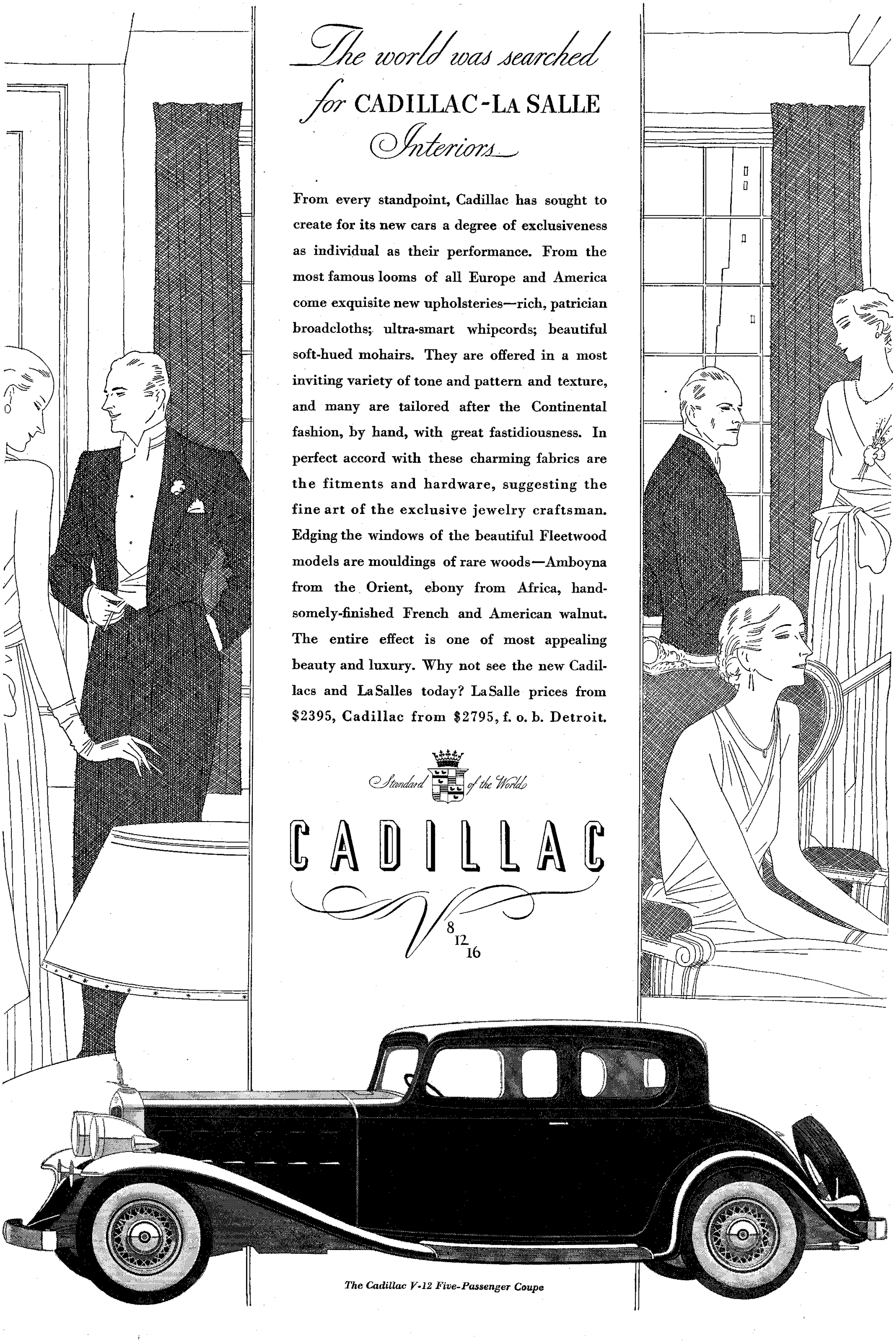
Chics will appeal to your love of luxury without damaging your budget a bit. Every package contains forty individual sterilized cloths . . . and it only takes one Chic (not 2 or 3 or 4) to do the trick to a T. "Just a touch" and your face is clean and dry, without even a little fuzz to tell the tale.

These are facts, not theories . . . facts that you may best judge for yourself. Notice how easily each Chic slides out of the package without a wrinkle or tear. Enjoy their fine feeling on your face, the gentle stimulation they give, the thorough job they do, and the nice sense of softness they leave. These are Chics, the *natural facial cloth.*

◆ ◆ ◆

You may purchase Chics in a Cellophane-wrapped package for only 35c at B. Altman, Saks-Fifth Avenue and other representative stores.

CHICOPEE MANUFACTURING CORP.
NEW BRUNSWICK • NEW JERSEY



The world was searched for CADILLAC-LA SALLE Interiors

From every standpoint, Cadillac has sought to create for its new cars a degree of exclusiveness as individual as their performance. From the most famous looms of all Europe and America come exquisite new upholsteries—rich, patrician broadcloths; ultra-smart whipcords; beautiful soft-hued mohairs. They are offered in a most inviting variety of tone and pattern and texture, and many are tailored after the Continental fashion, by hand, with great fastidiousness. In perfect accord with these charming fabrics are the fitments and hardware, suggesting the fine art of the exclusive jewelry craftsman. Edging the windows of the beautiful Fleetwood models are mouldings of rare woods—Amboyna from the Orient, ebony from Africa, handsomely-finished French and American walnut. The entire effect is one of most appealing beauty and luxury. Why not see the new Cadillacs and La Salles today? La Salle prices from $2395, Cadillac from $2795, f. o. b. Detroit.

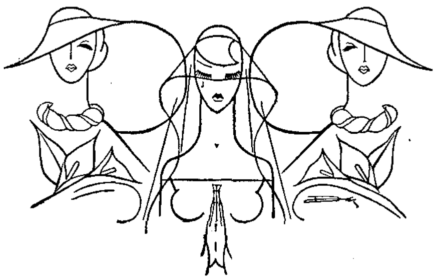
Standard of the World

CADILLAC

V 8 12 16

The Cadillac V-12 Five-Passenger Coupe

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JUNE 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 25. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:40 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Animal Kingdom—The struggle between Art and the Philistines, with side remarks on Sex in the home. Harvey Stephens has replaced Leslie Howard as the young man who decides his mistress is really his wife. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

Another Language—Four sons, their wives, and a mother in a combination which would be hard to beat for verity and entertainment value. Glenn Anders, Dorothy Stickney, Margaret Wycherly, John Beal, Margaret Hamilton, and others. (Booth, 45, W. 8:50 P.M. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

Bridal Wise—The divorce proceedings in this little farce-comedy are not very impressive, but there are plenty of laughs in the perfectly rotten behavior of a couple of little boys. Madge Kennedy and James Rennie head an excellent cast. (Cort, 48, E.)

Counsellor-at-Law—Life in a law office, written with Elmer Rice's genius for detail. Otto Kruger has the leading rôle. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:20 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:20 P.M.)

The Man Who Changed His Name—Frank Conroy plays the rôle of a man who changed his name but not exactly for the reasons feared by his wife (played by Fay Bainter). Both Mr. Conroy and Miss Bainter do wonders for the Edgar Wallace pseudo-mystery. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

Reunion in Vienna—Lynn Fontanne's and Alfred Lunt's incomparable teamwork lending glamour to Robert Sherwood's delicious story of royalty out of work and on a holiday. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

A Thousand Summers—Calf love in the Lake District, made more than usually appealing by the performances of Jane Cowl as the Lady and Franchot Tone as the Mooner. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

WITH MUSIC

The Cat and the Fiddle—If you like good music, this Jerome Kern score will keep you delighted. There is not much else, except a nice production and a general air of refinement. (Cohan, B'way at 43.)

Face the Music—A hilarious kick in the shins for the local Tin-Box Boys, with Irving Berlin music, a smart production, and a cast which includes Mary Boland, Hugh O'Connell, and Andrew Tombes. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

Hey Nonny Nonny!—The only small revue in town and worth a try anyway. With Frank Morgan, Ann Seymour, Richy Craig, Jr., Dorothy McNulty, and others. (Shubert, 44, W.)

Hot-Cha!—Very nice if you like to look at things. Not so hot-cha if you care what you listen to. Bert Lahr, Lupe Velez, Lynne Overman, and others. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

Of Thee I Sing—Our national government and several national traits held up to elaborate ridicule, with loud laughter resulting. Music by Gershwin. Victor Moore, William Gaxton, and Lois Moran are in it. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

Show Boat—Practically everyone who has seen this revival likes the show better than in 1928, which is saying a great deal. Norma Terris, Dennis King, Helen Morgan, Charles Winninger, Puck and White, and Paul Robeson. (Casino, 7 Ave. at 50.)

•

Vaudeville—Ben Bernie and his band will be at the Palace Fri., June 17. Al Trahan and Buddy Rogers' orchestra will be there for the week starting Sat., June 18. (Palace B'way at 47; continuous from 11 A.M. to 11:30 P.M.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

Central Park Casino (Rhinelander 4-3034)—Eddy Duchin's ha-cha orchestra, Hannah Williams Kahn, and Veloz and Yolanda are three good excuses for being extravagant in this flowery Urban setting. Should dress.

El Garrón, 159 W. 49 (Circle 7-2627)—Warmer-than-warm tango music, Dick Gasparre's dance orchestra, amusing songs by DeLys and Clark, Roberta Robinson, and Pierce and Harris keep this after-theatre rendezvous going all night along.*

Pierre Roof, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—Dinner and supper dancing in a handsome restaurant forty-two stories above Central Park. Music by Joe Moss' orchestra.*

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—A magnificent view, with Vincent Lopez music. Dances by Caperton and Biddle at midnight. Must dress.

Starlight Roof, Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—The newest of the town's hanging gardens. Jack Denny and his orchestra play for dinner and supper dancing. Must dress.

More Roofs—Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 4-8100), worth the trip for the harbor view; Freddy Martin's orchestra. . . . Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920), dinner and supper to Paul Whiteman's music. . . . St. Moritz Sky Salon, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800), with Harold Stern's dance music.*

Other aërial places: Astor Roof, B'way at 44; McAlpin Roof, B'way at 34; Park Central Roof, 7 Ave. at 55 (Noble Sissle's band); and Pennsylvania Roof, 7 Ave. at 33 (Buddy Rogers and orchestra). . . . Not high up, but cool nevertheless: Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45, with Harry Reser and his Eskimos; and Hotel New Yorker Summer Terrace, 8 Ave. at 34, with Jack Pettis' orchestra.

Broadway Atmosphere—Two places with elaborate revues, noisy Broadway crowds, and no cover charge: Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572); and Paramount Hotel Grill, 235 W. 46 (Chickering 4-7580).

Greenwich Village—For informal and inexpensive evenings: The Greenwich Village Inn, 5 Sheridan Sq.; The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

Harlem—You'll have to ask a friend where to find the various low-down dives; but two well-known places, with revues at 12:30 and 2, are: The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-1687); and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131 (Tillinghast 5-6630).

Hungarian—Csarda, 203 E. 92 (Atwater 9-9505), where cimbalon and gypsy music give that romantic touch; Hungarian food at its best.

Russian Motif—The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14, featuring Russian food, and singing by Adia Kuznetzoff and Mme. Nicolina.

Spanish Atmosphere—El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (Chelsea 2-4646), one of the larger and better-known places for Spanish cuisine and entertainment. . . . El Gaucho, 235 Sullivan, at Wash. Sq. (Spring 7-0875), small and clubby, with very rumba music.

JUST OUT OF TOWN

(An hour's drive, more or less, from Times Sq., and open until 2 A.M.)

Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000)—Dining and dancing on the terrace.

Hollywood Gardens, Pelham P'kway (City Island 8-1763)—George Olsen's band and circus entertainment.

Pavillon Royal, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I. (Valley Stream 1308)—Featuring Smith Ballew and his orchestra.

Pelham Heath Inn, Pelham P'kway (Talmadge 2-9358)—With Isham Jones providing the dance music.

Post Lodge, Boston Post Rd., Larchmont, N.Y. (Larchmont 2660)—Arthur C. Hand's Westchester dancing rendezvous, with Ernie Holst's orchestra.

Woodmansten Inn, Williamsbridge Rd. at Pelham P'kway (Talmadge 5-2130)—Russ Columbo and his orchestra.

Notes—For dinner only (no dancing): Henri's, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L.I. (Lynbrook 759), excellent food and expensive.

Coney Island tourists in search of shore dinners and dancing might try: Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay; or Feltmans' Maple Gardens, Surf Ave., Coney Island.

MOTION PICTURES

À Nous la Liberté—The latest René Clair importation: a lively one about prisons and factories and how alike they are after all. (Europa, 154 W. 55; continuous from noon. Closes Mon., June 20.)

As You Desire Me—Garbo and Pirandello, which is an odd match, yet certainly not without interest. (Loew's 72 Street, 3 Ave. at 72; and Lexington, Lexington at 51;

(Continued on page 4)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
PROFILES	19
OF ALL THINGS	23
THE THEATRE	24
PARIS LETTER	26
OVER THE WAVES	30
THE RACE TRACK	37
THE OARSMEN	38
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	40
ABOUT THE HOUSE	43
TEE AND GREEN	48
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS	50
THE CURRENT CINEMA	52
OUT OF TOWN	54
BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS	58

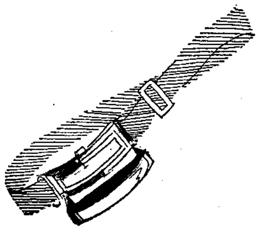
THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VIII, No. 18, June 18, 1932. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1932, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

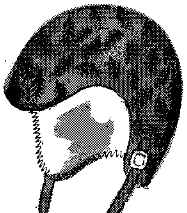
We're off on a brand new hobby—

THE SUMMER TIME SHOP

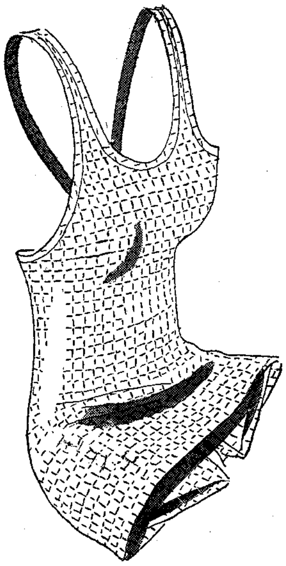
A corner of the Street Floor (38th Street side) full of frivolous things for country, camp, beach, fairways, courts, lakes — anywhere out of city limits.



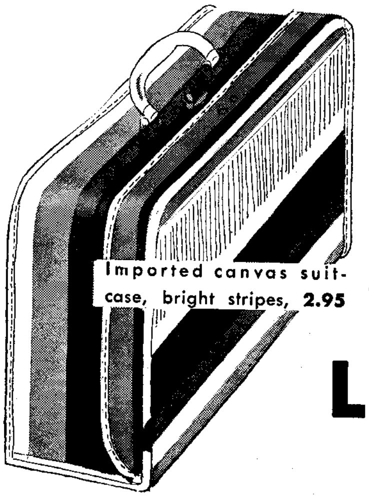
Belt with water-tight pocketbook buckle........1.25



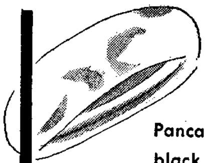
Rubber hat, silk jersey lining, doesn't muss hair, 1.00



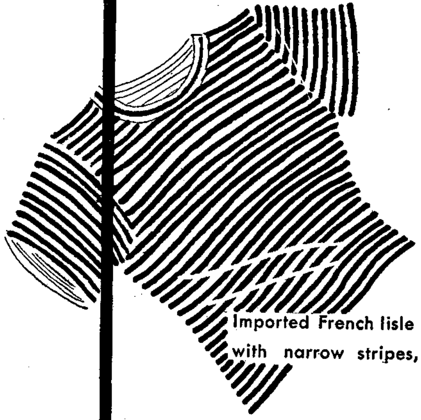
Strap-back bathing suit, novelty weave wool, 3.95



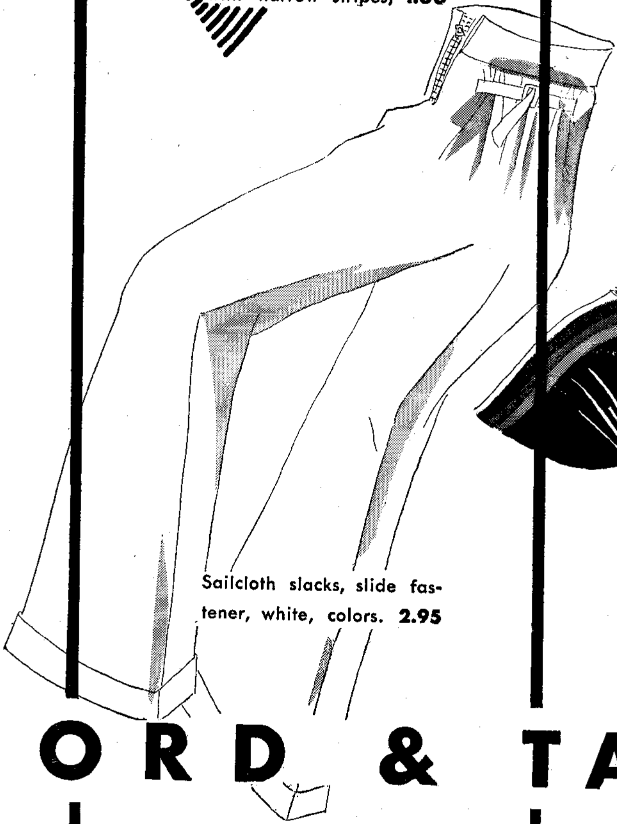
Imported canvas suitcase, bright stripes, 2.95



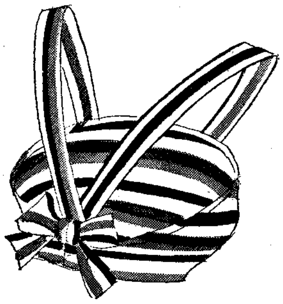
Pancake beret, white, navy, black, red, or brown, 1.95



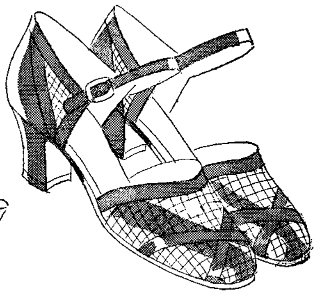
Imported French lisle shirts, with narrow stripes, 1.00



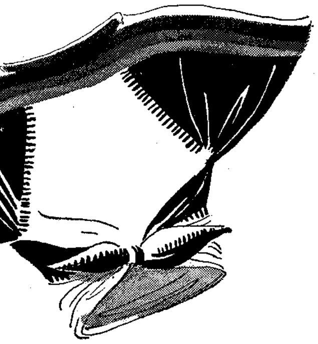
Sailcloth slacks, slide fastener, white, colors. 2.95



Beach bras, striped linen or pique, wear with slacks, 1.95



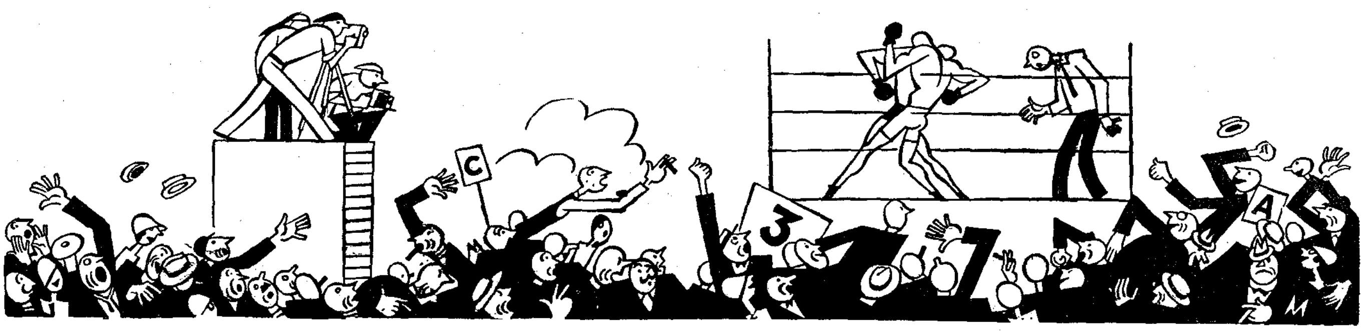
Sailcloth and mesh sandals, with water-proof soles, 2.95



"Topperall," knitted wool, beach or sports clothes, 3.50

LORD & TAYLOR

FIFTH AVENUE



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JUNE 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 25. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

(Continued from page 2)

Sat. through Mon., June 18-20; continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE CROWD ROARS—The noisy tough Cagney picture of auto-racing. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Fri. through Sun., June 17-19; continuous from 2 P.M.)

THE DARK HORSE—Some jokes about political life, pretty broad though they often strike home. With Warren William as campaign manager and Guy Kibbee superb as candidate. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; continuous from 11 A.M.)

THE DOOMED BATTALION—If you can stand another war picture this one will do, thanks to the skiing scenes in the Austrian Alps. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

GRAND HOTEL—The Garbo film that ought to be seen. Assistance given by the Brothers Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M. daily; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at midnight.)

SCARFACE—All the old underworld stuff massed together for one grand and gory smashup. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "But the Flesh Is Weak," Mayfair and the problem of marrying for money, with Robert Montgomery; "Congress Dances," a pretty operetta of Metternich's day; "Strangers of the Evening," one of those comic mysteries the movies do well, with ZaSu Pitts.

Newsreels at the Embassy, B'way at 46 (continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight); and at the Trans-Lux Theatres, Madison at 58, and B'way between 49 and 50 (continuous from 11 A.M. to midnight.)

ART

AMERICANA—Views of the native soil and the buildings upon it, by various artists: Marie Harriman, 63 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

AMERICANS—A group of young Americans one step down from the moderns: Rehn, 683 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . Representative showing of conservative American paintings. Bellows, Coleman, Brook, Karfiol, and others: Milch, 108 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Group show of French Impressionists, for the summer: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MIXED—Summer exhibition of French moderns, and Americans, including Picasso, Dufy, Lurçat, Derain, Eilshemius, Stella, Bouché, etc.: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

MODERN—Summer show of paintings and sculpture, with special loans from private collections: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

RÉSUMÉ—Post-season show for visitors who were not in town during the Marin, O'Keeffe, Demuth, and Dove exhibitions: Stieglitz' An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

WHITNEY—Summer show of paintings, sculpture, water colors, and prints, from the permanent collection: Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 W. 8. Open weekdays (except Mon.) 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts nightly at 8:45—Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. on Central Park Mall. (72 St. entrance.) . . . Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. on N.Y.U. Campus. (Take East Side subway to N.Y.U.-Burnside Ave. Sta., and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

OPEN-AIR OPERA—"Aïda," with Helen Gahagan: Polo Grounds, Fri. Eve., June 24, at 8:30. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

ON THE AIR

COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: nightly (except Sat. and Sun.) at 10:30; and Sun. Aft. at 3; over WABC.

NBC CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Sodero conducting: nightly (except Sun. and Wed.) at 11:15, over WJZ.

LITTLE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—James conducting: Sat. Eves., June 18 and 25, at 8, over WOR.

GOLDMAN BAND—Sat. Eve., June 18, at 9; Sun. Eve., June 19, at 8:30; and Tues. Eve., June 21, at 9:30; over WJZ.

TOSCHA SEIDEL—Violinist, with concert orchestra: Sun. Eve., June 19, at 9, over WABC.

RICHARD CROOKS—Tenor soloist, in Firestone Hour: Mon. Eve., June 20, at 8:30, over WEAF.

RACING—The Brooklyn Handicap, broadcast from Aqueduct: Sat. Aft., June 18, at 3:30, over WABC. . . . The American Derby, broadcast from Washington Park, Ill.: Sat. Aft., June 18, at 6:15, over WJZ.

CREW—Intercollegiate Regatta, varsity race, broadcast from Poughkeepsie: Mon. Eve., June 20, at 7:15, over WEAF or WJZ.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds (Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:20 P.M.): Giants vs. Chicago, Fri. and Sat., June 17 and 18; Giants vs. St. Louis, Sun., June 19, and Tues. through Thurs., June 21-23. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.) . . . At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Sat., June 25, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

BOXING—World's Heavyweight Championship, Max Schmeling vs. Jack Sharkey, Madison Square Garden Bowl, Northern Blvd. at 45 St., Long Island City, Tues. Eve., June 21; preliminaries at 8:15 P.M. (Take I.R.T.-Flushing subway from Times Sq. or Grand Central to Bliss St. Sta.; or L.I.R.R. from Penn. Sta. to Woodside.)

CREW—Intercollegiate Regatta, Hudson River, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., Mon. Aft., June 20; California, Columbia, Cornell, M.I.T., Navy, Pennsylvania, Syracuse, and Washington competing. All races will be rowed downstream. Freshman race at 5:15, junior varsity at 6:15, and varsity at 7:15. (West Shore train leaves W. 42 St. ferry at 1:40 P.M. and Weehawken at 2 P.M., arriving at Highland, N.Y., at 3:55 P.M. Observation train leaves Highland at about 4:45 P.M. Special train returns to Weehawken after last race.)

Yale-Harvard Regatta, Thames River, New London, Conn., Fri., June 24. Freshman race at 11 A.M., immediately followed by junior varsity race, both upstream. (Observation train leaves New London Sta. at 10:40 A.M.). Four-mile varsity race at 7:15 P.M., downstream. (Observation train leaves New London Sta. at 6:40 P.M. Connecting train leaves Grand Central at 3 P.M., arriving at New London at 5:57 P.M.)

GOLF—New Jersey Amateur, Upper Montclair Country Club, Upper Montclair, N.J.; last two days, Fri. and Sat., June 17 and 18. . . . National Open Championship, Fresh Meadow Country Club, Flushing, L.I., Thurs. through Sat., June 23-25. . . . Westchester Amateur, Westchester Country Club, Rye, N.Y., Thurs. through Sat., June 23-25.

HORSE SHOWS—Huntington Bay Club Horse Show, Huntington, L.I.; last two days, Fri. and Sat., June 17 and 18. . . . Babylon Horse Show, Babylon, L.I., Thurs. through Sat., June 23-25.

POLO—Intercollegiate final, Yale vs. winner of Army-Harvard game: Rye Turf & Polo Club, Anderson Rd. at Lincoln Ave., Port Chester, N.Y., Sat. Aft., June 18, at 4. . . . Meadow Brook Club Tournament, Westbury, L.I.; play Sat. Afts. at 4:30, and Tues. and Thurs. Afts. at 5:30, weather permitting. . . . High-goal play at Fleischmann Field, Sands Point, Port Washington, L.I., every Sun. Aft. at 4, weather permitting.

RACING—Aqueduct track: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. The Brooklyn Handicap will be run Sat. Aft., June 18. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at 12:35, 1:20, and 1:55 P.M.)

TENNIS—National Intercollegiate Championships, Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, near Philadelphia, Pa., Mon. through Sat., June 20-25.

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: Larchmont Yacht Club races, Sat. Aft., June 18; Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club races, Sat. Aft., June 25. . . . Larchmont Yacht Club special races, Sun. Aft., June 19.

OTHER EVENTS

SPORTS GYMKHANA AND WATER CARNIVAL—For the benefit of Bellevue Hospital Social Service: Lido Country Club, Long Beach, L.I., Fri., June 17, from 10:30 A.M. all day. (In case of rain, postponement until Wed., June 22.)

MUSEUM AND GARDENS—To aid unemployed draughtsmen, Elie Nadelman's private museum of folk and peasant arts, and the gardens of three adjacent estates, Riverdale Ave. at 249 St., will be open to visitors Sat., June 18, from 2 to 7 P.M. (In case of rain, same hours Sun., June 19.)

Blessed Event in Acele-the-Dull

ANGEL SKIN

PANTIES
BANDEAUX
SHIRTS

You never heard of Angel Skin undies before. But you won't hear of anything else from now on. Franklin Simon is first to show them. Du Pont made the yarn that made this dullness permanent. Pin their practical points to your mind. Then plunge. 1—Angel Skin undies wash without shrinking. 2—They're shadow-proof. One layer will do. 3—They cling like old-time, six-dollar glovesilk . . . wear even longer . . . never bunch up. *Panties,* yoke front and elastic back, $1.95. *Bandeau,* uplift with knitted net lining, $1.00. *Shirt,* with shaped top and generous length, $1.50. Colors: Chalk white or blush.

DU PONT
ACELE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

All genuine Angel Skin lingerie is made of Acele-the-dull and confined to Franklin Simon in New York.

Franklin Simon & Co.
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK
ALSO FEATURED AT OUR GREENWICH STORE

ADVERTISEMENT PUBLISHED BY ACELE DEPARTMENT, DU PONT, EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK, N. Y.

ALTMAN SHOP WITH PEOPLE OF TASTE

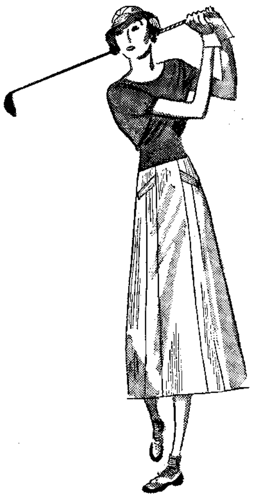
A wool shirt—in stripes, of course—with cap to match, $3.25 (sizes 32-38). The slacks—$7.75

"Sport Clothes must be right"

says this Young Lady who goes Meadowbrook at Altman*

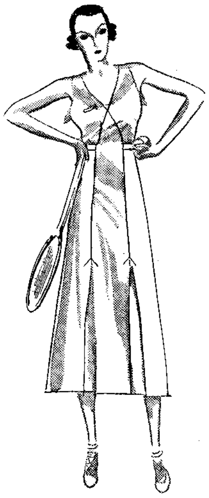
Last winter her smashing service was a feature of the tennis tournaments at Palm Beach and Bermuda. She rides with a form that might be envied at Hurlingham. Her Australian Crawl is an ornament to the beaches of two Continents. Rather naturally, she is as fussy about good form in her sport clothes as she is about good form in her drive. This year she's gone "Meadowbrook" in a big way. Here are some of the models she selected. Meadowbrook fashions may be found on the Third Floor at Altman. They are charming clothes to play in—and equally charming if you prefer a comfortable lounge chair on the veranda.

* Reg.



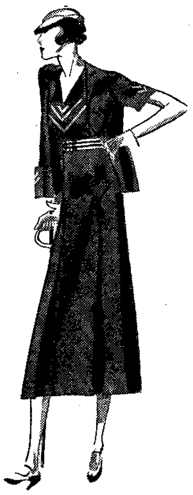
Shirt $1.85 Skirt $3.95

An airy golf shirt of lisle with a skirt of cotton piqué. Both shirt and skirt are washable.



Tennis dress, $10.50

No-back tennis dress. You'll like the cut of its jib! Smart little ties in back. Shantung, lovely pastel colors.



Jacket dress, $12.50

A sleeveless linen dress with jacket. Brown or navy jacket and white dress, or all brown or navy—white trim.

B. ALTMAN & CO. · FIFTH AVENUE AT 34TH STREET, NEW YORK · MURRAY HILL 2-7000

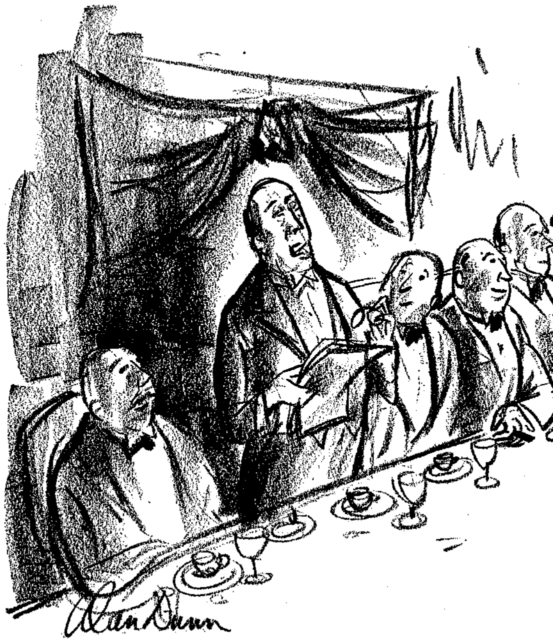
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have been bored considerably during the week by persons saying: "Isn't it wonderful about Mr. Rockefeller!" Maybe it is, but it reminded us more than anything else of the time Fred Stone suddenly embraced Christianity out in Montana or some place. Such conversions do not tend to cheer us, and if you stop to think about it, the very fact that Mr. Rockefeller's conversion should be so important politically is rather a backhanded tribute to Mr. Rockefeller. (Well, ain't it?) Mr. Bill McGeehan wrote a stirring piece arguing that Mr. Rockefeller had shown himself to be the greatest exponent of sportsmanship in America because he had made no bones about his defection but had come clean. We read the entire confessional and it seemed to us that he made plenty of bones about it. The letter reeked with his own aridity and with the evils of drink; and granting that he included all that in order to give point to his conversion, nevertheless it represented his principles and his philosophy, and as such it seemed to us singularly unimportant. "I was born a teetotaller," he wrote (which, incidentally, must have been the neatest trick of the week). "Neither my father nor his father ever tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor, nor have I." Isn't it a funny thing: every day we hear utterances of men whose banner is Freedom and their views are not considered politically significant at all, but along comes someone with a dinky little banner like Purity Revised, and bango, the whole nation throws its hat in the air.

NOT only is the word "jail" not used to designate the new women's jail, but above the front door is a chaste little electric sign: "10 Greenwich Avenue." It is the sort of sign you sometimes find on the better type of apartment building, and in our opinion it is the nicest of all Nice Nellyisms. In nomenclature, the ladies' jug takes its place alongside One Fifth Avenue, 2 Park Avenue, 26 Broadway, and other such temples. We wonder whether the prevailing disinclination to call anything what it is, or to look a jail in the teeth, is really a step forward sociologically or penologically. There is a certain sanitary elegance about 10 Greenwich Avenue which takes the sting out of crime. Our prisons are getting to be as dressy as our criminals. Until we can decide the matter in our own mind, we shall continue to advise innocent out-of-towners who write asking our advice as to a nice place to stay to try 10 Greenwich Avenue. "There's not a nicer place in town" is the way we always describe it.



"And, as Governor Roosevelt said Thomas Jefferson said . . ."

WE are in favor of removing Mayor Walker from office, because it looks as though he has had all the fun he can get out of it. Removing him now would mean that he could have a fine rest this summer and be reëlected in the fall with the greatest plurality he ever rolled up, which in turn would prove the failure of popular government, which in turn is what is needed. What the country needs is complete proof that popular government has failed. For dictator: Willy Block.

THERE must be a note or a comment somewhere in the engaging news that Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham are selling "thrift banks" for the wealthy to give to their small children to teach them the principles of saving. From the point of view of a really thoughtful economist like ourself, the joker in the situation is that these banks, which are silver, cost $16.50—which is a pretty neat little poke in itself, as the child of even an extremely wealthy parent ought to be told. To us a silver bank sounds more like a legacy than like a lesson in thrift. Where will all this muddy thinking get everybody?

SPEAKING of parenthood, which we seem to be doing constantly, there is a limit to how far we will string along with Walker-

Gordon, whose heavenly herd grazes in fields of vitamin. As long as the company devoted themselves to improving their milk, we were as tractable a parent as they could wish for; but lately they have been trying to improve *us*, not the milk. They sent us a pamphlet telling us that "creating food attitudes" is important with children. "When parents eat as if they enjoyed the food, it helps to create pleasant associations with the attitude of eating for health." That's where we put our foot down. Our house is our castle; we rule it with a rod of iron, and when we feel like panning the food, we pan it, and the Walker-Gordon people better stay out of it.

Thrush in Town

ONE of those big Slavic-looking truck-drivers was rumbling along Ninth Avenue, tootling his whistle at the kids playing in the street, when he noticed a good-sized bird fluttering awkwardly in a gutter. He stopped, got out, and picked it up. It was a thrush, horribly frightened, mysteriously gashed in the throat. The truckman carried it to Roosevelt Hospital nearby and turned it over to Dr. Fred Thompson there. Dr. Thompson took the bird to a little room, expertly stitched it up, and entered it in the children's ward as a patient, chart and all. In a few days it was on its wings again. They turned it loose, with a small ceremony. It headed in the general direction of Connecticut, probably wondering as it went along what in the world it was going to tell the missus.

In Training

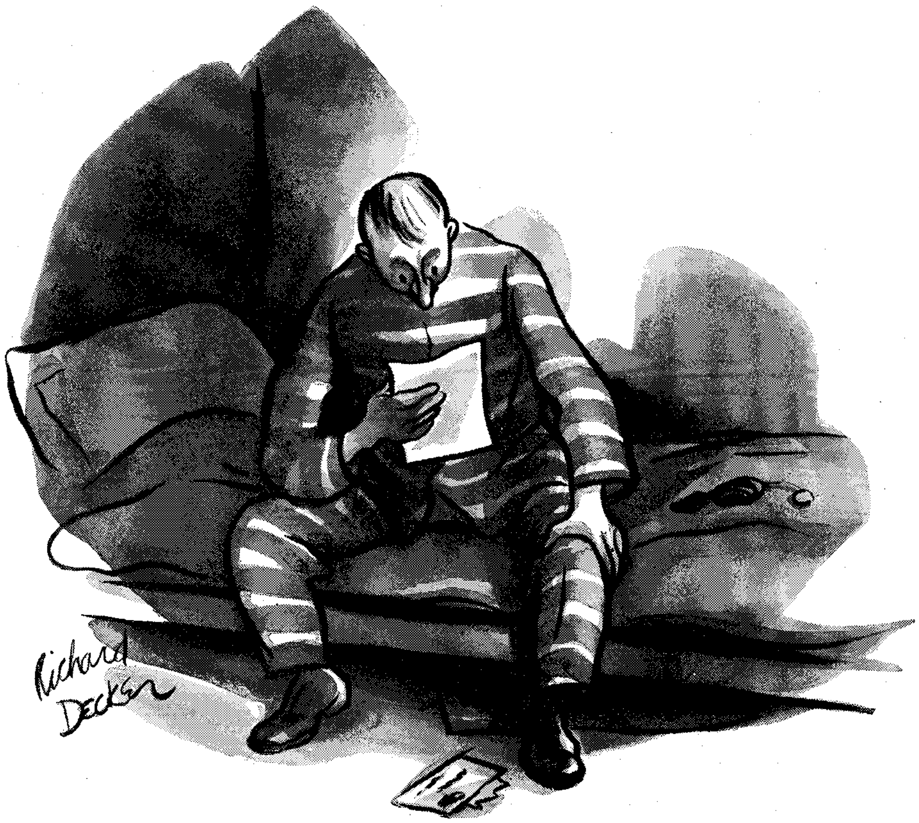
GUESTS at the old-fashioned summer hotel called Greenkill Lodge, near Kingston, usually spend their time dreamily picking wild flowers or taking walks, but the place has had a bustle about it while Max Schmeling, the champion, has been training there. He has been occupying a cottage on the grounds. Three or four hundred people have been showing up every day to watch Schmeling train: do calisthenics, shadow-box, and spar. He had some trouble getting sparring partners because of his reputation for hard hitting. A member of the Kingston police force showed up and persuaded Manager Joe Jacobs to let him get into the ring one afternoon. He was knocked out in a round.

Visitors bring presents to the German fighter, usually of a good-luck nature; one gave him a live rabbit and a lady gave him a small piece of cloth that she said had once been part of the costume of a saint. After his workout, he has his hair cut, a barber's chair having been installed in the press cottage. He has his hair cut every day. Dozens of people have picked up locks for souvenirs, or fractions of locks.

Most fighters in training get up at six o'clock and do roadwork. Max sleeps till nine or ten. He doesn't do any running along a road, but plays tennis and golf instead, saying it's just as good exercise and more fun. In golf he is a frowning concentrator, a savage swinger, and goes around in the eighties. His tennis is not so good; he runs up to the net after every serve even if the ball goes outside. Fine exercise for him but disturbing to his opponent. Schmeling plays a card game called Montana, but puts in most of his spare time looking after a rock garden and a row of windowboxes on the porch of his cottage in which he planted geraniums the day he arrived.

His cottage is shared by Mr. Jacobs, who doesn't speak German; Max Machon, the trainer, who doesn't speak English; and Otto, the cook, who doesn't speak at all. The rest of the entourage, including sparring partners, live in neighboring cottages. None of the Schmeling establishment is very colorful. Jacobs wears three polo shirts at one time, and that's about all.

Schmeling never gets out of condition and so doesn't have to go through the torture in training that some softened pugilists do. He enjoys the routine. He never grows irritable or morose as the day of the fight draws near. Machon, who is the champion's confidant as well as trainer, has an explanation for this. "It all makes," he says, "the same difference to Schmeling." We said Machon didn't speak English. He speaks a little, all like that.

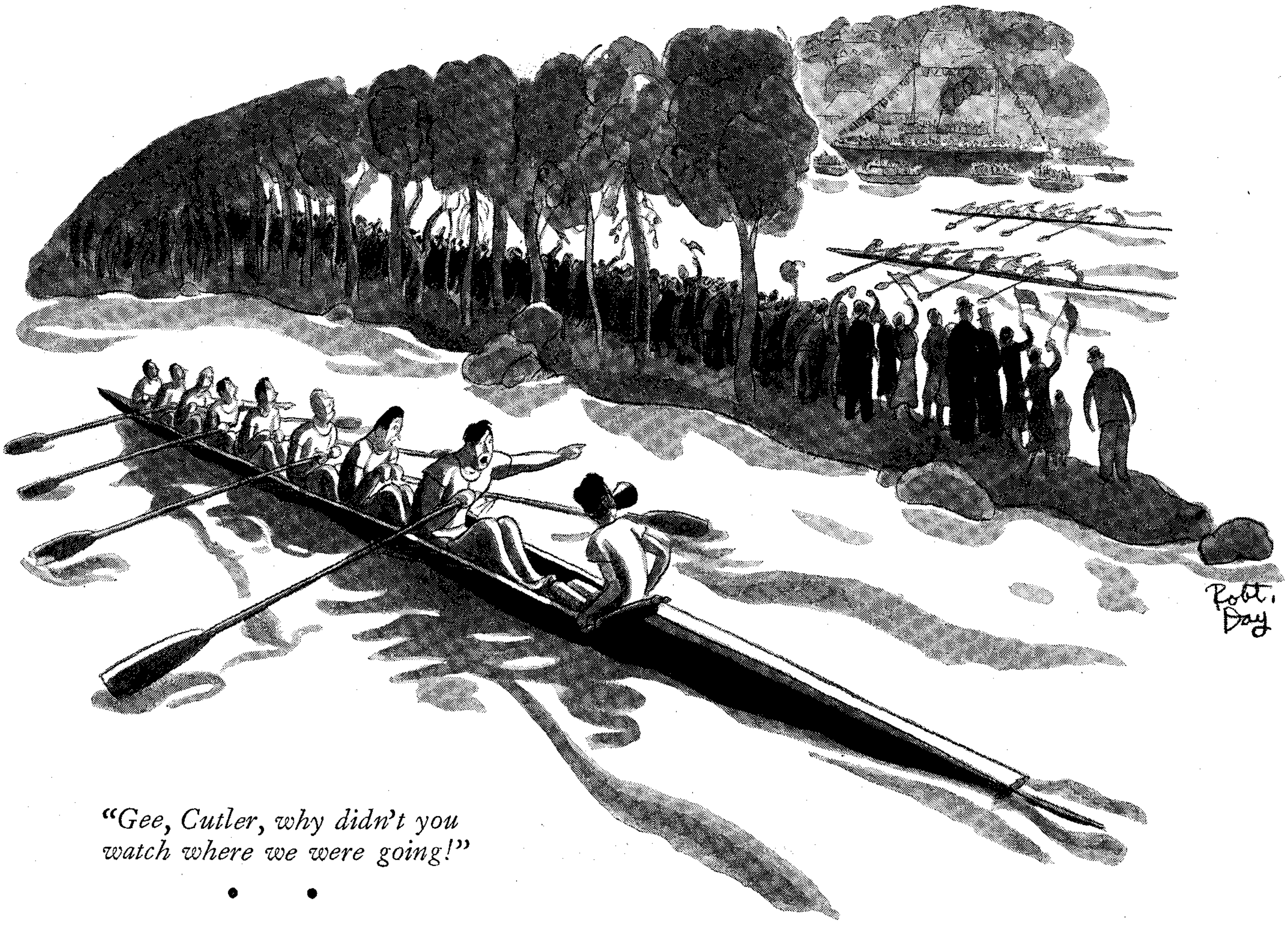


"Dear Sir or Madame:

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has referred your income tax for the year indicated below to this office for verification under Section 618 of the Revenue Act of 1928. In view of the above you are respectfully requested to appear at this office of the undersigned and to bring with you such books, records and other data as . . ."

Three Eggs

SOMEWHERE in New York a heavy-set man, bald, of a rather testy turn of mind, is walking around with a poached egg in his pocket—or was. We heard about it from a gen-



"Gee, Cutler, why didn't you watch where we were going!"

• •

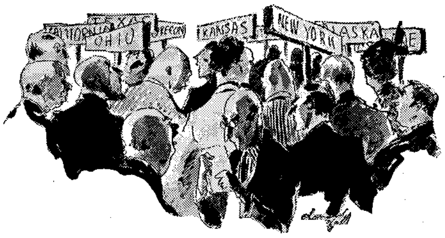
tleman named Gardiner who was in a Childs restaurant with his wife and two children, Julia and Patricia. All four of them saw what happened. The heavy-set man had ordered two poached eggs. When the waitress appeared bearing a shiny white plate with the two eggs shimmering on it and swung around to place it before him, one of the eggs slipped noiselessly and amazingly into his right coat pocket. The girl was panicky, but the man hadn't noticed what had happened. He glowered at the plate. "I ordered two eggs, didn't I?" he snarled. "I'm sorry, sir," the girl said simply, and wisely. Then she hurried to the kitchen and brought another egg. About ten minutes later the man put down a dime tip and left, with the egg.

Gavel and Baton

MUNICIPAL COURT JUSTICE LEOPOLD PRINCE and his symphony orchestra will play in Central Park next week (Tuesday and Saturday) and they will be worth listening to. Judge Prince has been on the bench in the "poor man's court" for twenty-five years now, but he has kept up with his music all the time. Music, mostly violin, has always run in his family. He was a good fiddler at eleven, when he came to this country with his parents. His son, Daniel, now twenty-two, has for years twitched a competent bow and it is through him, really, that the orchestra came about. Some three years ago, father and son began to play duets at night after dinner in the Prince home, in East 124th Street. One evening a young neighbor asked if he might cut in with his violin. Inside of a week a couple more fiddlers had turned up and finally, as word got around, there were twenty-two. Crowds used to stand in the street and listen. Once traffic was tied up and cops appeared; but what could they do? The man that owned the house was a judge. Mrs. Prince, as amiable a lady with eight or ten violinists as you could hope to see, finally shooed the musicians out of the house when there got to be thirty of them. The Judge took them to a public-school auditorium. Friday nights were set aside for rehearsals, the organization took form; now it has a hundred and six members, young men and women between the ages of seventeen and twenty-four. There are a lot of clerks and stenographers, two dentists, a doctor, and even a butcher. Of the forty-one girls, thirty-three play violins; one bravely toots a cornet. Lucille Negrin, seventeen, recently won a Juilliard scholarship. She's a violinist.

The orchestra gives many free concerts. When admission is charged, the money goes to charity. It costs five thousand dollars a year to run the orchestra; musical organizations help out a little, but the Judge gives most of the money. After a concert, he takes the whole gang to a restaurant for supper. For the very poor he pays carfare, for some he buys new dresses or new flannel trousers so that they will fit into the platform picture. He selects his musicians, selects the music (difficult pieces, too), and leads the orchestra. He also composes; his tango "Dulcie" has been played on the air.

Judge Prince is a rather swarthy, dour man, serious-minded owing to intensity of purpose. Wherever he is, he is continually taking off his glasses and putting them on again. He permits no monkey business at rehearsals or concerts, and allows no folderol in his courtroom. Civil suits involving up to a thousand dollars come before him. He decides them with a bang. He is the *bête noire* of fiddling attorneys—if they fiddle around in court. "Get down to brass tacks," he snaps, or "Tell me what this is all about." "Don't bother a busy court with trivialities." "That's a frivolous motion; you lose—five dollars and costs." "Take my advice, my boy, and read the code." "So you came all the way down here to work that old one!" And so on, roughshod. With landlords in rent cases he argues long and hard. He says that in twenty-five years he has never tried a case involving a musician; they have neither the temperament nor the money for litigation. The Judge is an aggressive worker for world peace and counts on music to help the cause. "The hand that draws the bow will never draw the sword," he says.



Orders Are Orders

NO slick city fellow is smart enough to get the best of the Railway Express Agency, at 403 Tenth Avenue. In Room 3, which is officially known as the On Hand Department, there is as smart a little man behind the counter as you will find in a year of calling on agencies. Man we know called there to get a trunk but, being one of those people who leave things in their other clothes, he didn't have anything with him to identify himself. He told, he thought, a pretty good story, a story which he felt nobody else in the world could have told about a trunk: how it looked, what it said on it, who made it, etc. The man behind the counter was adamant, however. Our caller became annoyed. "Why don't you use your discretion?" he demanded. The little counterman smiled sadly. "We can't use our discretion," he said. "It's against orders."

Shrine, Mister?

IT looks as though the Coolidges would be able to move into their Vermont house in August. The addition, which Calvin himself designed, is coming along nicely. Cal runs up every week or so from Northampton to see how things are getting on, and my don't it seem strange to see a bathroom in the old home!

Meantime the early-summer tourist trade holds up well. We've just been talking to a man who's come from there, and he says three or four hundred cars a day rumble up through the Notch. The little village of Plymouth is ready for them. The overnight cabins wear a fresh coat of paint. Eugene N. Davis, a poet from the nearby town of Bridgewater, sits on a campstool under a big tree and waylays you as you approach the homestead. You are lucky if you get by without buying a volume of poems. Over in the general store, Miss Cilley has a fresh supply of maple syrup, banners, and souvenirs, including a picture of Mrs. Coolidge looking into an empty baby carriage (one dollar). Somewhere in the offing is Herb Moore, whose grandmother was a sister of Coolidge's grandmother. Herb is the official guide, and tells you to look around all you want. They actually let you stomp right into the house, and there, on a sofa, are souvenirs for sale—fancywork, woven rugs, and tinted photographs (one of the kerosene lamp "that lit the path to the White House," and one of Mrs. Coolidge picking a hollyhock). Aunt Aurora Pierce will sell them to you, thirty cents apiece. "Painted by an artist," she explains hurriedly, when she sees you wince at thirty cents for a five-cent card. Thrifty, these mountain folk.

There is a solid simplicity about the new annex. Downstairs will be a living-room, a couple of bedrooms, and a bath. Upstairs some more bedrooms and another bath. The famous room in the old part of the house, where Calvin took the oath, is to be converted into a dining-room. All this constitutes quite a building boom for Plymouth Notch. It looks, though, as if the village's principal industry, the cheese factory, would be shut down this summer. Coolidge owns an interest in it, but business hasn't been so good since he left the Presidency.

Sales Appeal

AMERICANS, probably because of the stiff competition for their attention, have a way of listening with only one-half, or maybe one-third, of their minds. Foreigners repeatedly point this out. In this connection, an advertising man tells us a story about the advertising of Ipana Toothpaste over the air. The Ipana company used to have its broadcasting hour, in which it issued stern and grave warnings against "pink toothbrush." It seems that somebody made a checkup last year and learned that three hundred-odd persons went to the drugstores of a certain chain and asked for pink toothbrushes. Discouraging.

Count 'Em

THE city's sheep are put to pasture at four-thirty every morning, every day but Sunday. Frank Hoey, the shepherd, crosses the West Drive ahead of the flock, looks up and down to see if a car is coming, and then roars to his dog to bring them over.

The Sheepfold in Central Park is quite an old institution. The city built it in 1871, with seventy thousand dollars—that low, rambling, brick-and-slate structure, designed, so we have heard, to resemble a large English parochial school. Hoey says that up until 1910 both wings were used for sheep; but in 1910 the mounted cops got in with their horses, stayed a few years, moved away, and in came the entire Manhattan Motorcycle Squad, 152 motorcycles, 152 men. "Backfiring—all—day—and—all—night" is the way Hoey thinks of them. Apparently it is also the way people who live on Central Park West think of them, because they frequently telephone Hoey and complain. He is listed in the book: Hoey T F Cent Pk Sheepfld. And all he gets is complaints about motorcycles.

Hoey's apartment (we called on him one day) is nice. Four rooms on the second floor of the Fold, view of city and country. He has his dog, his pipe, and his radio, and except for his having to get up early to take care of sheep, he has it soft. Once a year Hoey shears the sheep in the presence of great numbers of schoolchildren, after which the wool is sold, the funds being used to buy new animals for the Central Park Zoo. It is only because of this income that the flock is still maintained; and doubtless the city could shear a couple of motorcycles and raise just as much.

Nobody remembers how the original flock of sheep got in Central Park, and probably nobody is very clear about how the city happened to raise seventy thousand dollars to build a sheepfold. However, it is a pleasant feature. Hoey knows his ewes by name—Buttercup, Daisy, Lilac, Pansy, etc.—and can readily tell which is Buttercup, which

Daisy. The ram's name is Jimmie Walker, and each spring for years some little lambs have been born. There weren't any this spring, but that was because they kept Walker locked up, on account of all the ewes in the flock being his daughters, and the city's not having any money to get another ram. (The whole thing should probably be investigated. Baa.)

Mystery at Lowell House

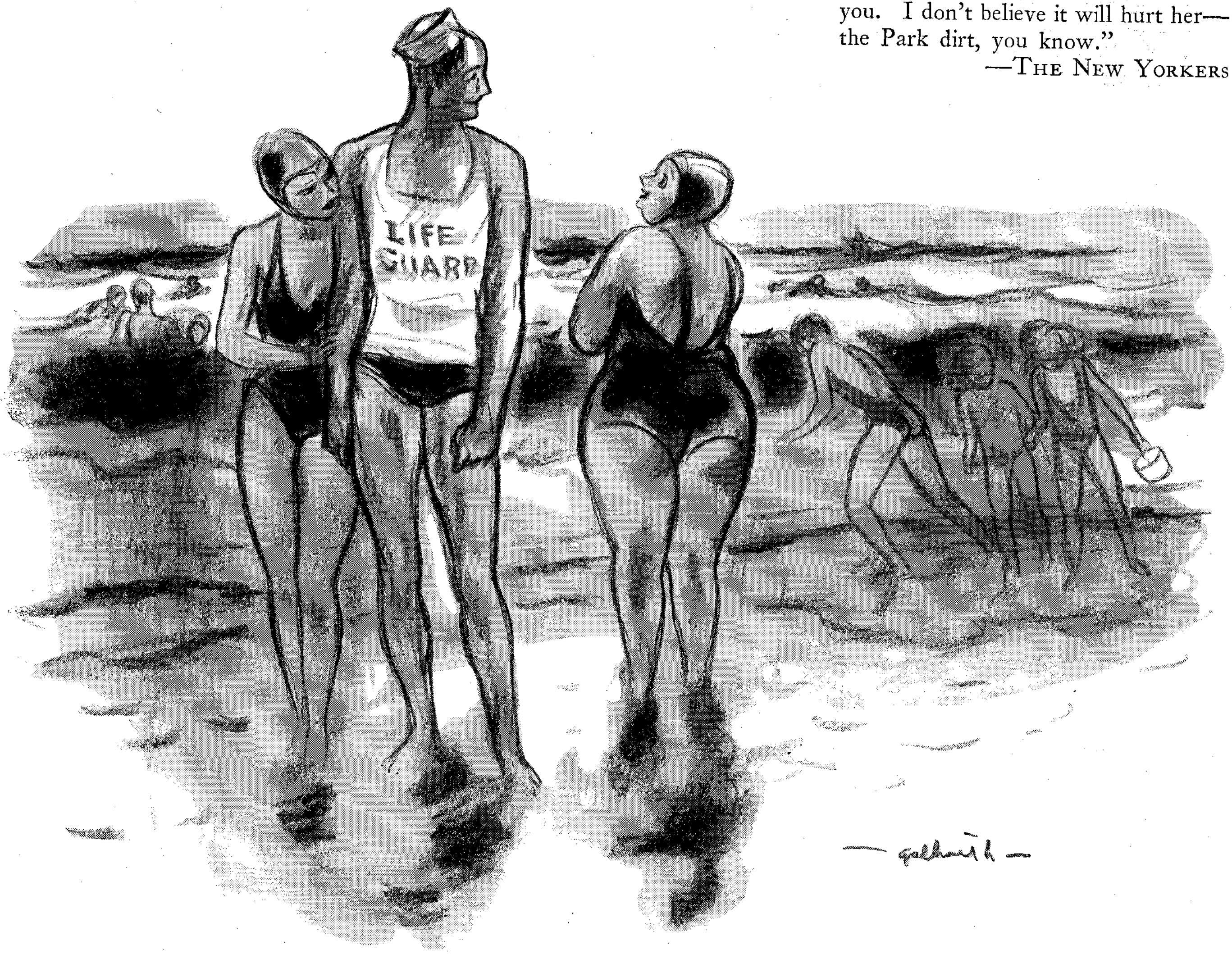
THE latest assortment of communications about prankish doings at Harvard was fairly dullish, except for an item or two. One of these was about the mysterious disappearance of the Hopkinson portrait of President Lowell from above the mantelpiece of the Lowell House library some time ago. After it had been missing for eight or ten days, an observant Lowell House boy began to van dine and hammett around. He finally solved the mystery. It seems that some other observant person had noticed that there were two buttons on the right-hand side of the coat Mr. Lowell was wearing in the painting, but no buttonholes for them on the left-hand side. The fellow who discovered this mentioned it to one of the five charming daughters of Mr. Charles Hopkinson, the painter. She told her father. He communicated with House Master Coolidge. House Master Coolidge made a grave and careful examination, and reported back that it would have been impossible for Mr. Lowell to button the coat as painted. Mr. Hopkinson, a conscientious artist, asked if he might borrow the painting and fix it up; Mr. Coolidge said most assuredly. The painting is back over the mantel now, with a nice job of buttonholes on the coat.

One evening, during the absence of the painting, the Harvard Glee Club was singing away on the steps of the Widener Library and among the listeners was President Lowell, deeply engrossed. During each song he took off his hat, a yellowed Panama, and held it behind him, bottom up. A professorial attitude. One roguish old gentleman—not a youngster—stood it as long as he could and then slipped up and dropped a coin in the hat. President Lowell didn't notice at the time, but when he was ready to put his hat on again he did notice. He looked at the coin with interest but without apparent surprise, took it out, put it in his pocket, and put on his hat. The roguish oldster looked rather taken aback.

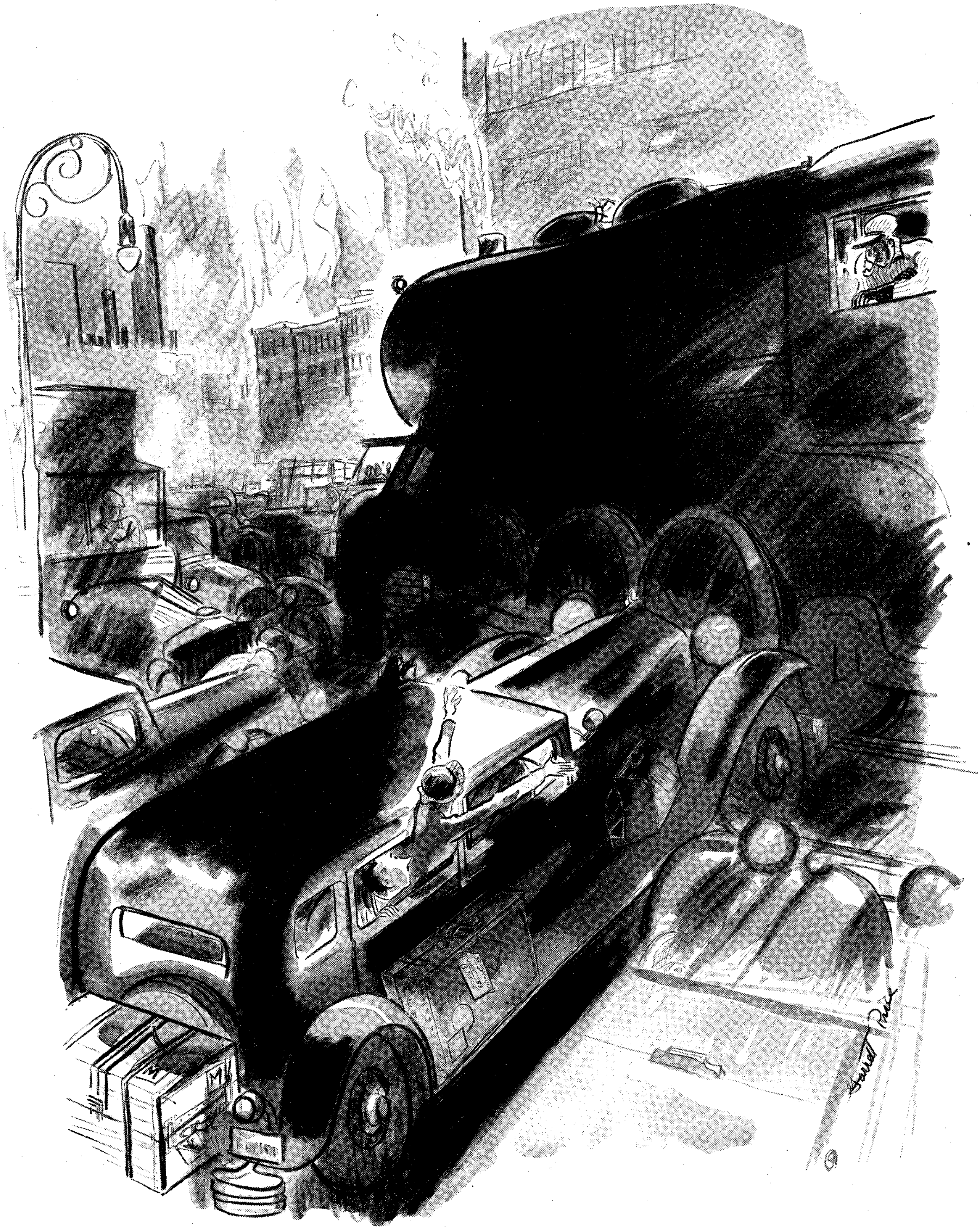
Gramercy Ground

A LADY who is privileged to have a key to Gramercy Park was sitting on a bench in the sacred inclosure the other day while her two small daughters played in the path nearby. Suddenly one of them, three, spied a cracker lying in the dirt and dived for it. Her mother made a dive for her but, having got a trifle stout and out of condition, arrived too late. The cracker had been swallowed. At this point a faultlessly dressed gentleman who was sitting on the same bench, seeing the lady's distress, remarked reassuringly: "I shouldn't worry, Madam, if I were you. I don't believe it will hurt her—the Park dirt, you know."

—THE NEW YORKERS



"You'd better keep a careful eye on me—I'm not a very good swimmer."



"But we're on our way to the Grand Prix!"

"DOUCEMENT, DOUCEMENT!"

THOSE who expect the French to take up any of the idealistic policies which have been offered to the world as insurance against future catastrophes without, so to speak, first carefully reading through all the fine print would spare themselves disillusionment by hearkening to Mr. Mott's experience in buying an automobile.

The actual purchase of the car was simple. He bought it sight unseen before ever he set sail for France, from an American acquaintance named Walters, who had left it in a garage at Nice before coming home for good. The car was of the type known as a touring *camionette*, a word which sounded to Mr. Mott like the name of an affectionate, pretty, and frolicsome girl. He gained further comfort by learning that this pleasant fancy lost nothing in translation, as the equivalent for *camionette*, in the United States, is a small truck with a "pick-up body."

So Mr. Mott gladly paid the agreed price, and received, besides the keys and a walletful of licenses, a receipted bill of sale and a copy of a letter from Mr. Walters to the garage at Nice, containing an account of the sale and a description of Mr. Mott, for identification.

Mr. Mott therefore sailed for France feeling well confirmed in his title to the car, and thought no more about it until a week before he left Paris to take possession, when he wrote to M. Roux, proprietor of the Garage d'Angleterre et de la Méditerranée, saying that he would be in Nice the following Saturday, and hoped to find the car ready. He got no answer until Thursday, on which day M. Roux replied that the *camionette* was well, but that before Mr. Mott could have it he must get authority from the *patron*, M. Meyer, who conducted a transport agency at a certain address in Paris. Mr. Mott was slightly annoyed, because time was short; but he reflected that a day and a half ought to be ample to conclude a mere formality like this.

THE next morning he set out in search of M. Meyer, and, after spending an hour marvelling at the taste of small Parisian businessmen for hiding their offices behind dark courtyards and misleading stairways, he eventually found him. M. Meyer greeted him with smiling politeness, led him to a dim inner office, sat him in a comfortable chair, and faced him across the flat-topped desk—a gracious, round, and ruddy little man with a head completely bald, and a dense, curved mustache, black as a derby hat. M. Meyer leaned forward in his chair, smiled sympathetically, and waited.

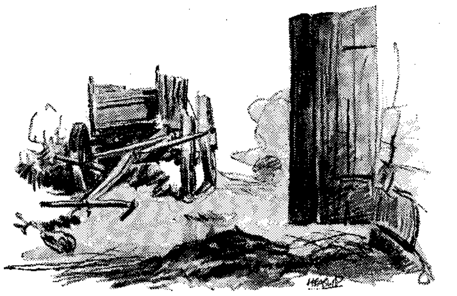
Mr. Mott said: "My name is Mott, Monsieur. I am the American who bought Mr. Walters' *camionette*, which is now in the garage at Nice. I have come to ask you for a letter authorizing the *garagiste* to let me have the car. I go to Nice tomorrow."

"Ah," said M. Meyer, "of course. A charming fellow, M. Walters. So you have bought his little car, Monsieur?"

"Yes, before I sailed. Permit me to offer my passport, for identification."

M. Meyer examined every page of the passport with interest and care. Then he turned to the photograph, held it out at arm's length, and compared it with the original, feature by feature. "Well," he said at length, pleasure and surprise in his voice. "A good likeness. I compliment you. And now?"

"A letter to M. Roux, if you will be so kind." Mr. Mott was congratulating himself on M. Meyer's amiability, and the simplicity of the little transaction, when M. Meyer hesitated and fell to drumming on the desk, plunged in profound thought. After a full minute of this, "Monsieur," he said, apologetically, "pardon me; but in an affair of this kind it is not well to move too quickly. For both our sakes, care must be exercised. I shall therefore be so ungracious as to beg of you some further identification—identification, that is to say, as the actual purchaser of the little car. That you are indeed M. Mott is established. But that M. Mott has bought the car of M. Walters?" He stopped, and smiled agreeably.



"Certainly, M. Meyer," replied Mr. Mott. He took out the wallet given him by Mr. Walters, and spread on the desk the keys and the four licenses, besides his own *certificat de domicile* and *carte d'identité* for good measure, acquired since reaching Paris. M. Meyer examined them earnestly, then conceded, with a polite bow, that the defence had scored one point at least.

"Perfect," he said. "Everything in perfect order; *mais*" (Oh! that French *mais*, thought Mr. Mott) "you will forgive me, Monsieur? Papers like these, as you know, may be easily lost and as easily picked up by another, not the true owner. You will also agree that they may easily be stolen, and while I do not, of course, suggest for an instant that such is here the case—a thousand pardons—you will appreciate that it is my unfortunate duty not to neglect such a possibility. Also, Monsieur—"

"I understand perfectly, Monsieur," Mr. Mott interrupted, digging once more into his pocketbook. "As a man of business you could pursue no other course. But here is the copy of a letter Mr. Walters wrote to the *garagiste* telling of the sale. If you will send for the original, which is doubtless in your files, you may compare them and so satisfy your praiseworthy scruples."

M. MEYER rang for a clerk and sent him for the letter. And to Mr. Mott's surprise he was back with it before M. Meyer had finished Chapter I of his recitation on the subject of Paris Weather—Past, Present, and Future. M. Meyer compared the copy with the original word for word, then fitted them together, held them up to the light over his head, and gazed through them for signs of forgery.

Finally he lowered his arms. "The letters," he pronounced, "are identical. I congratulate you, Monsieur. . . . Yet," he added, after a thoughtful pause, "how easy it would be for a clever man to make up such a letter, and having dispatched it, to keep a copy to produce at the required moment. Of course," he went on, with a jolly laugh, "I know perfectly well that *you* have not been guilty of such villainy; but you see my difficulty: I am compelled to act on that very supposition. You pretend to be M. Mott; your passport confirms the assertion. You pretend to have bought an automobile from M. Walters, and in support of this contention you show me these licenses. But"—here

M. Meyer spread his arms wide, as if beseeching Mr. Mott's coöperation and charity—"nothing to show that you have paid for the car except"—shaking his head regretfully, and letting his arms fall—"this letter, which, as I have demonstrated, is technically open to suspicion."

Mr. Mott watched him, fascinated. Then suddenly, cursing himself for his stupidity, he remembered the receipted bill of sale, his trump card. Once more he reached into his pocket, bulging with the accumulation of papers that always seemed mysteriously to fill his clothes after a few days in Paris. He found the bill of sale, unfolded it. "Here, Monsieur," he said, handing it over, "here is Mr. Walters' own receipt for the money, signed by his own hand. Examine it carefully, I beg."

M. Meyer took him at his word; then mournfully shook his head. "It is obviously correct," he said, "but, alas, worthless. *Tenez*, I believe you to be M. Mott; I believe that you actually bought the little car from M. Walters, and paid for it. It is my great desire to help you, to serve you. But this!" Again he shook his head. "As the world knows, Monsieur, a receipted bill is valueless in the eyes of the law unless payment of the sales tax is attested by the affixation of the government stamps, and countersigned by the vendor. On this paper, as you see, there are no stamps whatever. Therefore, alas, the sale is not yet complete. It is unfortunate. . . . I regret, Monsieur, infinitely."

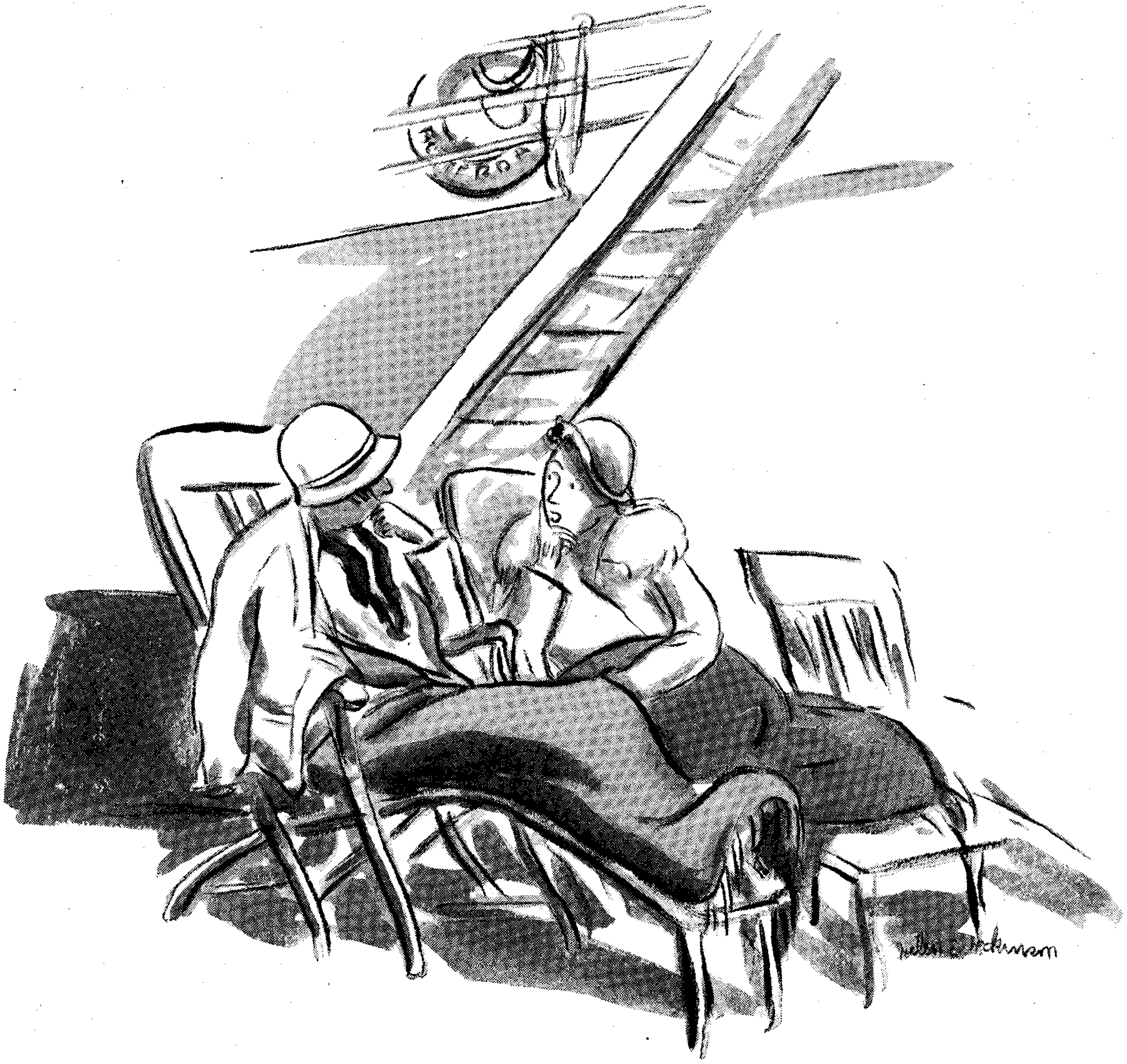
"But, Monsieur," Mr. Mott protested, "the sale occurred in the United States, where the custom of taxing receipted bills has not yet been introduced. How could there be stamps?"

"You argue well, Monsieur. But! We are not now in the United States. That, you will agree, is evident." On this point M. Meyer was polite, but quite firm. "We are in France. The little *camion*, the subject of the transaction, is also in France. Thus you see, Monsieur, there must be stamps. I am sure that you understand the friendliness of my attitude, and that I take these precautions not from any doubt of you, but because such affairs must be concluded in an orderly fashion. Indeed, the fact that the principals in the transaction are both foreigners, Americans, makes my position all the more delicate. Consider the international complications that might arise if I did not take my responsibilities, as intermediary, at the foot of the letter." He paused.

Mr. Mott said slowly: "Yes, I see, Monsieur. . . . But these stamps? Where may they be procured?"

"I do not know. It is not, strictly speaking, my affair. But if I may offer the suggestion, your American consul might be able to help you."

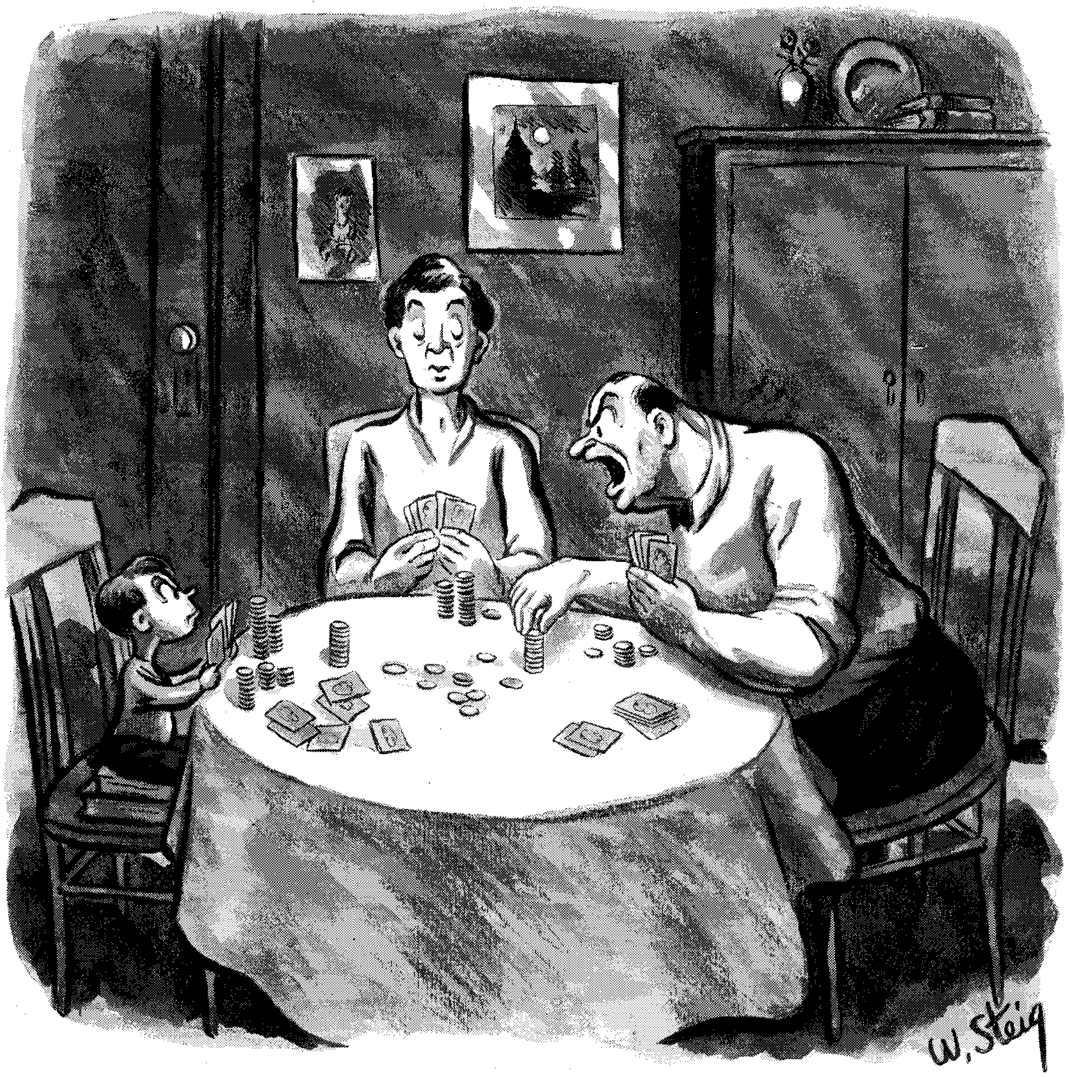
Mr. Mott got up and held out his hand. "Thank you, Monsieur, I will go there directly." He congratulated himself, as M. Meyer showed him to the door, on having kept firm hold of his sense of reality—as well as his temper.



"The captain bores me to death, but I imagine the wisest thing is to say nothing."

At the consulate, when Mr. Mott looked into the waiting-room, he found it so full of troubled-looking compatriots that he left at once, and went to a café to brood. His brooding brought him an idea, the idea that comes eventually to most Americans who get up against it in France. He went to the office of a lawyer he knew, an American lawyer named Emily. "Emily," he said, "I'm up against it. What shall I do?" and he explained the situation. Emily told him. "What you need," she said, "is seals. Give me that paper." She took the receipted bill and disappeared, and presently came back with a gorgeous seal, fixed to the paper with masses of wax and red ribbon. "What's that?" Mr. Mott asked. "That's a seal," said Emily. "Take it to the consul, tell him I sent you, and have him put on stamps." "What kind?" asked Mr. Mott. "Don't be so fussy," Emily replied. "Goodbye."

The consul was young, bored, and, as soon as Mr. Mott mentioned Emily's name, obliging. He stuck on stamps—what stamps Mr. Mott did not inquire—cancelled them with a flourishing signature, and also gave Mr. Mott a letter to the consul at Nice, in case. It was then too late to go back to M. Meyer.



"I call yer bluff!"

• •

THE next morning he packed and took his baggage to the Gare de Lyon, to be sure of having plenty of time to catch his afternoon train in case M. Meyer had any further ideas. But he had none. His eyes lit up with pleasure when he saw the glorified document. He barely glanced at it. "Perfect," he said. "I am truly delighted. Now I will compose the letter to M. Roux." He wrote. "There, Monsieur, and forgive my precautions; they have been a trouble to you, I know, but a necessary one. I wish you many happy days of touring under our sunny, smiling skies." They parted on the best of terms, with many gallant expressions of mutual admiration and esteem; but as Mr. Mott turned on the stairs to bow a last farewell, he caught M. Meyer gazing inscrutably after him, in his eye still glowing the living embers of doubt—not, Mr. Mott knew, of his personal honesty, but of the completeness and authenticity of his chain of evidence.

AT Nice, Mr. Mott went straight to the garage, where M. Roux, huge, greasy, and jolly, greeted him with warmth, and thus dispelled his secret fear that M. Meyer, in the last throes of suspicion, had cancelled the letter by wire.

M. Roux led him to the *camionette*. "*Voilà*, Monsieur, all ready for the *tourisme: essence*, oil, water—everything. A fine little bus."

Mr. Mott thanked him and offered M. Meyer's letter, explaining what it was.

"Oh, that," M. Roux laughed. "Keep it. *I* don't want it. Any friend of M. Walters is a friend of mine, and unquestionably an honest man."

"But you wrote me," Mr. Mott protested, "that you couldn't let me have the car without it. Would you have?"

"But, of course. Those were just the orders of the *patron*; I had to write to you. He's careful, that one. However"—he shrugged—"one must remember that he is not only a man of affairs, but from the North as well. What would you?" M. Roux took the letter and, without reading it, folded it small (the worldwide sign of the peasant), put it in his pocket, and proceeded to think of other things.

—DONALD MOFFAT

•

TEXT

Behold this brief hexagonal,
The honey and the honey cell,
A tower of wax; a touch, and see
These walls that could sustain a bee
Clinging with clawed and furry feet
Now bend and break and spill their
sweet.
Behold, my dear, the dream we saw,
The thing we built without a flaw,
The amber and the agate rhyme,
The interstices marking time,
The microcosmos of our wit,
The sweetness that we sucked from it,
The honeycomb, the holy land,
Broken and bleeding in my hand.

—AUDREY WURDEMANN

FIGHTS,
BASEBALL,
RACING

The Blotz
Sports Section

CROQUET,
BEZIQUE,
PIQUET

LATE SPORTS FINAL JUNE 18, 1932 FINAL SPORTS FINAL

HOOVER MAY HALT BOUT; MAY NOT

FIGHTERS, CONFIDENT BUT CONFUSED, PREDICT FIASCO

Schmeling, Carnera, Sharkey Agree on 'Hands Off' Policy; 'Ich Will Meine Mutter Haben,' Sobs Gob

All is in readiness for tonight's Battle of the Century between Primo Carnera, the Tall Tower of Gorgonzola; Jack Sharkey, the Boy Orator of the Platte; and Max Schmeling, the Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.

Tomorrow at this time the long-awaited battle for the widdleweight crown will belong to the ages, and the widdleweight title will rest in the possession of either Primo Carnera, the Conning Tower of Adams; Jack Sharkey, the Glory that was Greece; or Max Schmeling, the Grandeur that was Rome.

All is in readiness for the Battle. The three contestants arrived in town today, in the pink. The box office is in the red.

Schmeling, Carnera and Sharkey arrived from their joint training camp at Ocean Grove, N.J., breathing confidence.

"I never felt better in my life," said Carnera, the Last Rose of Summer, "I am absolutely fit, and in my mind there is no question of the outcome. Schmeling and Walker will knock me out in the fourth round."

"Absolutely nothing to it," said Sharkey, the Last of the Mohicans. "My right was never better and my left is even better than my right. And my other hands are just as good as those two. Carnera and Schmeling will win in the third."

"I am as fit as a fiddle," said Schmeling, the Last Rose of the Mohicans, "and I am crazy to get in that ring."

"Why?"

"Because Carnera and Sharkey will knock me out in the second, that's why," retorted Maxie.

A temporary hitch in the proceedings was caused this afternoon by a meeting of the State Athletic Commission at the office of the chairman, James A. Farley. Chairman Farley forbade the bout. Commissioner William Muldoon then forbade Chairman Farley to forbid the bout.

Chairman Farley then forbade Commissioner Muldoon to forbid him to forbid the bout, after which Commissioner John J. Phelan forbade both Chairman Farley and Commissioner Muldoon to forbid each other to forbid the bout until they had each fought James J. Corbett. It looked for a while as though the fight might be off until the tangle was smoothed out, when Carnera, appearing for Sharkey and Schmeling; and Sharkey, appearing for Schmeling and Carnera, together with Schmeling, appearing for Sharkey and Carnera, appeared before the commission and forbade Farley, Muldoon and Phelan to forbid the bout until they had fought Jake Kilrain.

OTHER FAMOUS BATTLES

1889—John L. Sullivan vs. Jake Kilrain, at New Orleans.

1777—Burgoyne vs. Gates, at Saratoga.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE BIG FIGHT

Harry M. Stevens, popular caterer at the Bowl, estimated that the crowd at the fight tonight would consume 34,587 yards of hot dogs. Mr. Stevens added that the national debt of Belgium in 1929 was 52,977,132,135 francs.

Society will be present at the fight en masse. Mr. and Mrs. H. Edward Manville and a party of friends will view the contest from their yacht, Hi-Esmaro, which is moored outside the Bowl in Long Island City, for the weekend.

Fighters are notoriously superstitious and the three participants in tonight's championship bout are no exceptions to the rule. They will wear, in their gloves, three pairs of good luck horseshoes, presented to them by their manager, Jack Kearns.

The management of the Bowl announced today that in case of rain, the fight will be transferred from the Bowl to the Yankee Stadium.

IN THE PINK!

International Photo

MAX SCHMELING

REISNER SCORES WOMEN BOXERS

Dr. Christian F. Reisner, in his sermon yesterday, denounced the Carnera-Schmeling-Sharkey bout as an affront to American womanhood.

"Every man should know how to defend himself," said Dr. Reisner, "and every man owes it to himself, his *country* and his dear, old mother, to keep himself physically fit. Would that America had more Carneras, more Schmelings, more Sharkeys. Then we would be safe from a repetition of the Boxer Rebellion of horrible memory."

PEN AND PULPIT ARE CHOSEN TO JUDGE SLUGFEST

Thousands Cheer as Tot Roughs Tunney in Ticket Scramble

The judges of tonight's contest were announced this afternoon. They are Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, Willa Cather, Edwin Markham, Dr. John Haynes Holmes and Ray Long.

As early as 6 o'clock this morning the bleacher line for the big fight began to form and by 10 o'clock a line of patient but impatient fans extended for two blocks from the entrance to the Bowl.

First in line was Gene Tunney of Greenwich, Conn., who said he used to be a fighter himself.

"I never miss a good fight," said Mr. Tunney. "I was in Chicago when Jack Dempsey lost his crown. Boy, that was some fight!"

Another early arrival in line was Mayor James J. Walker, an ardent fight fan. Other well-known fight fans who arrived early and got good places in the queue were Vincent Astor, Herbert Bayard Swope, Bernard Gimbel, Bernard M. Baruch, Primo Carnera, Max Schmeling, Jack Sharkey and Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney.

'DON'T BET ON FIGHTS,' CAPONE WARNS CLUBWOMEN

The Carnera-Schmeling-Sharkey championship fight will be fully described for you by THE BLOTZ's corps of experts.

The round-by-round story will be written for you by Hype Igoe. The round-by-round-by-round story will be written by Joe Vila. The woman's angle of the round-by-round-by-round story will be covered by Miss Neysa McMein.

W. O. McGeehan will describe the contest from a platform on top of Carnera. Carnera has been signed exclusively by THE BLOTZ to write a description of Bill McGeehan. The woman's angle of Carnera will be written exclusively for THE BLOTZ by Miss Edna Ferber, famous novelist, author of "Show Big."

John Kieran will tell how the fight looks from the Jersey turret of the new Washington Bridge. Don Skene will describe for you how the fight looks to a man wearing blue glasses and standing on his head at the corner of Broadway and 74th Street.

Walter Winchell will tell you which of the fighters and which of the prominent guests anticipate blessed events. Grantland Rice will describe Westbrook Pegler round by round and Bill Corum will do a running story on Joe Williams.

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW.

OPEN LETTERS

[To My College]

Dear Alma Mater:

WELL, I see I brought it off. I thought I had, but your letter this morning clinches it.

"Thinking," you say in your letter, "that you might be interested in knowing that you could become a voting member of the Alumnae Association, even though you did not receive your degree at Wellesley, we are sending you . . ." And so on.

See what that means? It means the joke's on you. I graduated—oh, I graduated all right; I could find my diploma if I had to—and I graduated just the way I always wanted to: *without your finding it out.*

I don't know when I first got the idea of going through college secretly. Freshman year, I guess. That was a dull year, mostly standing in lines and signing up for things. Signing up for courses, crew tests, tryouts, library books, trips to town. I used to sign different names, to pass the time away. If we weren't signing our names, that year, we were telling them. Every time a dean or a faculty member asked me my name, I'd give a different one. Sometimes plain names, like Maude Adams; sometimes fancy ones, like Alla Nazimova and Carrie Chapman Catt. None of the faculty had much idea who I was and, bless their hearts, they didn't care particularly. They just looked puzzled and let the whole thing ride.

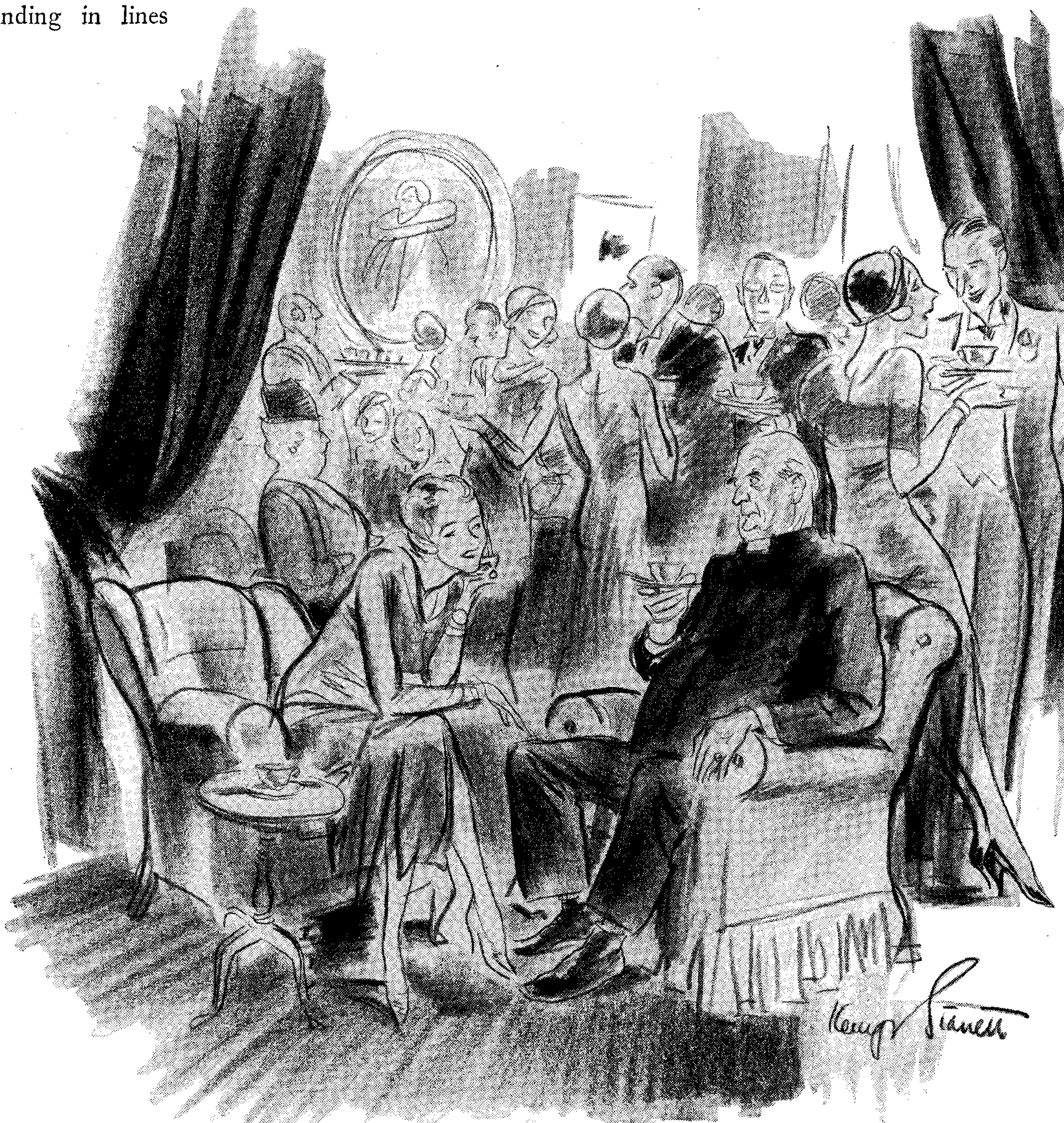
I went right through college that way. I didn't like college much, but getting some mystery into it chirked me up. In college, of course, everyone dresses exactly alike, and as for my face, well, if they wanted to, the movies could hire me—gracious, I wish they *would* hire me—to play the parts of people who look so much like everyone else in a crowd that no one ever remembers them after the crime has been committed. Moreover, I'm naturally pretty sly. Schizoid. Seclusive type. Once I got the idea of going through college without the college knowing anything about it, I thought up a lot of things to do. I disguised my handwriting. If an instructor seemed to know me, I'd say something so mysterious that she got all balled up. I had some tense moments, senior year, when I was elected corresponding secretary of the Bird Club: it looked as if I'd get into the Commencement record sure. But I fixed it. I went into the office one evening and destroyed the record.

AS I say, I was pretty sure I'd succeeded, but I'd underestimated, even so. You don't even know *when* I was there, if at all. Your letter goes on to say: "It is possible that we may not have placed you with the proper class. If you were affiliated with another class, we would be glad to know of it."

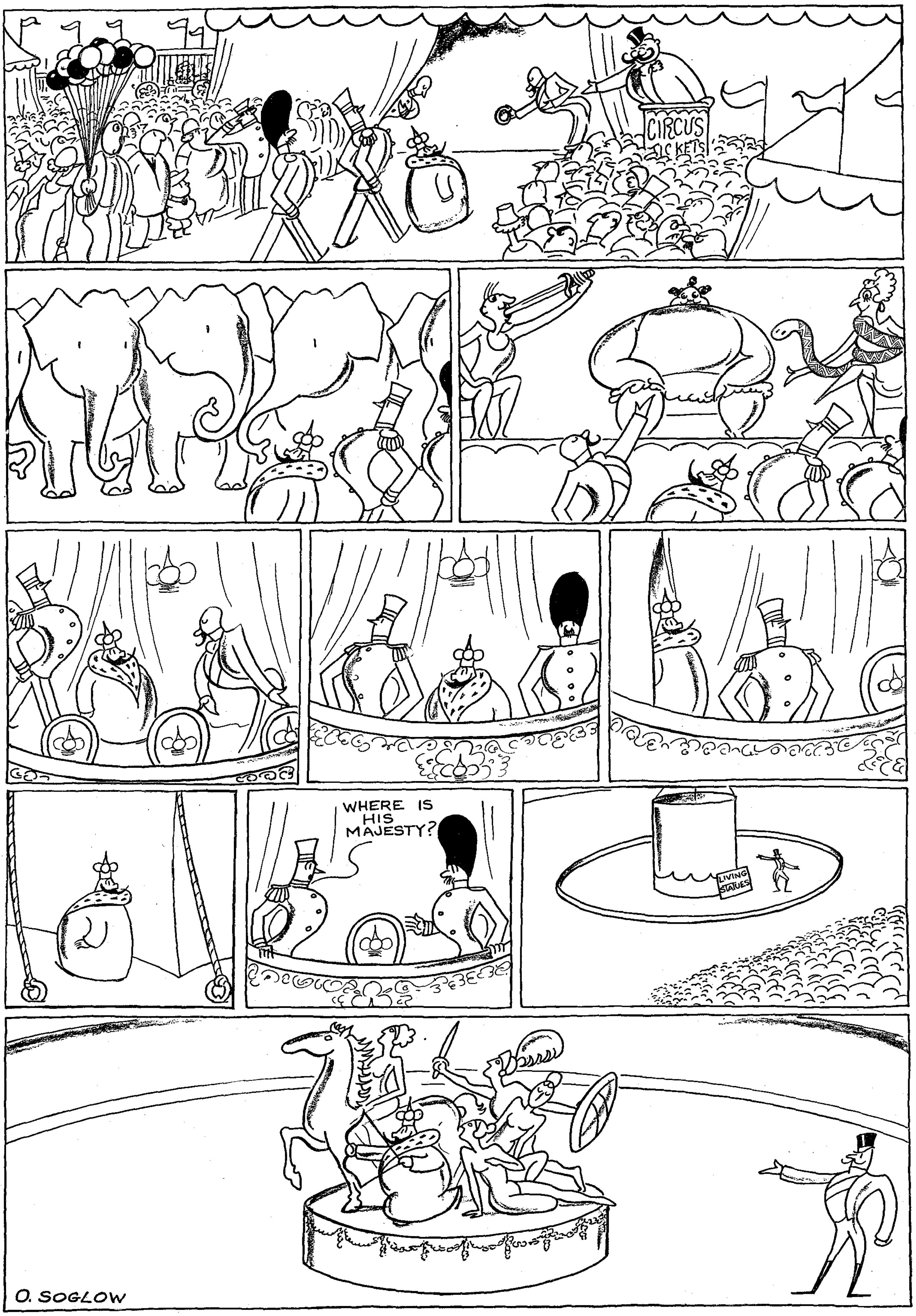
Well, I don't mind telling you now. My class was 1923. Always was; no other affiliations. We dressed in white and formed living numerals on Tower Court Hill during Commencement Week, just as senior classes always do. You might have seen me and remembered, but I'd thought of that, too. There is always a period after the numerals, you know. Well, I was in the period. Ha! Never thought to look at the period, did you?

Don't think I mind. I like being the Unknown Alumna. Especially because —well, I see your letter goes on to tell about dues.

Frances Warfield



"I don't suppose you notice the depression in your field, do you, Bishop?"


CIRCUS TICKETS
WHERE IS HIS MAJESTY?
LIVING STATUES
O. SOGLOW

PROFILES

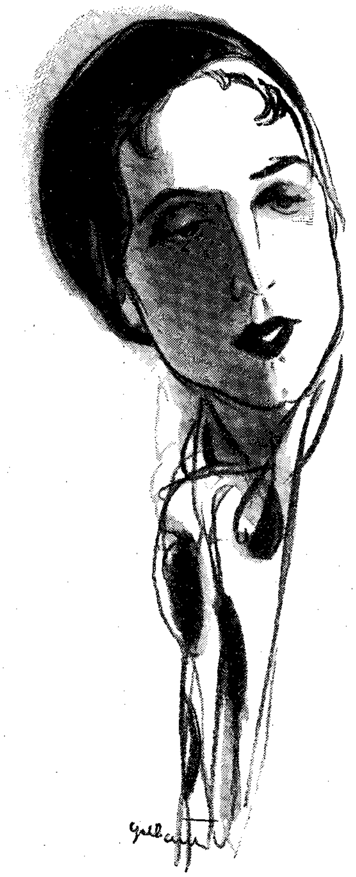
COMET

PARIS, JUNE 2

JUDGED by family standards, Madame Elsa Schiaparelli's comet-like rise to renown as a Parisian dressmaker was quite a comedown. Her relatives were already familiar both with fame and celestial phenomena. Her father's brother, Giovanni Schiaparelli, of the Brera Observatory in Milan, was the discoverer of the "canals" on Mars. Her father's cousin, Ernesto, of the Museum of Antiquities in Turin, had followed what must have been his lucky star to Egypt, for he not only discovered the Valley of the Kings but was the only archeologist who ever got a tomb out without having to leave half of it where it belonged, in Cairo. Her father was dean at the University of Rome, professor of Oriental lore, very good at Sanskrit, and by hobby a numismatist. From these classical and heavenly influences, Madame Schiaparelli emerged with only a facility for modern languages and a fidelity to a twentieth-century onyx brooch on which diamonds trace the constellation of the Great Bear, under which sign she was born.

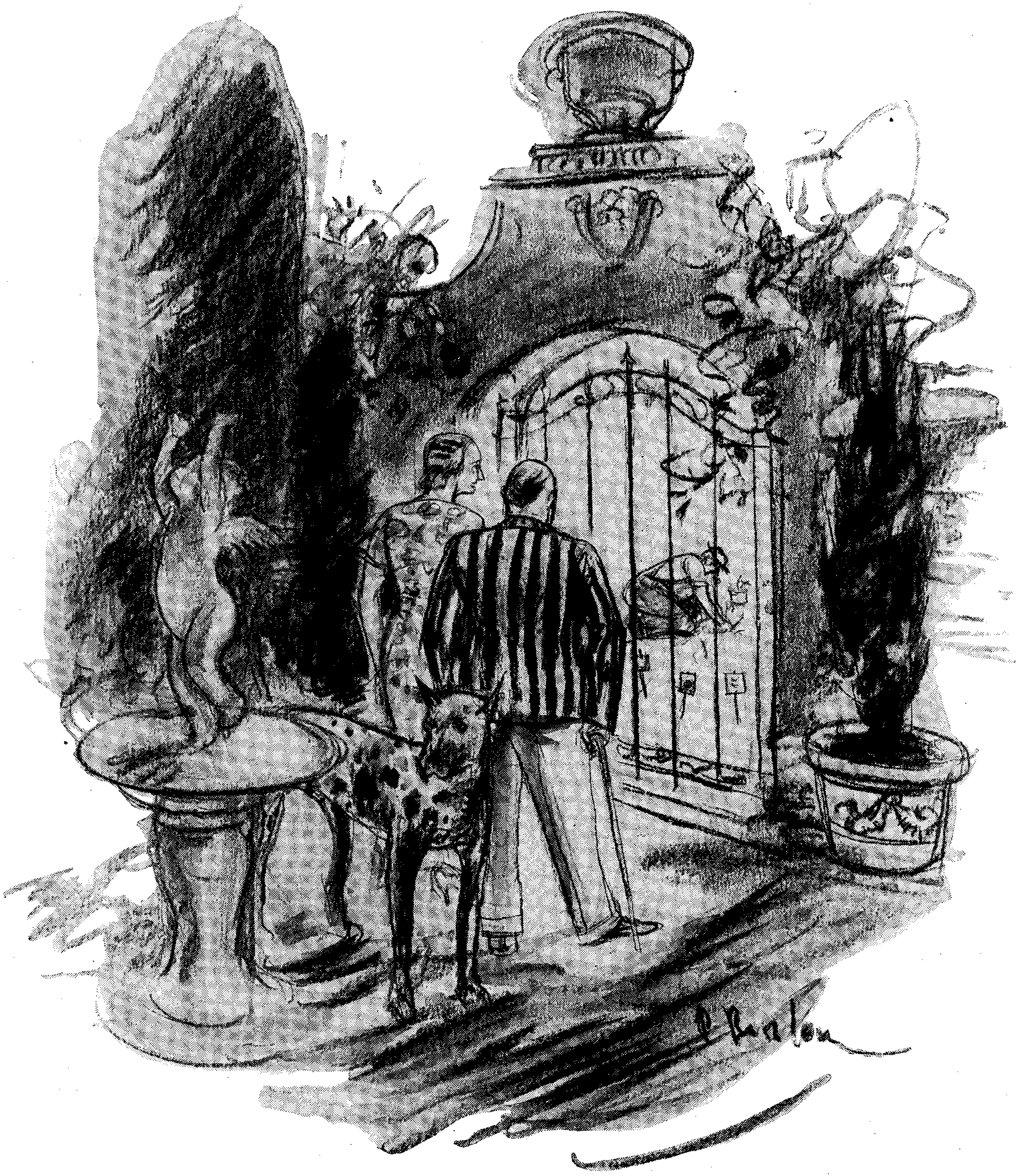
Her entry into dressmaking was an accident (though her family still finds that a feeble excuse). It came when, after a five-year trial of American life, she was still testing out France in a small flat in the Rue de l'Université, with little money and no job. She happened to design a black-and-white sweater for herself, because, being Roman, she was addicted to black and white while other women were, at the moment, addicted to sweaters. This new note of chic melancholy, of Italian *morbidezza*, in the line of sports wear was hailed as a happy novelty by her friends. The result was she started to design clothing and, within two years, principally on the strength of her sweaters (to which she added a few other outdoor items after she recovered from her surprise), she had moved to an attic in the Rue de la Paix and hung out her official sign, also black and white. Two years later she moved down two flights and has this spring absorbed the second floor in a process of expansion which includes a modern décor of duck-egg walls and straw chairs by Jean Michel Frank. Last year her four hundred employees turned out from her eight *ateliers* between seven and eight thousand garments. All this in five years, from scratch.

PARIS expects nothing from a new dressmaker — in fact, doesn't expect a new dressmaker, especially one from below the Alps. What Schiaparelli had to offer was her past. For thirty years she had been stewing in revolt, starting as a thin, liberal-minded little girl in a Roman home, cooled by family formalities and tempered by the highest professional tradition. At six she ran away and didn't turn up till three days later, when she was located leading a parade. Her subsequent A B C's in a local English dame's school, conventional summers in Capri or in her astronomical uncle's garden near Lake Como, drove her to verse at the age of fifteen. The poem was called "Arethusa," for the nymph who guarded a fountain of forgetfulness in Homer's day. What was worse, it found an up-to-date publisher. Her father refused to read it, but what the family quoted, coupled with the fact that his daughter was discovered to be again with manuscript, led him to ship her off to a convent in Switzerland, where she characteristically fell ill of defeat. She recovered enough to support two years of schooldays and mountains, both of which she dislikes to this day. Still in the grip of education, at seventeen she was sent to England, where, after the war broke out, she wed a Polish gentleman. The five years of her marriage were spent in New York, and, for various reasons, three of these were occupied in trying to get away from both the city and the marriage. During this period she lived in Ninth Street, had a child, worked for the movies in New Jersey, did translations and part-time jobs for importing houses, occupied part-time habitations in Washington, Florida, Cuba, and generally tried to make two ends meet. One rainy night, walking in Patchen Place, she found, miraculously, a twenty-dollar bill, at which omen her luck turned and she soon sailed for France.


Elsa Schiaparelli

In this American period, Schiaparelli had insisted on dilapidated European antiques for her Greenwich Village flat, as she insisted on Manhattan modernisms for her subsequent Parisian apartment. After all, in her teens she had alternately favored Plato in the philosophy classes at the Sapienza, into which, as a professor's daughter, she had been smuggled, under age, and listened to Marinetti, father of Italian Futurism, then in the throes of his manifestoes. Thus, in her Paris retreat before she took up dressmaking, she by turns went arty in Poiret costumes and refused to tolerate the informality of a tailleur as late as lunch. She furthermore did a little gold sculpture, and read a lot in French, English, Italian, and German. She had, in general, until the age of thirty, explored extremes, been fatigued by energy that knew no focus and fomented by rebellion that only waited to be formalized. Today, after a lifetime of improper preparation and only five years' work, she is ranked even by her detractors as leader of The Young School in Paris dressmaking. Considering her unique situation, she might be called leader and school to boot.

FOR the past hundred years, American women's clothes, when not interrupted by gold rushes, Civil War, or milady's having to go out and help settle the Far West, have taken their style from Paris. During these hundred years, France went through the last of its Bourbons, the second of its empires, two out of its three republics, founded restaurants still famous for finical food, invented the *Grande Semaine*, Champs-Élysées *luxe*, Empress Eugénie hats, and Louis Phillippe



"*Oh, I love it, Hubert. We're back to the fundamentals!*"

furniture. And its women looked it. What America had been going through was the Age of Innocence, the G.O.P., bird's-eye maple, railroad fortunes, the full dinnerpail, the invention of Main Street, and finally a freak of architecture called the Flatiron Building. And the American women looked it. One can only suppose that the unsuitability of Paris modes to that Early American scene added to the charm of both.

When Schiaparelli lived in America, she used to complain there was no Old World tradition, for which lack she now thanks God. Certainly one of the explanations of her phenomenal success here was the un-European modernity of her silhouettes, and their special applicability to a background of square-shouldered skyscrapers, of mechanics in private life and pastimes devoted to gadgetry. It is significant that, among strict Parisians, her vogue in Paris is one of snobbery; a frock from Schiaparelli ranks like a modern canvas in boudoirs determined to be *à la page*. In America, her limited, her exclusive, appeal has been positively wholesale.

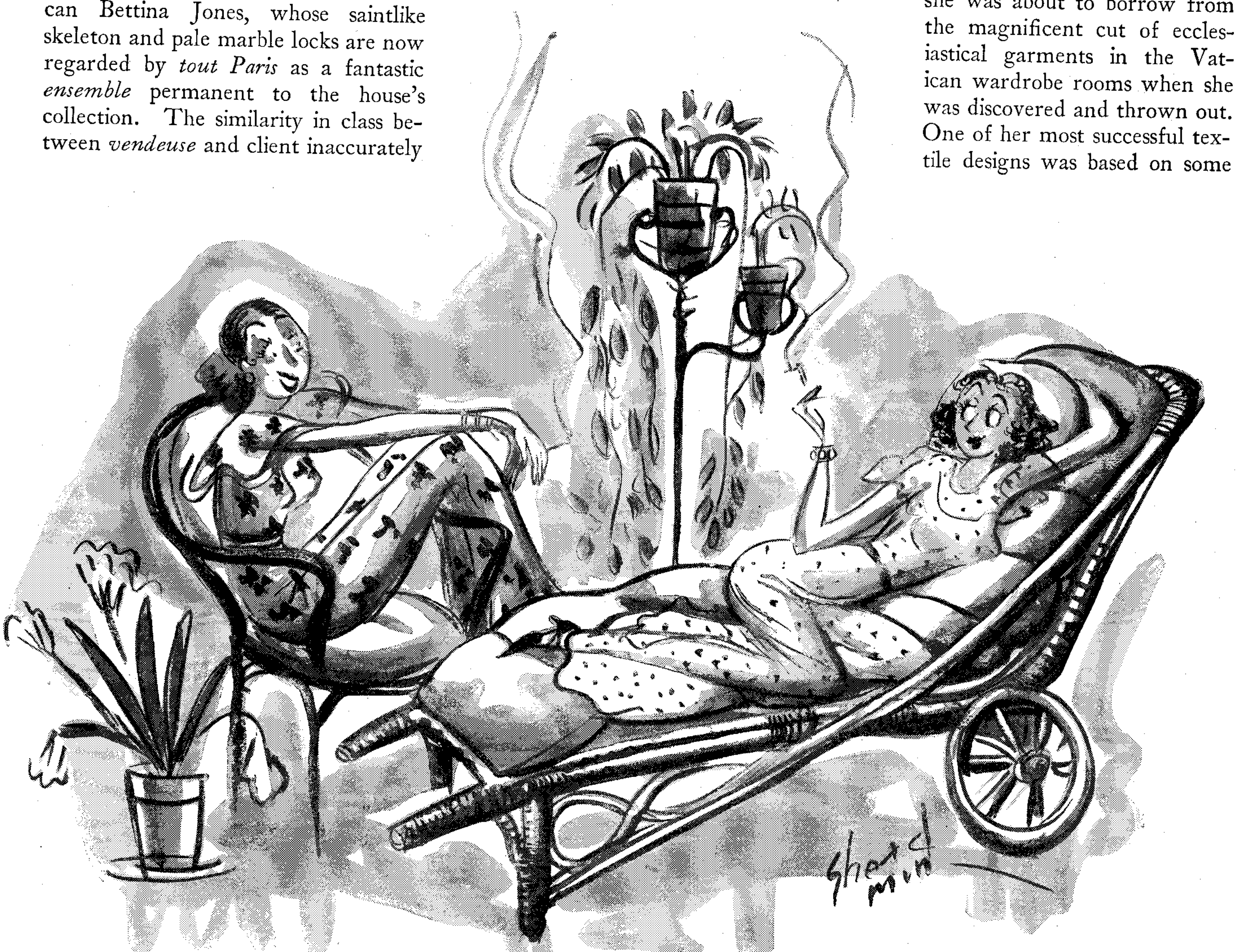
Certainly her primary recognition came from the States. Her first commercial command back in the unprofessional Rue de l'Université days came from New York and was for forty sweaters and skirts. The skirts were the catch. She had no idea how a commercial skirt was concocted, but was sure it was wrong. To this rare quality of creative dissatisfaction she has always added an odd gift for joining which has marked Italian cabinetmakers of the great periods and which made her style as it had made theirs. Inclined to see women as something built rather than something born, she used costumes like fine veneer, the dovetailed angles, corners, and metal trim making her seem not so much merely a dressmaker as a cunning carpenter of clothes.

Doubtless what saved her from sheer intellectuality when she turned professional was her sense of inexperience, which she wisely conserved. By temperament born for novitiates, she prolonged her period of probation until she perfected it as a permanent working order. When she opened her shop, she was so ignorant of business that she was innocent of its great guiding principles, such as borrowing and falling in debt, and refused to learn them. She knew she was extravagant and felt that was knowledge enough. As to scientific management, she started running her shop on a simple system of autocracy which still works like a breeze. When she is in Paris, she opens every letter that comes in, answers it, and signs each cheque. In this way she has been able to make a lot of mistakes, but, as she says, they are her own mistakes. When she is away in England biannually, buying woollens, she telephones to Paris each morning to find out who came in yesterday, what they bought, and why. Or why not. This makes her fear she has a mania for knowing details. With her personnel she is high-handed, generous, hasty, conscientious. It is considered lucky to work for her house. Having once been poor herself, she patiently pays her people more than she has to, and impatiently expects them to think as fast as she does.

Among those working for her, her *vendeuses* have been an item in themselves. They have included a La Rochefoucauld. They still number the Comtesse de la Falaise, ex-sister-in-law to Gloria Swanson; the Comtesse Boisrevain, the beautiful Bianca Mosca (Schiaparelli's cousin), and the American Bettina Jones, whose saintlike skeleton and pale marble locks are now regarded by *tout Paris* as a fantastic *ensemble* permanent to the house's collection. The similarity in class between *vendeuse* and client inaccurately led to Schiaparelli's establishment's being called amateur.

SHE can design her clothes with pencil, shears, or *toile*, but as most of them are invented while she is in her motorcar, they are usually put together in her head. She doesn't work well between walls, being an ex-*révoltée;* indeed, dislikes restrictions of any kind, especially the restriction of time. Time, however, has to be reckoned with in her business, and she manages it by being meticulously punctual. She enters her office on the stroke of ten; twice a year on the dot the collections of her designs go out, invariably seventy in number. Now that she has arrived, no sartorial pleasantry of hers is allowed by the trade to pass unobserved. Too often in the past what were called Schiaparelli's little jokes turned out to be big influences. Some, of course, turned out to be mistakes. She was never supposed to be more waggish, and probably never was more commercially in earnest, than when she used the dollar sign as a coat-fastener, unfortunately just at a moment when the dollar had lost much of its power to make both ends meet.

As a rule, though, since she is an *enfant du siècle*, her gadgets, no matter how complicated, satisfy her hunger for simplicity. Most of them are substitutes for buttons, which she persecutes with a reformer's zeal. All, especially the now famous clip which is so brief and good an explanation of her manner and mind, are proof of her imaginative eclecticism; something similar to her clip has long been used by French mechanicians on their jumpers. One of her early belt fastenings she took from a harness shop in Tours, only to discover later, as the peasants prophesied, that it worked better on horses than on women. Once she was about to borrow from the magnificent cut of ecclesiastical garments in the Vatican wardrobe rooms when she was discovered and thrown out. One of her most successful textile designs was based on some



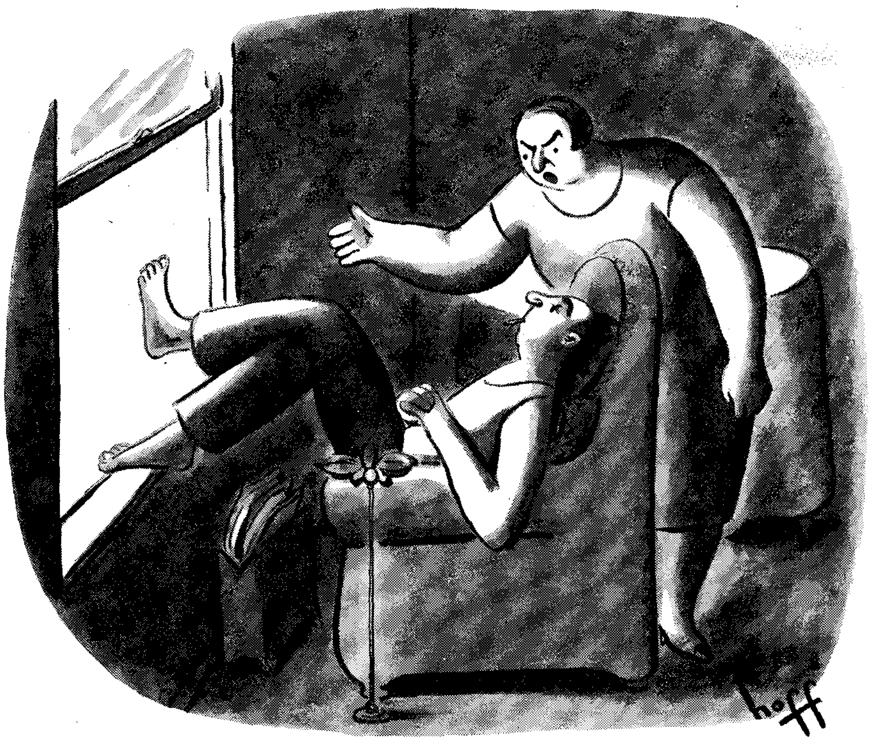
"He's very interesting—he's on the Reconstruction Finance Corporation."

plaster and netting she picked up in the rubbish at the Colonial Exposition. She has a gift, almost uncontrollable at times, for discovering beauty in lowly objects which have hitherto escaped attention by being universally useful.

HER flat in Paris is in the Boulevard St.-Germain, and was originally a series of pompous rooms dating from the nineties, which she has brought down to date by pulling out everything except the fine arched bookstalls and putting in almost nothing except white paint and gigantic orange chairs. Decorations include a spiritual, unworldly canvas by Tchelichev, a material one of seashells by Pierre Roy, and a footstool made from the hipbones of a horse, a tribute from the pampas. She dines amid a mixture of old family and modern Swedish silver, exotic black porcelain, and simple food. She can live on rice and spinach and a sip of white wine; she is not self-indulgent. For weekends, she has taken the La Rochefoucauld's gardener's cottage in the forest of Ermenonville, near Paris; Rousseau used to live there and, what interests her more, Cagliostro used it for his séances in black magic. She has still another small place in the Midi for summer, for she loves heat, August, and the sea, and swims like one passionate of all. Water is her favorite element, then land; the air she takes to only when pressed, though she is thinking of putting her young daughter, Marisa, in school in England, planning to fly over for tea occasionally. At present the child is in Switzerland, where she is working at her recently acquired American citizenship by trying to learn to speak English with an American accent. Having been born in New York, of foreign parents, she had the right to choose between national affiliations and chose the United States. She is informally known as Gogo and wants to be a circus clown when she grows up.

SCHIAPARELLI is one of the few female dressmakers of Paris who are seen everywhere. Indeed, in her leisure hours she displays a catholicity of taste that is probably racial rather than personal. She has the touching Italian talent of being prone to entertainment, of being pleased not so much to do as to go. She thus becomes a cherished companion who will with equal enthusiasm go to the cinema, a museum, discuss Faulkner, or wait to see the ex-King of Spain arrive in the rain. In a crowd she is always noticeable; she is dark; Tanagra-like in build; her mother's great-grandmother was Egyptian, which accounts for an exotic hierarchy of feature. Though she is magnificently straight-haired, Antoine has re-

"Now where did we put the lump sugar?"



"That's it! Make a holy show of yourself."

cently launched a mode by puffing her hair in curls. She is famous for her wigs, which she rarely wears. She has, for St. Moritz, a waterproofed wig for winter sports, at which she is truly capable; and another, black and shiny for night wear, that looks like a wrought-iron fern.

In character, even to her intimates, she is somewhat insoluble. Her speech is frank and faultlessly idiomatic in three languages. But behind fluency, at the age of thirty-six she still retains the tacit secrecy of a talented child, too gifted and disabused to attempt an explanation to adults. She used to be superstitious but has lost her sense of omens in success. She is probably happy now for the first time in her life. Certainly she is the only first-water foreign dressmaker in Paris whose mother regrets that, of the two evils, her daughter did not stick to writing poetry.

—JANET FLANNER

•

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

In Sparkill buried lies the man of mark
Who brought the obelisk to Central
  Park:
Invincible Commander H. H. Gorringe,
Whose name supplies the long-sought
  rhyme for "orange."

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

OF ALL THINGS

THIS lynx-eyed observer has at last discovered a fundamental difference between the two political parties: The Democrats have better conventions and the Republicans better elections.

•

If we were a Grand Old Party, we would not worry much about Borah. He will be faithful after his fashion.

•

The trouble with Rockefeller, the Dallas *News* says, is that he does not understand the South. In his abysmal ignorance he has the pleasant company of North Carolina and Florida.

•

Bishop Cannon attributes John D., Jr.'s, fall from grace to the fact that he lives in New York, close to Satan's seat. Many of our best people would rather be right than resident.

•

The book-publishers have again taken stock of their troubles and devised remedies. What we need, they find, is better readership.

•

In St. Louis they are giving jurors an intelligence test to weed out the unfit. They ought to get a good set that way, if they can find twelve.

•

Dr. William Harvey King declares that jokes are often better for the patient than medicine. We'd have to hear a couple of samples.

•

Presbyterians denounce war, wets, and tobacco. Thereby getting a firm grip upon the anticlimax cup.

•

Senator Brookhart's misfortune has a silver lining. When freed from his exacting duties, he will have more time to smell dinner parties.

•

While the Governor is thinking things over, we suggest that this sign be nailed up in the City Hall: "Mayor's Office. No Tipping Allowed."

•

To busy readers we offer this summary of all the commencement addresses delivered to the classes of 1932: You kids picked a bad year for it.

•

Between the income and the outgo taxes, our citizens are facing a tough fiscal year. Fifty million budgets can't be balanced.

•

Tuxedo has been getting a lot of praise for refusing a helping of government pork. All right, let them eat caviar.

•

The events of the past week have given our brokers more sleepless nights. The worst of it is they have practically no lambs to count.

•

Gene Sarazen will get one of our best welcomes upon his return from England. He not only won the cup but even collected it.

•

Complaint is made that foreign portrait-painters fatten on our official jobs. These alien artists should not be allowed to come over and express themselves C.O.D.

•

The doughboys at Washington are becoming a ticklish problem. It seems that an army cannot be locked up for being present without leave.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE THEATRE

HOT-WEATHER SHOW

JUST because a revue comes into town during the hot weather is no reason for referring to it as a "hot-weather show." Strictly speaking, a "hot-weather show" should make no demands on its audiences other than that they should sit partially upright and move their eyes slowly from left to right as various brightly colored objects are passed before them. "Hey Nonny Nonny!" is one of the more modern school of revues which call for a little listening and perhaps now and then just a flurry of ratiocination.

For "Hey Nonny Nonny!" has been fashioned by a group of those younger rebels who go in for spelling and general literacy, with the result that many of the lyrics actually rhyme and incorporate references to book-larnin', certainly not the mark of what used to be known as a "hot-weather show" in the days when the weather really was hot and when there were such things as "tired businessmen." It is too bad that the good-looking and exceedingly young ladies in the show were not tipped off to the trick of opening their mouths when they sing, for the Brothers Lief (Max and Nathaniel) have written some smart words to fit Michael Cleary's music, with occasional numbers by Ogden Nash and Will Irwin or Herman Hupfeld thrown in, and it would have been nice to have heard them all.

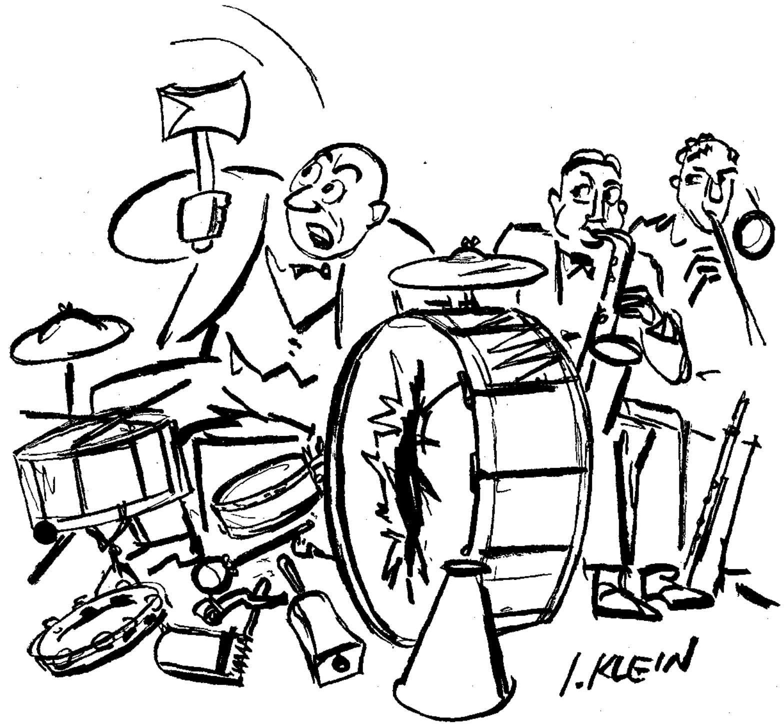
THE show itself derives some of its demerits, as well as all of its merits, from trying to be a little better than the average. There are some sketches which you wish all the luck in the world because someone obviously put a little thought into them, but which, through their very superiority, lack a certain horny-handed punch. Frank Sullivan has combined an Old World culture with a sense of depravity which twirls "Mourning Becomes Electra" around on its ear in a sketch called "Life Is Just a Bowl of Eugene O'Neills," and Richy Craig, Jr., has gone the whole hog toward madness in "Majestic Hotel" and a Minsky version of "Carmen." Mr. Craig in person also does quite a bit to relieve the intellectual tone of the proceedings with a couple of monologues which ring of the old days of "The Man with the Green Gloves," working up through the early Jack Benny and Jack McClelland routine with the dumb lady stooge (Miss Mildred Tolle rivalling all her predecessors in wide-eyed dumbness), always good for a laugh from this section of the house, however full of tears my eyes may be at the memory of the dead days of the two-a-day. Frank Morgan wanders on and off, rather dazed at finding himself in such intimate surroundings after "The Band Wagon" but always equal to the emergency and lending a Big Time atmosphere to the production.

As a matter of fact, the production, although giving the impression of being unpretentious, is really quite impressive, with its settings by such artists as Raymond Sovey and Jo Mielziner, a well-trained and smartly dressed chorus under the direction of Dave Gould, and some excellent dancing by Joan Carter-Waddell in the classic fashion and Dorothy McNulty in more romping mood. Ann Seymour's material is too familiar in tone, if not in actual fact, to give her much of a chance to display her talents, but the young men, Jack McCauley, Jerry Norris, and Ernest Sharpe, all do a great many different things in a pleasant and easy manner.

It is perhaps not much of a compliment to say that "Hey Nonny Nonny!" is the best thing of its kind in town, for there is nothing else in town of its kind at the moment, but it ought to hold out very well when, and if, it does have some competition.

THE rumor (frantically circulated by the management) now is that "The Boy Friend" was all a joke and not intended to be taken seriously. It was hardly necessary to add this, as nobody took it seriously anyway.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY



"For pity sake, how did this hatchet get in my hand?"

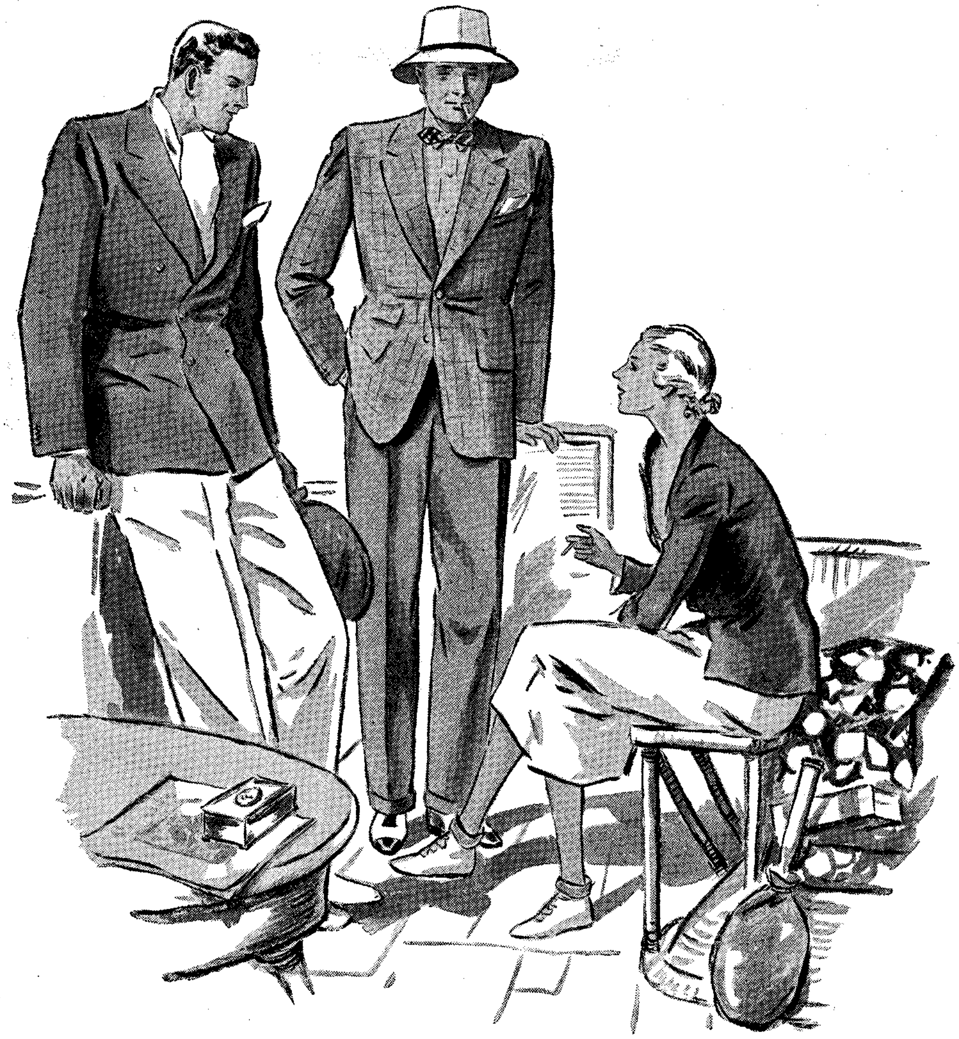
•

THE NOSE

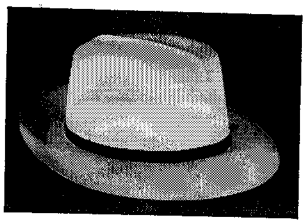
The nose is varied in its bent
  And curious in temperament.
It rises from the central face,
  A fashion common to the race.

It comes in almost any style;
  Self-satisfied and pleased the while
It dominates the upper lip
  And wears a highlight on its tip.

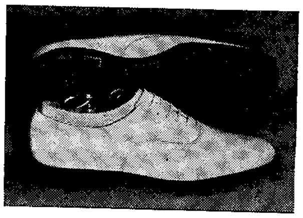
—PERSIS GREELY ANDERSON



What styles for Summer Smartness?



Panama. The latest style, squarer in the crown, which turns down slightly $7.50 and $10.

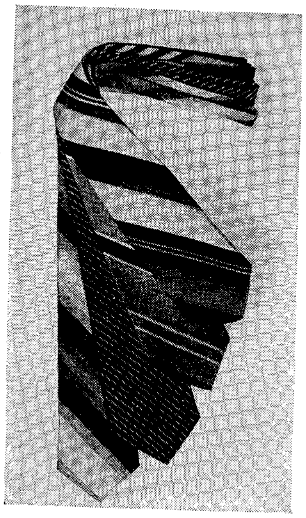


White Buck Oxfords. Rubber and cork soles, very flexible $13. With leather trim and soles $10.50.

From the hat brim to the shoe soles a man may dress in Summer as his individual taste advises. In a holiday spirit, he can choose colors that lock the drabness of a business suit in a forgotten office.

White flannels; sport jackets, ties with a brave flash of colors; shoes for every purpose of the day and evening; shirts for play or parties; sweaters, hose . . .

Need we add that, in these days the price for Rogers Peet quality and style in Summer clothes is a timely reason for outfitting yourself in our stores.



India Madras Ties. Washable ties in striking colors. Bandana four-in-hands $1. Bow Ties 75¢.

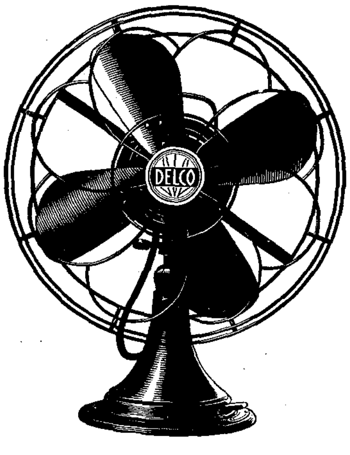
ROGERS PEET COMPANY

In New York: Broadway at Liberty, Warren, 13th and 35th Streets, and Fifth Ave. at 41st St.
In Boston: Tremont at Bromfield
In Chicago: Anderson & Brothers, Michigan at Washington

Smartly beautiful . . . and so discreet!

YOU'LL admire the smart, modern beauty of the new Delco Fan, to be sure. But you'll like even more its smart, modern action. Quiet, restful, unobtrusive... it shares but never disturbs your solitude ...Blades of non-vibrating duraluminum eliminate the metallic ring of steel. Oversized blades...scientifically pitched...stir up greater volume of air, without the usual swish and whir. The humless Delco motor adds to the peace and tranquillity of summer-time sleep. And the price is "sweet and low" too! At your dealer's.

Delco Appliance Corporation,
Rochester, New York



A General Motors Value

DELCO FANS

Distributed by

W. F. IRISH CO.
265 W. 40th St., N. Y.

R. H. McMANN, INC.
12 Warren St., N. Y.

MORISON ELEC. SUPPLY CO., INC.
460 W. 34th St., N. Y.

E. A. WILDERMUTH CO.
1061 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn

JAY DREHER
27 Park Place, N. Y.

SAMUEL FROST
41 W. 14th St., N. Y.

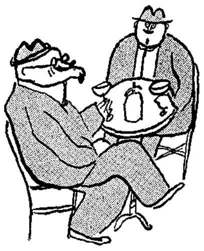
PARIS LETTER

PARIS, JUNE 8

HAD Miss Amelia Earhart been French when she recently flew the Atlantic, she not only would have hopped off under the Napoleonic Code as Madame George Putnam in the first place but, under the French Air Ministry's system of civilian-flight pay, she would subsequently have received 160 francs an hour for the job plus the 5,000 francs' pin money which the government usually gives for glorious aërial deeds. The Anglo-Saxons may get across the oceans the oftenest but the French fliers are the most coddled, rewarded, encouraged, and protected of any off the earth. Owing to the government's recent energetic backing of what they call Air Tourism, not only does a French citizen now get close to half off the cost price of a French plane to begin with, but for every device that will prevent his falling out of the air, once he gets up in it, he receives extra rebates: 2,000 francs for the first parachute, 1,500 for the next, 1,000 for the third (in case he is still fidgety), so much for his *bec de sécurité*, wheel brakes, gyroclinometer, etc. All this, of course, if the plane comes up to the government's standardized coefficient of security, which is eight times the maximum strain for ordinary planes and fourteen times for acrobatic stunters, or close to being as solid as a rock. (As against the British standard, which is, we're told, between four and five.)

Furthermore, to prevent gypping of débutantes, the cost of learning to fly has been officially fixed at 4,500 francs, 2,000 of which is refunded if the learner, male or female, is under the age of thirty. After that, the ladies begin having a harder time: it is nearly impossible for a woman in France to get a transport licence; only one (and she is a Californian who is thinking of becoming French to reduce her flying expenses) has ever gained her navigator's certificate. Also, the physical examination is stiffer than many ladies can endure. However, the Section Feminine of the Aéro Club is now forming an escadrille (which will have to transport wounded in case of war), is organizing a summer Tour de France, and has several bona-fide members, including the brilliant ace, Maryse Bastie, in the Joseph Lebrix Club on the civilian field at Orly. Everything is clubs out there. Unfortunately, most of them are named for dead fliers.

IF city-planning is ever taken up in the right way, entertainment congestion will be one of the serious problems that will have to be tackled. A month ago something to do was as rare here as a taxi to do it in on a rainy night; now there's no getting around to everything except on a bicycle (which one folds up under one's *strapontin*, with one's hat and coat).

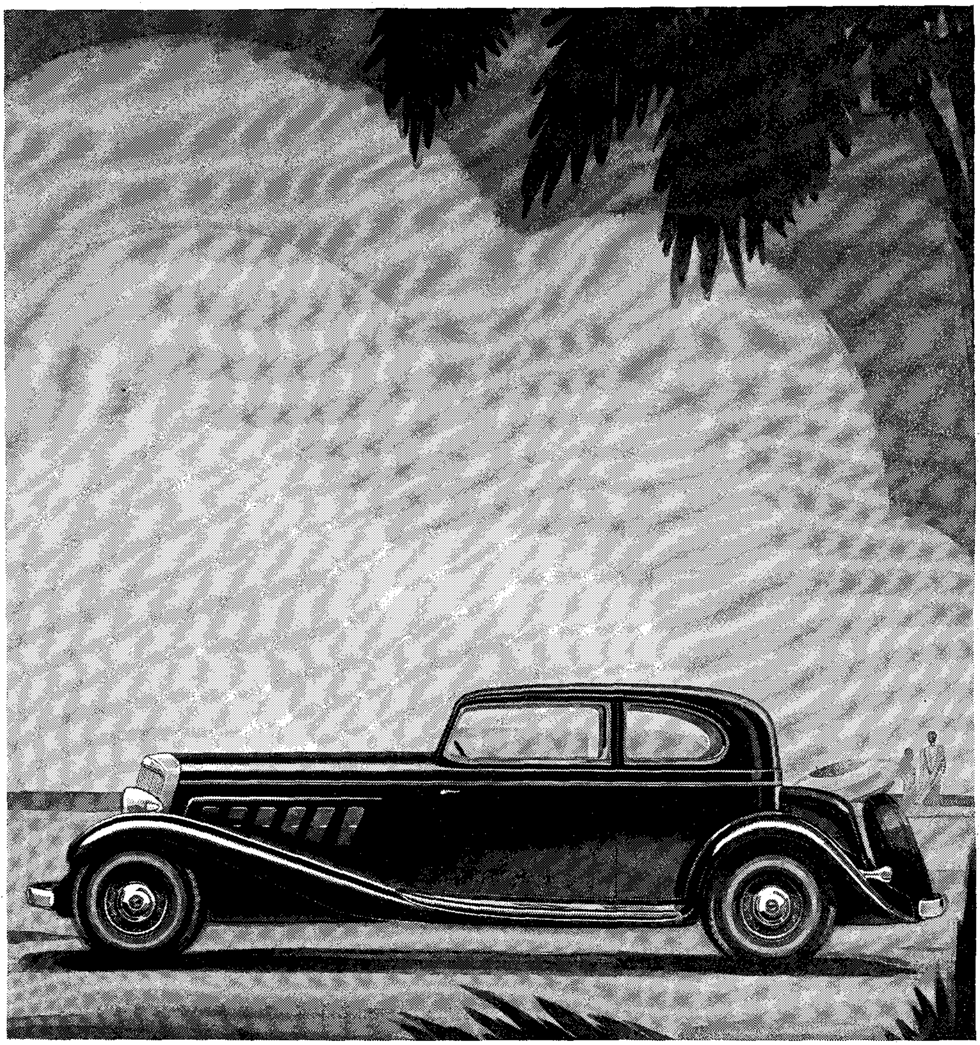


Music has been unending once it got started, which the Russian-opera season at the Comique nearly failed to do. Owing to President Doumer's having been assassinated by a Slav, the voice of Chaliapin, the music of Rimski-Korsakov, and the toes of Bronislawa Nijinska were, by certain chauvinists, held to be accomplices; Masson, the theatre's director, received threatening letters warning him not to let them appear; the Russian Ballet at Monte Carlo had to ring its curtain down twice; and a demonstration was expected the opening night at the Comique. There was none, not even of critical applause. The repertoire was good enough: "Mozart et Salieri" (first audition here), "Prince Igor," the ballets of Poulenc's "Les Biches," Casella's "Les Comédiens Jaloux," "Princesse Cygne," etc.; but the Russian company, so far as rehearsing was concerned, had never heard of the Five-Year, or even the Five-Minute, Plan. Everything was jolly and slapdash, rather muddling-through-at-the-last-minute in the good old capitalistic fashion.

The other upper-crust musical event was the Sérénade chamber-group's concert featuring the young, with first hearings of Nabokov, Rieti, and Markewitch, whose long-talked-of "Partita" (a juvenile work apparently ordered in his teens by that great orderer, the Princesse de Polignac) was the plum. Between the hot partisanship of the audience and the torrid piano-pounding of Marcelle Meyer, cool appreciation of this frosty opus by the coldest, youngest, brightest musical brain in France was difficult. If Markewitch is going to continue in concert popularity, it is to be hoped that his friends will refrain from attending, so that sympathetic listeners

The *Supercharged air-cooled*
FRANKLIN TWELVE

THE PATTERN OF ENGINEERING SUPREMACY



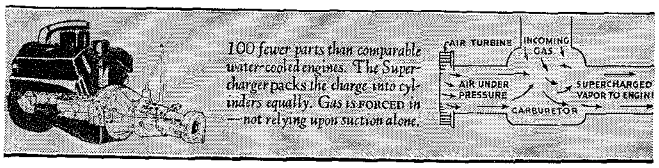
Come enjoy a new kind of performance. A performance in the tempo of tomorrow, that completely shadows all your present conceptions of fine car travel. A super-performance made possible in Franklin alone, by the new *supercharged, air-cooled, twelve cylinder airplane engine.*

Just mentioning some of the specifications of this new Twelve should quicken your heart and make you anxious to get behind the wheel—to put it through its paces—to discover once more the thrills that were yours when you *first* learned to drive a car.

This is the character of the new Franklin Twelve: 150 horsepower from the twelve cylinder, air-cooled engine — the same type of engine that has given aviation its greatest impetus. *Supercharger* which forces the ingoing charge of mixture into *every cylinder equally* and in maximum quantity. Thus adding power—adding smoothness — and adding acceleration to an already sensational powerplant. Pressure air-cooling affords greater engine efficiency and economy, perfect cooling, and brings new freedom to touring. Now you can drive *all day at high speed* without overheating or loss of power — without the least thought or worry of the engine. And there is no water to boil, freeze, or leak.

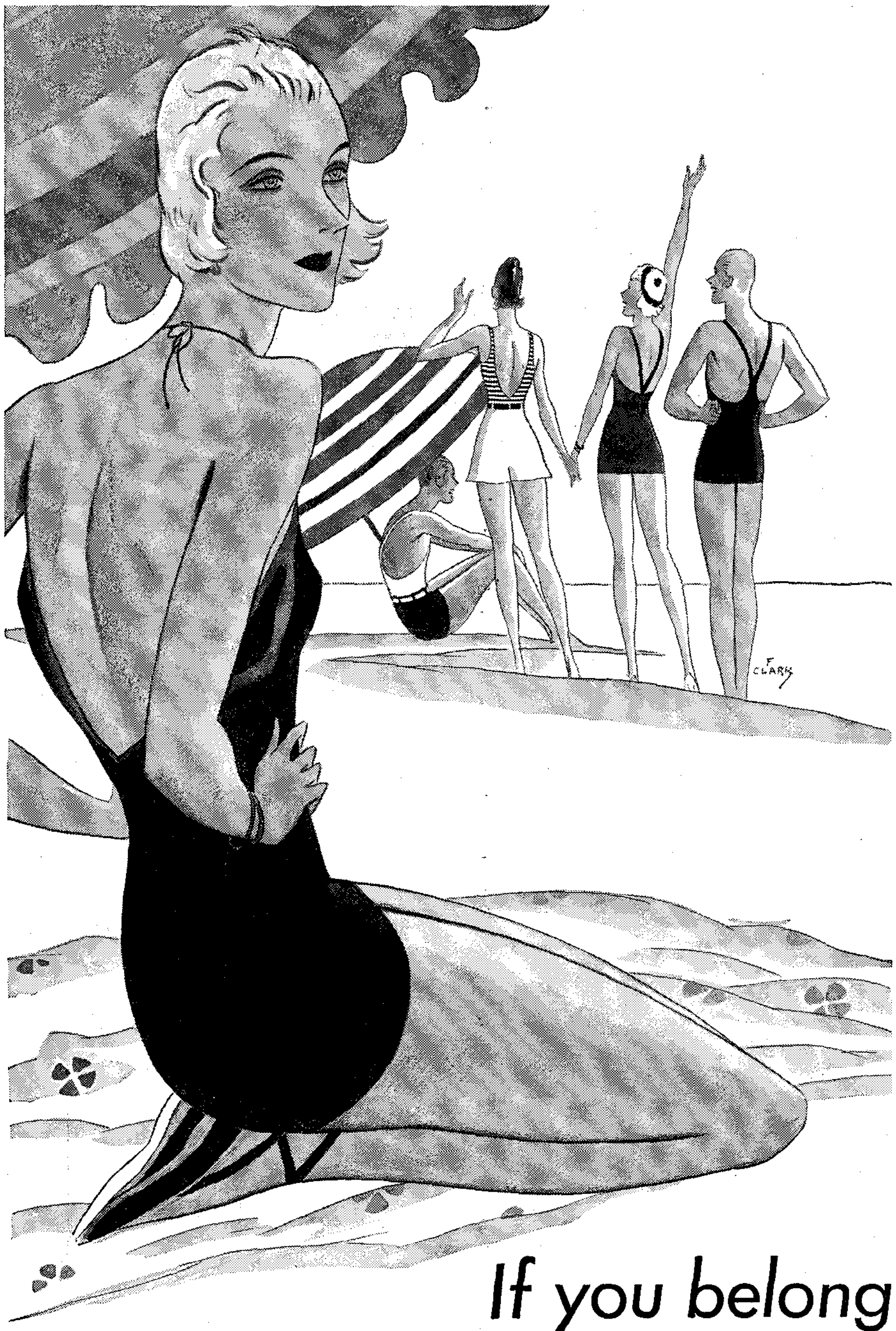
Le Baron styled this long, low car of 144-inch wheelbase. Wherever it is seen, its brilliance, modernness, and freshness of design win new laurels for Franklin.

Come see the Franklin Twelve and enjoy its luxurious performance. Franklin also offers the 100-horsepower, Supercharged Airman of 132-inch wheelbase, with prices ranging from $2345 f. o. b. factory. Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, N. Y.



100 fewer parts than comparable water-cooled engines. The Supercharger packs the charge into cylinders equally. Gas IS FORCED *in —not relying upon suction alone.*

FASHION SWIMS IN A PERFECT-FITTING JANTZEN



If you belong to the Cult of the Sun »»»

● You must see the new necklace tie on the Jantzen Shouldaire! This ingenious and convenient innovation enables you to drop the straps for an even coat of shoulder tan with perfect modesty. The perfect fitting Shouldaire clings to the shoulders, clings to the back—fitting as do all Jantzens: smoothly, smartly, comfortably. The colors are exquisite—vivid hues, lovely pastels. Jantzen quality is the highest and prices lowest in Jantzen history. You'll find the famous Red Diving Girl emblem on the label of every genuine Jantzen. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Ore.; Vancouver, Canada; London, Eng.; Sydney, Australia.

Jantzen
The suit that put style in swimming

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, (Dept. 33), Portland, Oregon
Please send me style folder in colors, featuring new 1932 models. Women's ☐ Men's ☐
Name Address

who otherwise will become his enemies may hear in peace.

One-man musical performances have also included Kreisler at the dress-up Opéra in a disc program one might have heard in slippers at home; Horowitz in Liszt and Chopin; Cortot (sometimes with a couple of other talented fellows—Thibaud and Casals); Segovia; Yvette Guilbert, alternating between the Middle Ages and those of her youth; and the beginning of Wanda Landowska's summer season of clavecin concerts at St.-Leu-la-Forêt (every Sunday at three in the garden theatre). Dancers have also been numerous: Argentina, Teresina, the Sahkaroffs (who, perhaps wisely, still evade sending press tickets to André Levinson, ablest dance critic in town), and Alanova, who, though primarily a handsome international girl, is still listed as a Russian dancer.

THE theatre has also been abnormally lively for this time of year: seems to have mixed seasons and runs on with openings instead of shutdowns. The Guitrys continue their revival of the fittest, the last two being "Thérèse" (pretty nearly worth it) and "Désiré." The Abbé Lambert's "L'Apprenti Sourcier," which, the Church will be pleased to note, features a happy old ending, also featured quasi-riots at its opening but is now quietly failing, which should allow the Abbé to go back to his parish. The Pitoëffs, who have had even less luck than usual this season, having failed again with "Medea," are taking a final whirl with the Scandinavian Bergman's Jewish vehicle, "Patrasket," which they French as "Joë et Cie.," and which has given Papa Pitoëff the best racial break of his career.

AS for art Salons, there are five at the moment: the regular Spring; the irregular Paris, at the Bagatelle; what used to be the Tuileries and is now the Néo-Parnasse; what used to be the funny Humoristes, which is now at the Renaissance; and what is still the Artistes-Décorateurs at the family entrance of the Grand Palais. What contemporary French art needs is a Carry Nation. The Salons must go.

—GENÊT

•

AUTHENTIC SIGNATURE President Coolidge; make offer. X 2325.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Can't make offer. Might make suggestion.

FREE all this week!

CHASE AND SANBORN
Dated Here
COFFEE
CHASE AND SANBORN'S
SEAL BRAND
TEA

Liberal-sized package of Chase & Sanborn's Tea with every 1-lb. can of Chase & Sanborn's Dated Coffee . . .

Don't miss this chance

to get a marvelous tea and really superb coffee — both for the price of the coffee alone!

BE SURE to ask your grocer about this special free offer which Chase & Sanborn are making all this week.

Millions of people throughout America have already discovered that Chase & Sanborn's Dated Coffee is unequaled for superb coffee flavor. Now we make this special combination offer so that you may learn how truly delicious Chase & Sanborn's Tea is also.

For 66 years Chase & Sanborn have been recognized as importers of tea and coffee of unusually high quality.

All this week your grocer is authorized to sell you a regular-sized one-pound can of Chase & Sanborn's Dated Coffee and a liberal-sized package of Chase & Sanborn's Tea . . . both for the price of the coffee alone. *You pay nothing for the tea . . . it is absolutely free.*

Copyright, 1932, by Standard Brands Inc.

DON'T FAIL *to take advantage of this special offer . . . Ask your grocer about it right away*

OVER THE WAVES

No Visitors, N. Y.,
June 4, 1932

To the Editor:

IN this Home for Disabled World's Series Experts they give you a New Yorker once a week as part of the treatment for insomnia, and in skimming over recent issues I have noticed that the publication always contains reviews of new productions on stage and screen, but hardly ever a mention of dat new davil radio which is largely responsible for the fact that there ain't more stage and screen productions to review. Now I am not a charity patient in this institution, and a man named Mr. Pest who works down in the front office claims I owe him three weeks' back rental for a concrete mattress, so I wonder how would it be if you took me on your staff as a radio critic and perhaps you would pay enough to keep Mr. Pest from running a temperature and I could do the work in my spare time which begins at seven o'clock in the morning and ends at eight o'clock the following forenoon.

YOU will want to know what are my qualifications. Well, for the last two months I have been a faithful listen-inner, leaving the thing run day and night with the exception of a few minutes during and after breakfast whilst I wanted to concentrate on the Seabury testimony, and am fortunate in having as special night nurse a hopeless radio addict who knows such inside details as that the Street Singer's real name ain't Arthur Tracy, that Bing Crosby resents Russ Columbo, or vice versa—in fact, everything save (and this is a universal feminine failing) who wrote what song and why. The latter item doesn't make so much difference to me because lots of times I can guess. When I can't, I call up Gene Buck and find out. I guessed Walter Donaldson for both words and music of "My Mom" the first time I heard it. The nurse insisted on verification and got it, but she still thinks I cheated in some way.

Before we leave the subject ("Mom"), here is a little parody I tore off while she was looking under the bed for my pulse:

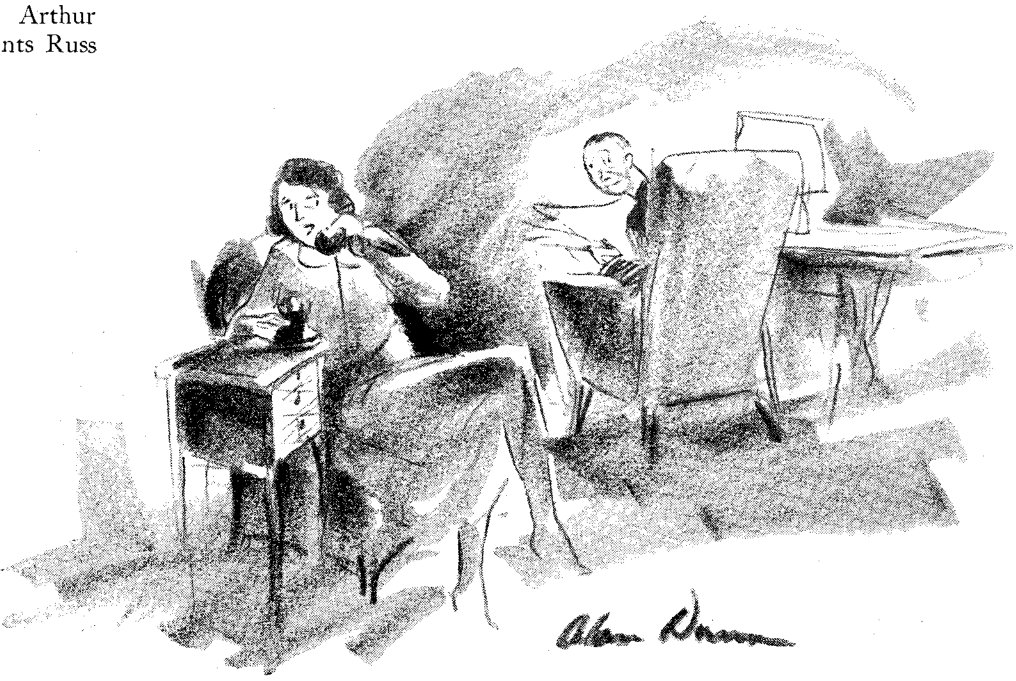
"My nurse, I love her;
My nurse, you'd love her;—
Who wouldn't love her, my nurse!
She's on night duty,
But never snooty,
My chum, my cutie, my nurse.
When I sleep a wink, which is
almost seldom never,
I can hear her think, 'Must I dwell
in hell forever!'
At sev-en A.M.
She sings, 'Te Deum!'
She's my Miss Graham, my nurse."

The lady referred to promised a reply in kind, but so far has thought only of a title—"Lard, You Make the Night Too Long."

You may observe that once in a while I write ungrammatically. Kindly charge this to the influence of the Seabury witnesses and the present-day lyric writers, who say, "Somebody loves you, and that somebody is me," and "I reach for you like I'd reach for a star," and have taken to their unanimous bosoms the phrase "For you and I."

Miss Graham now insists that I make a confession: We can't get WJZ. Somewhere between this asylum and the knoll from which that important NBC branch's programs are distributed, there is, we are told, permanent interference. A repair man gave me a long technical explanation of this. Please don't ask me to repeat a word of it. The honest Miss Graham's point is, am I competent to review the events of the air when I can get WEAF, the red network, but can't get WJZ, the blue (so far as I am concerned) notwork? It all depends, I think, on what I miss and what I miss. I miss "Beautiful Thoughts," "Clara, Lu and Em," "Lum and Abner," "Household Hour; Edgar A. Guest," "Lowell Thomas," and "Death Valley Days." And then again I miss Paul Whiteman, most of George Olsen, the Pickens Sisters, and Amos 'n' Andy. (Mention of the last named reminds me of a suggestion I have been intending to make as soon as I mustered sufficient courage: Let's fling caution to the winds, come out in the open and program these two fellows as Amos *and* Andy, which, I may as well confide to their sponsors, is the way they are spoken of by the great invisible, not to say insensible, audience.)

THE stations we can and do get, in addition to WEAF, are WOR, WABC and WNYC. I insist on WNYC at seven-thirty every evening because it gives the baseball scores and I, having backed the Giants to win the pennant, can't wait for the morning papers to tell me whether they lost two games or only one or held their ground on account of rain. (Note: This is written at noon, June 4.) Even if you are not interested in baseball, I advise that you tune in on this station at the hour named; the scores are preceded by the police department's list of miss-



"Maybe you'd better come after dinner. You know Eric is growing a beard."

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH, *yielding place to new*"

MADISON AVENUE AND 23d STREET in 1880—and 1932

In 1880 there was no Metropolitan Tower. You'll agree the corner looks better now with this beautiful white landmark on it. There's no doubt that once you have Electrolux in your kitchen, you'll agree that it's a whole lot better than the refrigerator that used to be there.

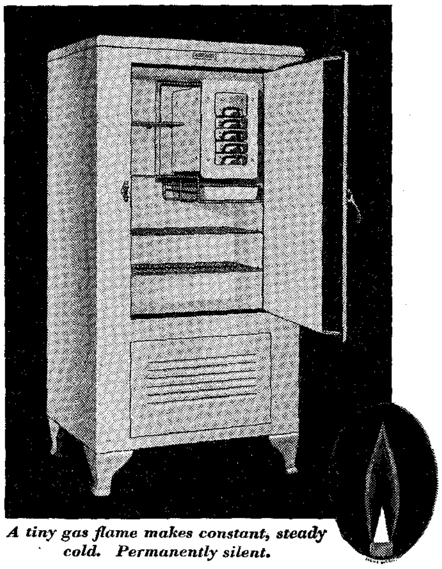
The NEW IDEA in automatic refrigerators is Electrolux—*a revolutionary improvement*

HORSEPOWER no longer means "horses," and refrigeration no longer means what it used to, either. Engineers have taken a tiny gas flame and a tiny flow of water . . . harnessed them to a refrigerator called Electrolux—and you have the modern kind of cold and ice cubes.

The marvel of it is that this refrigerator works in absolute silence, and that housewives actually save money by having its convenience and dependability. It works by a kind of perpetual motion method. A constant chilling action gives steady, even cold. The refrigerant is hermetically sealed in rigid steel, and needs no renewal.

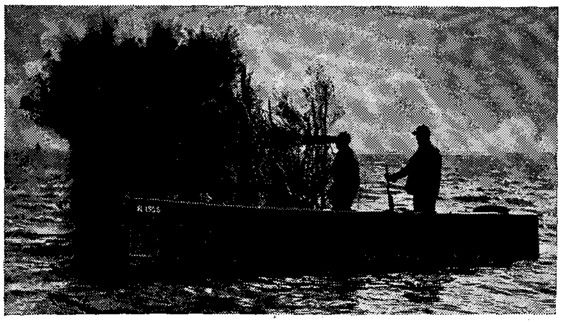
This is the refrigerator you hear people talking about. It has gone into 3,500 apartment houses in Metropolitan New York alone, and into 250,000 homes all over the nation. Your gas company guarantees Electrolux—can afford to, because it's so dependable, so trouble-free.

You are invited to see this unusual refrigerator. At gas company showrooms, or at neighborhood dealers. Or we will mail you full information. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 East 42d Street, New York City.



A tiny gas flame makes constant, steady cold. Permanently silent.

ELECTROLUX THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR



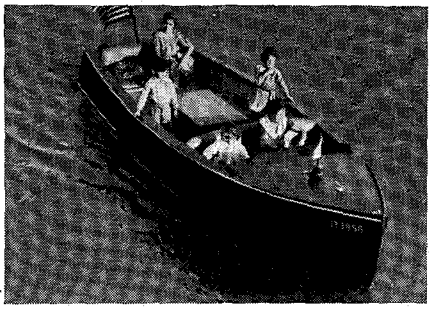
$695

F. O. B. WORKS

Including 45 H. P. Engine

Special All-Purpose, $795

With Natural Finish



Hunting... Fishing

ALL-DAY TRIPS

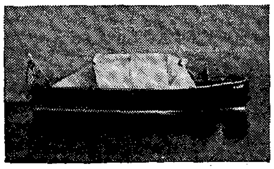
and short, fast

PLEASURE JAUNTS

HERE is a boat you can use for all-day outings and long hunting or fishing trips, for short, fast pleasure jaunts, and quick, convenient taxi service.

The Dodge All-Purpose seats eight, with room for more, yet has plenty of space for duffel. With its 45 h. p. Lycoming motor, it speeds at 18 miles an hour, or idles along at trolling speed. Full 19 feet long and more than 6 feet wide, it has the sturdy construction and sensible design that make it safe for you, your friends and your children. Double bottom, Philippine mahogany planking and true Dodge quality throughout make this a remarkable boat at any price. Yet, due to present day conditions, low cost of raw materials, and large scale production methods in the most efficient plant in the industry, it can be sold for $695.

Fourteen models, from 16 feet to 28 feet, and from $695 to $6895, comprise the Dodge Fleet. Outstanding among these fine boats are the All-Purpose at $695, the 16 footer at $840, and the 19½ footer at $1385. Go to your Dodge dealer and ask him to demonstrate any model you choose. A letter will bring you his address and a Dodge Catalog. Horace E. Dodge Boat & Plane Corporation. General Sales Department, 237 Park Ave., New York. Works, Newport News, Va.



View showing Special All-Purpose with adjustable canvas top. Top can be completely closed, open at either or both ends; raised over entire cockpit or merely a portion of it. Additional cost $75.

DODGE BOATS

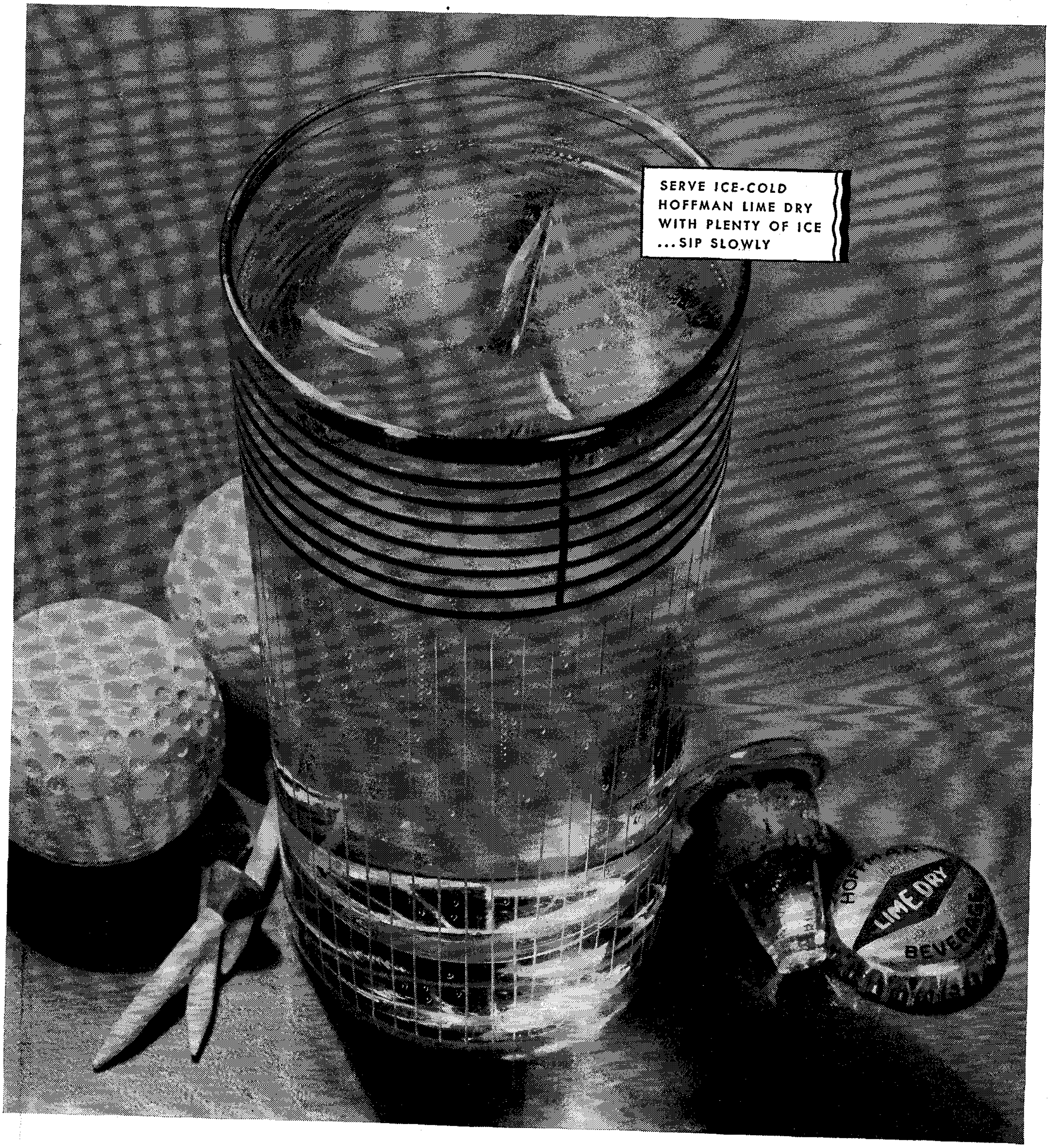
ing persons, a fascinating broadcast as the following sample will show: "Missing since May 28—Antonia Demartino, 322 New York Avenue, Brooklyn; sixteen years, five feet two inches, ninety-eight pounds, black eyes, black hair, black shoes, tan stockings, black hat, short brown coat, green dress. She is poor mentally." There are about five of these on each evening's list, and four out of five are missing from Brooklyn. So the "poor mentally" may be taken with a grain of garlic.

Some time in May I had Miss Graham days instead of nights. It was an experiment and lasted less than a week. But while it did last, I found that a person who is too tired or lazy to reach out and turn knobs will get best results by setting the thing at WABC and leaving it lay. WEAF and WOR have their moments (particularly WEAF since Texaco grabbed Ed Wynn), but day in and day out, Columbia is, to me at least, the gem of the atmosphere. Prior to the engagement of Mr. Wynn, WEAF provided no real opposition in a comedy way unless you except Ely Culbertson, and Ely's gags, in dialect, were more than balanced when Flo Ziegfeld took the air Sunday nights on WABC. Even the Columbia's singing is funnier, and its conscious comics, such as Col. Stoopnagle and Budd, Burns and Allen, and Ben Bernie (an orchestra leader with a real sense of humor), are so good that they ought to be perfect, and would be if they would take advice.

FOR several reasons I wish I had applied for this job a few weeks ago. The principal one is that a flock of big sponsors recently woke up out of a deep slumber and discovered that some of their thousand-dollars-a-minute stars were being slightly overpaid. The result was a wholesale cancellation of contracts, or maybe just a refusal to renew contracts that had expired. In some cases the butter and egg men were right; in others they were wrong. I ain't saying which was whom, but I am saying that my evenings were pretty well spoiled when the Camel combination of Downey and Wons took the count, and my Thursdays ruined when La Palina cut Kate Smith's mountain climbing from four times a week to three.

I had just got to a point where I could distinguish, without looking at my watch, whether the vocalist at the mike was Mr. Downey or Miss Smith when the Depression or something hit the tobacco game and messed up my

Limes . . . taste the natural goodness of real limes in LIME DRY *by* HOFFMAN


SERVE ICE-COLD
HOFFMAN LIME DRY
WITH PLENTY OF ICE
. . . SIP SLOWLY
LIME DRY
BEVERAGE

FLANNEL SUITS FOR SUMMER

In purchasing flannels for more than a century, Brooks Brothers have not only built up a remarkable experience in their selection, but have also established connections both here and abroad that insure first choice. Consequently, the flannel suits made in our workrooms are as highly regarded for the quality of their material as for their cut and workmanship.

Blues, greys and browns—both plain and striped—and the characteristic Lovat shades, are all included in our ready-made department—both in the older models with natural shoulders and in the new suits, which are more closely fitted.

$50 *to* $66

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
NEW YORK • BOSTON • NEWPORT • PALM BEACH

MADISON AVE. COR. FORTY FOURTH ST. · NEW YORK
NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREETS · BOSTON
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET · NEW YORK

continuity. The popularity of Mr. Downey is evidenced by the fact that WABC keeps him going three times weekly Camels or no Camels, but to me he can never be the same when deprived of his sweet-toned side-kick, Tony Wons, on whom I was developing such a crush that I started to write him a special cheer:

"Tony Wons! Tony Twice!
Holy, jumping—"

And that was as far as I had progressed when the flash came that he was temporarily through and at present reciting Edgar Guest's poetry to an audience of helpless Wisconsin pickerel.

Whether or not you accept the theory that Mr. Downey is a tenor, as the programs and Miss Graham's radio publications say, he is worth listening to if you want to keep up with the popular songs of the day. I firmly believe that his voice was the inspiration for Walter's "Mom." Just as firmly I believe that Vince Youmans had someone else in mind when he composed "Drums in My Heart." (The latter, by the way, was written, or at least published, in the key of C by a composer whose exclusive right to three flats is challenged only by Jerry Kern. Speaking of Vince, I am told that a posse of his lyric writers are at work on a logical successor to "Time on My Hands" and "Drums in My Heart." The title is "Water on My Knees.")

When I first became Kate Smith conscious, the young lady was through with her part of the entertainment and on her way out of the studio one night when the announcer, Bill, said something rather sweeping about La Palina cigars. The Songbird of the South was still close enough to the mike to be heard remarking, "You're right, Bill. Most every man I know smokes them." And ever since then I have thought she must read lots of books.

WELL, before this sees print, if it sees print, we will know who won the $2500.00 first prize in the Blue Ribbon Malt limerick contest. Ben Bernie first announced this contest several weeks ago. I was interested when he said that all you had to do was write a twenty-five word opinion of the Malt program and supply a last line for the limerick. Being a born last liner and a cheer leader for Ben's stuff (when he doesn't "imitate" Bert Williams by talking a refrain in a low voice and saying "Yes, suh" every little while), I thought to myself, "Here is where

I combine pleasure with $2500.00, and though of course I will give the $2500.00 to some hospital—" I thought that until I heard the first four lines of the "limerick," which I now repeat:

"There was a young fellow from
 Broadway,
Whose friends told him, 'Here's
 what we all say:
When malt's put to test,
Blue Ribbon is best—' "

"And," explained Ben, "all you have to do is rhyme with Broadway and say."

Oh! Is that all you have to do? Well, it sounded so simple that I scratched my entry, and now I am dying to hear the winning last line. It speaks volumes for whoever thought up, and whoever edited and approved, those first four lines, that in less than a month after the first announcement, they, or somebody, realized that SOMETHING was wrong, and the last three or four times Ben gave it to you, he said you had to rhyme with way (not Broadway) and say.

My suggestion is that we start the contest all over and the malt people can give me $2500.00 to start it right:

"There was a young fellow from
 Broadway,
Who said in a thoroughly awed way:
'When malt's put to test,
Blue Ribbon is best;
Ja, best in an honest to God way.' "

You see, I would go the whole hog and give them their last line, and all they'd have to do would be to write twenty-five words about Ben Bernie. Which isn't so tough.

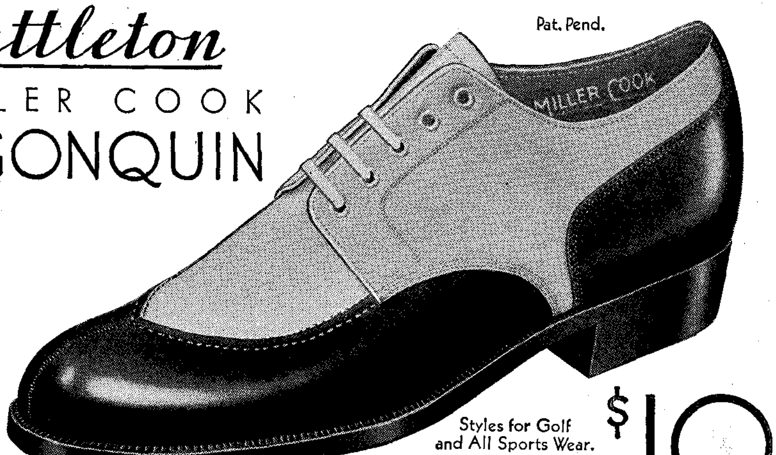
A FEW paragraphs ago I said that WEAF and WOR had their moments. To be perfectly fair I ought to say that they have, or did have, moments and half hours and hours (not even counting Mr. Wynn's) that were as well worth listening to as anything WABC can boast—and a few, such as the ones that featured Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore, which would have been marvelous if the stars or their sponsors or somebody hadn't got the quaint idea that they ought to sing request numbers instead of decent stuff. There is nothing better to my "mind" than the WOR Minstrels, who advertise, in a unique way, Macy's store. WEAF had a swell combination, sponsored by Coca-Cola, made up of Gus Haenschen's all-string orchestra, Ohman and Arden, the Revelers (who

Ah! rugged individualism!

While there have been some plans to point the way out of the depression, we knew all along that the real solution lay in Algonquins. Just wear a pair when you're relaxing from business or profession. Immediately your confidence returns. Buoyantly your spirit rises—and faith is re-established—even in your ability to break 80. ¶ An exclusive hand-sewed seam and really fine shoemaking unite in Algonquins to create sport shoes unmatched in smartness, comfort, and long wear. . . They are both rugged and individualistic in the true American manner.

A. E. Nettleton Co., H. W. Cook, Pres., Syracuse, N. Y.

Nettleton
MILLER COOK
ALGONQUIN



Pat. Pend.

Styles for Golf
and All Sports Wear.
ALL STYLES $10

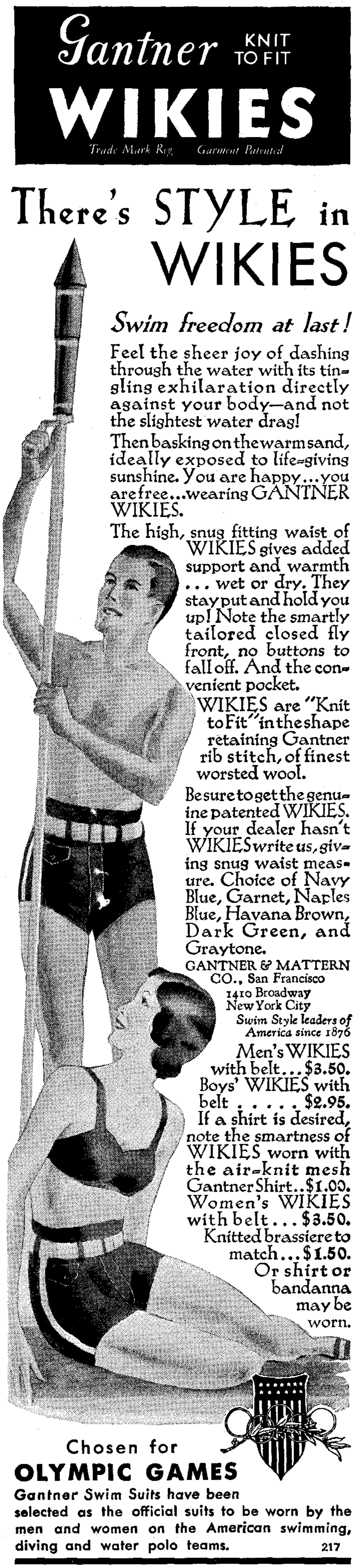
The Nettleton Shops in New York

ROOSEVELT HOTEL . . . . . 365 Madison Avenue
SAVOY-PLAZA HOTEL . . . Fifth Avenue at 59th Street
HUDSON TERMINAL BUILDING . . . 30 Church Street
McALPIN HOTEL . . . . 1286 Broadway
LEFCOURT NAT'L BLDG. . . 1 East 43rd St. at 5th Avenue

NEWARK . . The National Newark Bldg., 742 Broad Street
BOSTON . . . . 292 Washington Street
NEW HAVEN . . . . 1004 Chapel Street
Whitlock's Book Store, 286 York Street

Copr. 1932
A. E. Nettleton Co.

Nettleton and Miller Cook Shoes
are also sold at WEBER & HEILBRONER Stores


Gantner KNIT TO FIT
WIKIES
Trade Mark Reg. Garment Patented

There's STYLE in WIKIES

Swim freedom at last!

Feel the sheer joy of dashing through the water with its tingling exhilaration directly against your body—and not the slightest water drag!

Then basking on the warm sand, ideally exposed to life-giving sunshine. You are happy...you are free...wearing GANTNER WIKIES.

The high, snug fitting waist of WIKIES gives added support and warmth ... wet or dry. They stay put and hold you up! Note the smartly tailored closed fly front, no buttons to fall off. And the convenient pocket.

WIKIES are "Knit to Fit" in the shape retaining Gantner rib stitch, of finest worsted wool.

Be sure to get the genuine patented WIKIES. If your dealer hasn't WIKIES write us, giving snug waist measure. Choice of Navy Blue, Garnet, Naples Blue, Havana Brown, Dark Green, and Graytone.

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., San Francisco
1410 Broadway
New York City
Swim Style leaders of America since 1876

Men's WIKIES with belt...$3.50.
Boys' WIKIES with belt . . . . . $2.95.
If a shirt is desired, note the smartness of WIKIES worn with the air-knit mesh Gantner Shirt..$1.00.
Women's WIKIES with belt...$3.50.
Knitted brassiere to match...$1.50.
Or shirt or bandanna may be worn.

Chosen for
OLYMPIC GAMES
Gantner Swim Suits have been selected as the official suits to be worn by the men and women on the American swimming, diving and water polo teams. 217

by any other name can sing as sweet), James Melton, tenor soloist, and an interview by Grant Rice with someone prominent, usually, in the world of sport, all arranged by Frank Black, excepting Grant and his guest, who arranged themselves. And the Cities Service Cavaliers, with Jessica Dragonette. And the Sacred Cow, or Do You Inhale, hour, especially when Walter Winchell was exhaling with no inhibitions or sacred cows to cramp his style. Then there is Cab Calloway and his orchestra, far and away the class of the Afro-American contributions to the air. Cab is generally scheduled on our unobtainable station, WJZ, but is likely to pop up on WEAF as a pleasant surprise.

Well, it is still June 4, but it's long past seven-thirty, four more alleged mental paupers have snuck out of Brooklyn, and the Giants have WON a double-header. And Miss Graham says I *look* sleepy. RING LARDNER

JUNE 8—Bulletin: WEAF, thanks to General Electric and Bayer Aspirin, made this tentative critic feel kind of foolish Sunday evening by giving us a half hour of Paul Robeson in a program of perfect selections (*not* requests) and a half hour of Ohman and Arden at their best, Haenschen's orchestra, an anonymous male quartet (I believe I could disclose one of its aliases), a tenor billed as "Frank Munn" (and maybe he is) and that rara avis, a female soprano, her name being Veronica Wiggins.

Mr. Robeson sang a flock of swell spirituals, one love song (not "Is I in Love? I Is"), and "Old Man River," words and music by, respectively, Oscar Hammerstein and a promising fellow named Kern of Cedar Knolls, Bronxville. By "promising," I mean a fellow who promises to come and see you, but doesn't. In other words, a composer. Phil and Vic, as I call them, played those two pianos as they used to play them before they thought they needed orchestral assistance, and what they played was grand stuff from "Lady, Be Good!," score by G. Gershwin in the days when he wasn't so Gershwinesque.

Came last night and Ben Bernie, better than I had ever heard him. But no announcement of the "limerick" prize winner, the alibi being that there were so many hundreds of thousands of contestants that the judges would require more time. You bet they will, and I bet they won't dast say the winning last line out loud. R. L.

Even POST-WAR STUFF takes on a PRE-WAR MELLOWNESS with
CINZANO
NON-ALCOHOLIC VERMOUTH
Made with Italian White Wine. Renowned in Europe for generations.

Imported
CINZANO
ITALIAN VERMOUTH
BOTTLED IN ITALY
Quarts . . . . at better food shops

Special Offer
COCKTAIL TRAY
Running low on good recipes? Here are 22 easy-to-make cocktail reminders on this gayly enamelled "party" serving tray, size 9x12. Just send us FIFTY CENTS and the top of the cap on a quart bottle of Cinzano Vermouth and this smart $2. tray will be sent to you postage prepaid. If your dealer cannot supply you with Cinzano Vermouth, send us $1.75 and we will have sent to you a quart bottle of Cinzano Vermouth and the tray postage prepaid.

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO. INC.
Sole U. S. Agents 10 Hubert St., N. Y. C.

The BEEKMAN

An exclusive residential hotel fronting on the world's most fashionable boulevard and providing an ideal blend of complete hotel service and home privacy.

Apartments of two to five rooms at moderate rentals.

575 Park Avenue
corner 63rd Street

THE RACE TRACK

Top Flight Viewed by Coaching Club — Brittle Thoroughbreds

THERE always is something melancholy about the end of a Belmont Park meeting, but more than ever at this time, when one cannot guess what may happen before another spring comes around. However, we'll not speculate on that just now. What I have to say is that Oaks Day was almost perfect and at least a score of the Coaching Club's members came out to the course—leaving their coaches in the repository, though 'Brose Clark wore his gray bowler for the occasion—to see Top Flight win. She did.

Top Flight is still our top filly, but discussion continues, and will no doubt for some time, as to whether she was not just a bit lucky to beat Argosie for the Coaching Club Oaks. Although she was ridden hard through the last furlong, I believe she had just a bit left. As for races at ten furlongs, in which she would meet colts, I'm not so certain. Perhaps the colts, moderate as they are, have grown up to her, so to speak. In the Oaks she galloped behind Unique for a mile and then said goodbye. Perhaps Workman was satisfied there was no more danger until suddenly Argosie swept up to him in the stretch. Of course, you say: if the Man o' War filly, who was receiving seven pounds, had started her run a bit sooner, she would have won. But the Virginians have a phrase for that.

HERE we are at Aqueduct! Most of us were agreeably surprised to find the Queens County Jockey Club's course so pleasant on the opening day. The half-dozen little beds of flowers and shrubs improved the infield immensely. The floor of the clubhouse section of the stand would have benefitted by the good offices of several strong men with brooms; but one cannot be too exigent in these days of retrenchment. Also, I may be an old reactionary, but I did not see much excuse for the hurdle race—in which the horses spun around the little infield course like *les petits chevaux*—even if my friend Diogenes Checkpoints did pick it one, two, three. Racing was quite good although the fields were small; but it seemed to me better to have small fields, and competition, than large ones (I am thinking of the races for two-year-olds at Saratoga) in which most of the riders merely give a somewhat creditable imitation of a chorus rendering "The Song of the Volga Boatmen."

ACCEPTANCES will be light for the Brooklyn Handicap this weekend. I expect it will be White Clover II and Mate again, though William du Pont's horse will pick up eight pounds over his weight in the Suburban. I don't know how Questionnaire is training; he's doing it, if and when, in private at Empire City. It would be interesting if William Woodward were to run his Belmont Stakes winner, Faireno.

STILL thinking of races to come, Max Hirsch has a good pair for the American Derby at Washington Park, Chicago, with Mrs. Kaufman's On Post, who ran a smashing race behind Commuter at Belmont Park, and Morton Schwartz' Gusto, who won at Aqueduct last Saturday. Gusto, you will recall, finished fourth in The Belmont. Charlie Schwartz assures me that the farther the colt goes, the better he goes; in fact, he'd win at sixty miles!

"THOROUGHBREDS are perishable stuff at best," Ed Bradley said to me in dismissing the mishap to Burgoo King. "I don't suppose we'd value 'em so highly if they weren't." Yes, race horses seem to be very brittle. Burgoo King bowed a tendon and may not run again this year; Flag Pole suffered the same injury; Tick On hurt a shoulder and will not run till autumn, if then. Not many good ones left.

BY THE WAY: Mr. Vosburgh says the Greentree Stable's Roman Holiday is the best-looking two-year-old he has seen in years and years. . . . Twenty horsemen are contributing for the rental of the Waite stall starting gates at the Aqueduct meeting. . . . C. V. Whitney doesn't like to lead horses; after the Oaks, he walked beside Top Flight to the weighing enclosure. . . . More stables are considering weeding-out sales. . . . Hank Mills prefers pitching pennies to playing bridge. . . . The Honourable George says it's all a swindle.

—AUDAX MINOR

★

"Pack the Bags Meadows, WE SAIL FOR CARLSBAD IN THE MORNING"

"My shirts have all shrunk so small, Meadows, that I'll have to shrink to fit them. So to Carlsbad. To the baths. To a more sylph-like figure."

"But, sir, if I may be so bold as to suggest, might it not be more economical to buy an array of new Arrow Shirts? They will stay your correct size forever. They're Sanforized-shrunk, which means permanent fit."

"Economy is for hoi polloi, Meadows."

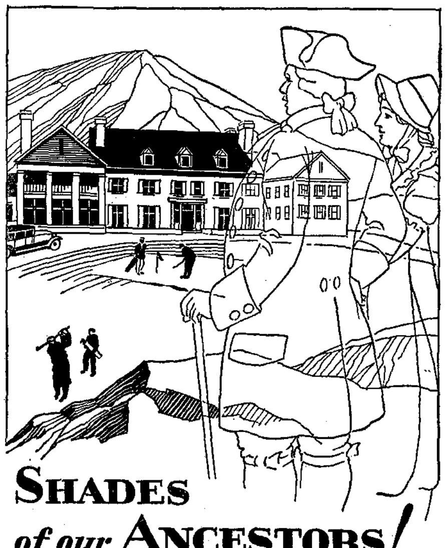
"Perhaps the master forgets the shellacking he took on those foreign bonds?"

"Ah, true. But are these Arrow Shirts—these shirts that don't grow smaller—worthy of my wardrobe?"

"Eminently, sir, eminently. Their collars are made as only Arrow *can* make collars. Their tailoring has the custom touch the master likes so well. Begging your pardon, sir, I would never suggest them if they were not just so."

"Meadows, you're priceless. I always did loathe those baths. What you might call an Arrow escape, eh, what? Haw haw. Haw haw."

© 1932, CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, NEW YORK



SHADES of our ANCESTORS!

How They Would Marvel at Present Day

"Real New England Inns"

At their undreamed of comforts and conveniences—at the moderate rates charged for the excellent food, restful beds and personalized service and attention.

They would not marvel, however, at the hospitality—ever present at these Inns—a direct inheritance from them carefully preserved.

Once a guest often a guest.

Ashfield House, Ashfield, Mass.
*Carmel Country Club, Carmel, N. Y.
Dearborn Inn, Dearborn, Mich.
Dorset Inn, Dorset, Vermont
Kingsport Inn, Kingsport, Tenn.
The Lord Jeffery, Amherst, Mass.
Middlebury Inn, Middlebury, Vt.
Mt. Holyoke Hotel, South Hadley, Massachusetts
The Nittany Lion, State College, Pa.
Nichewaug Inn, Petersham, Mass.
Norwich Inn, Norwich, Conn.
Toy Town Tavern, Winchendon, Massachusetts
True Temper Inn, Wallingford, Vt.
Williams Inn, Williamstown, Mass.

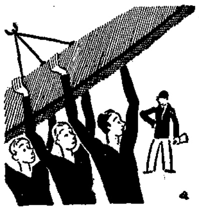
**Introduction by Guest Card*

Send for illustrated folder

L. G. TREADWAY Service Corporation
Operators of "Real New England Inns"
247 Park Avenue, New York City

THE OARSMEN

Lesson from '31—Native Sons East with a Mission



THE experts are being careful about their selections for the Poughkeepsie regatta, which will be held on Monday. A year ago, most of them picked Cornell or Columbia to win. The former rowed an abominable race and came in second, still comparatively fresh. The latter collapsed completely and finished near the end of the line. Navy won decisively and unaccountably, and Navy had no standing with the experts whatever. It was beaten by everything afloat during the preliminary season and arrived at Poughkeepsie with port men rowing starboard and starboard men rowing port. The fact that such a crew could win against such a field has had its effect on this year's writings of the cognoscenti.

Theoretically, Syracuse, Cornell, and California are the favorites. Cornell was regarded as the prime crew during the week that followed its narrow defeat by Yale. Then Syracuse beat Cornell. The California crew, however, hasn't rowed since April, when it defeated Washington by nearly a quarter of a mile. Actually there is no way of comparing California with the Eastern crews until it races them.

ONE thing that must be considered is that California has come East to wage a holy war. Since the crew first put out on the Oakland Estuary last winter, its boathouse has been plastered with signs reading: "The California Crew for California's Olympic Games."

Throughout the spring, Ky Ebright, a member of the rough, tough school of coaching, has been drilling into his impressionable power-units the sacred nature of their mission. For a Native Son to falter at the catch, wash out at the finish, or fail to kill himself in the rowing of any given boat race, would be treason. The same fire burns in the breasts of the California oarsmen now encamped on the Vassar campus that spurs the component parts of the Daisy Chain on the eve of their big event. And when all is said and done, you can't ignore such devotion to an ideal. Whoever wins the grand four-mile scramble will have to annihilate

"Bill, let's go some place where we can get a dollar luncheon for a two dollar appetite."

"Driver, ESSEX HOUSE!"

●

ESSEX HOUSE

160 Central Park South

ALBERT AUWAERTER, *Manager*

APARTMENTS FURNISHED or UNFURNISHED

GUEST SUITES BY DAY • WEEK • MONTH

Telephone; CIrcle 7-0300

ELBOW-ROOM

for glorious vacations

Travel where you will through the Green Mountain region—you'll find vacation thrills at every turn. And whether you follow the trunk-line highways or picturesque secondary roads, your tour will be comfortable and satisfying! Bring your riding, fishing or hiking togs, your tweeds and flannels, your clubs and racquets or leave all impedimenta behind—the opportunities for recreation are endless. Plan your trip now—send for your choice of these

FREE BOOKS "Vt. Lakes & Mountains" (illustrated); "Hotel & Resort Directory"; "Farms & Summer Homes for Sale"; "Cottages & Camps for Rent"; "Vermont Road Map."

VERMONT BUREAU OF PUBLICITY
Dept. L Montpelier, Vermont

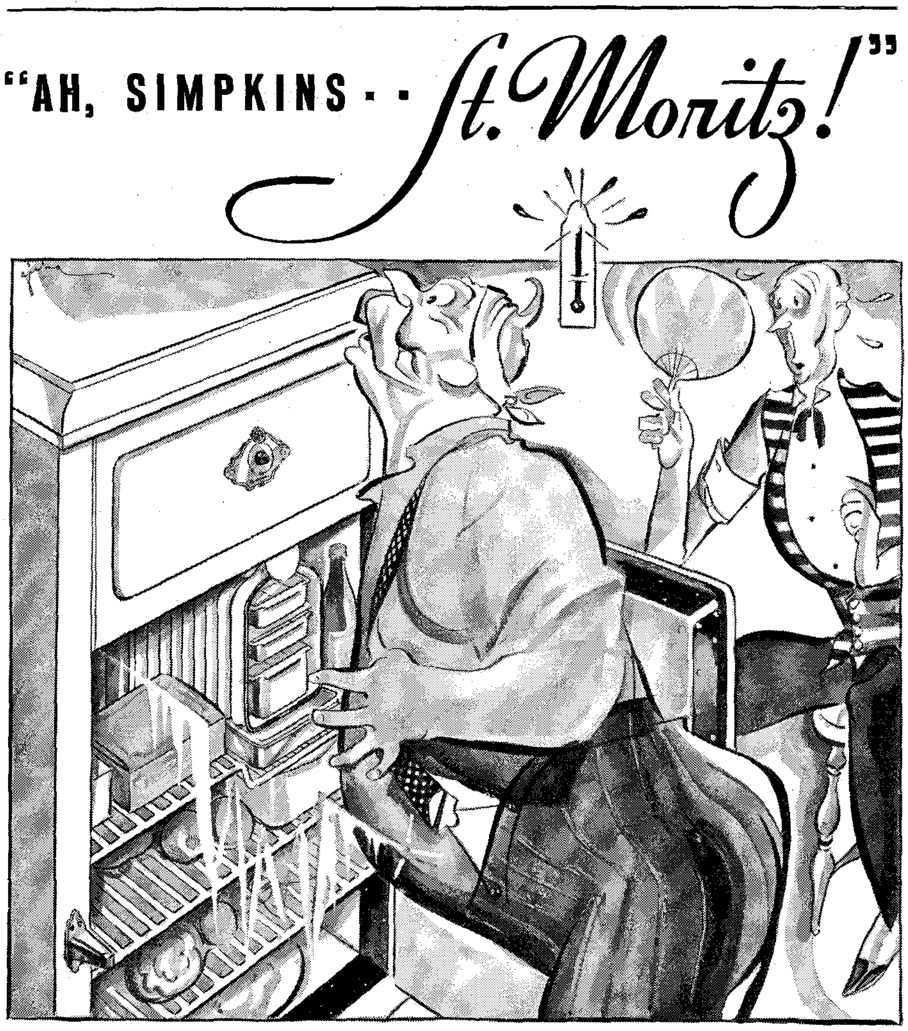
All Vermont is Inviting

California, slide by slide and man by man.

As we said, the real objective of the California crew is the Olympic race, and hence the trials at Worcester, July 7, 8, and 9, when the American representative will be chosen. Ebright tends the fire daily with tales of the 1928 crew, which won at Poughkeepsie, in the trials on the Schuylkill, and over the English crew in the Olympic final on the Sloten Canal. "There was a crew!" Ebright will shout. "Not an ounce of quit in a boatload!" Every time he calls up the glorious past, the current shell leaps out of water like a salmon.

We don't mean, however, to imply that California is merely an inspirational crew. It knows how to row and it has power. Ebright steered at Washington in the golden era, and behind his ranting there is a strong devotion to technique. The best of his crews have rowed well irrespective of their strength and courage. Those who have seen this year's varsity at Poughkeepsie say that it is well together, beautifully set up physically, and comfortably rigged. Decent rigging amounts to a great deal in rowing, and it probably had much to do with California's overwhelming victory against Washington. On that occasion, the Californians cleared the truculent surface of Lake Washington with a normal feather, while the home crew ripped at bucking oars with the finish of each stroke.

Odds and Ends: The yacht fleet at this year's race between Yale and Harvard is expected to be about a third below normal. Observation-train tickets are selling fairly well, however, particularly those allotted to New Haven. Yale doesn't expect Harvard to give much trouble. . . . For the first time in years, Pennsylvania is at Poughkeepsie with a definite hope. The crew won three straight preliminary races after losing to Yale and Columbia. . . . Tom Lombardi, the two-hundred-pound Syracuse stroke, never has sat in a losing shell. . . . The Columbia athletic authorities may relent and send the varsity to the Olympic trials if it does passably well on the Hudson. . . . Whitey Mullestein, the Cornell coxswain, will be steering at Poughkeepsie for the fourth time, but this will be his first varsity race. . . . Dick Glendon, Sr., tried to retire and couldn't do it. He has been helping his son at Columbia since early in May. —N. M. S.


"AH, SIMPKINS . . St. Moritz!"

Only the **Westinghouse** is Dual-automatic

THOSE exacting Westinghouse dual-automatic engineers would probably not see eye to eye with perspiring souls who visit St. Moritz in this fashion. Nevertheless, they do have no little degree of inward satisfaction in knowing that no matter how blazing the day, *all is chill* within the Westinghouse.

Yes, indeed. Even on the hottest days, the Westinghouse Refrigerator purrs calmly along about its business of keeping food fresh and freezing ice quickly. Nothing seems to daunt it . . . not even power emergencies. For only the Westinghouse has that famous Built-in Watchman that keeps the mechanism automatic and running under the most extreme conditions.

This unusual dependability accounts for the complete satisfaction evidenced by tenants in Westinghouse-equipped apartments. And the rugged durability of this modern refrigerator makes owners' money the source of profit they have a right to expect. Just scan this list of advantages of the various Westinghouse models.

Electric-Lighted Interiors *and* Built-in Crisping Pans . . . Easy Rolling Shelves *and* All-Steel Construction . . . Built-in Watchman Control *and* Selective Temperature Control . . . All-Porcelain Interior *and* All-Porcelain Froster . . . Buffet-Top *and* Broom-high Legs . . . Unit in Top *and* Completely Concealed Mechanism.

NOTE to Apartment Owners: Westinghouse *Dual-automatic* Refrigerators with trouble-free, hermetically-sealed units are now on display in our showrooms. You are invited to inspect them, and to take advantage of our planning service for modern apartment kitchens.

ALLEN-INGRAHAM, INC.

254 Fourth Avenue ALgonquin 4-1210

New York City

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

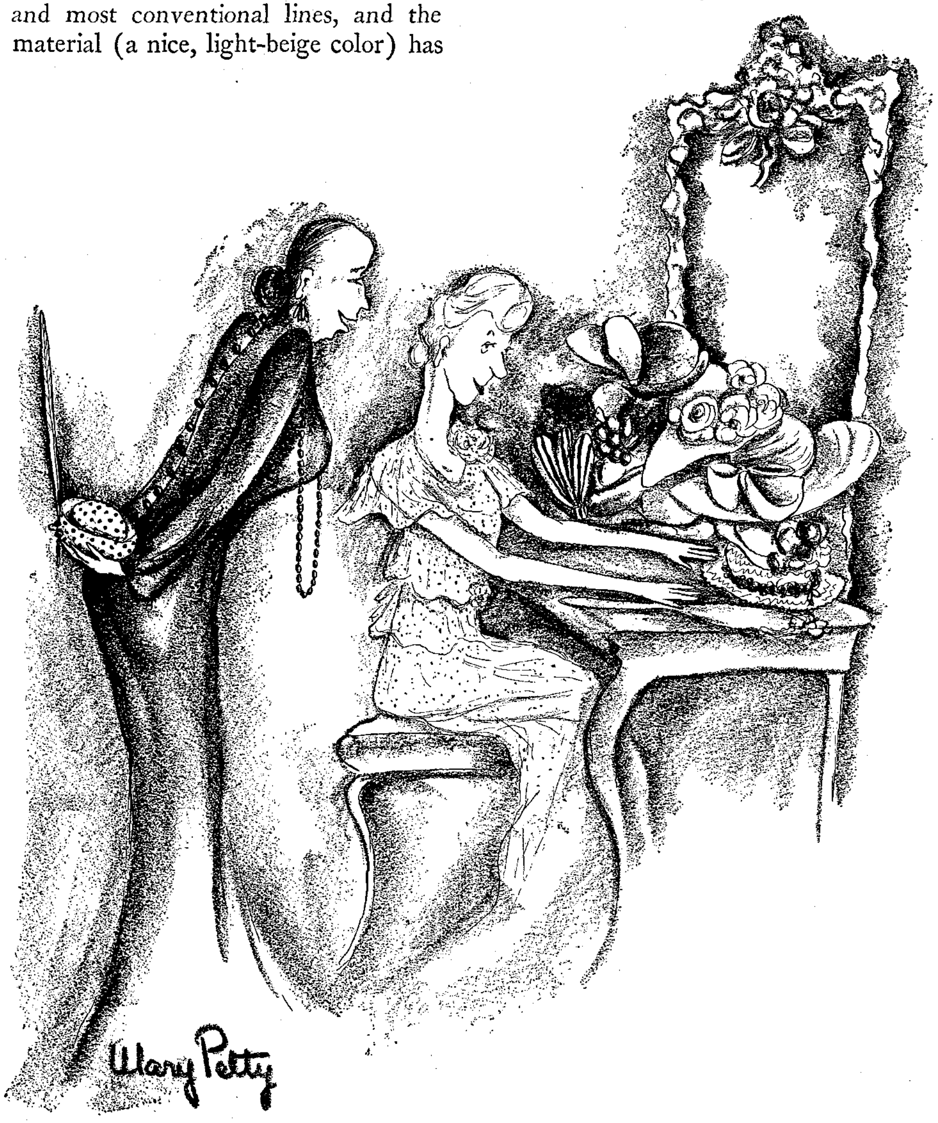
FEMININE FASHIONS

NOW there's something I can't understand to save me. All the shops admit, even to me, that there is a depression, and I should think that this would be the time of all times to show merchandise so tempting and original that the most timorous shopper would cast aside her budget and fall for something she didn't exactly need. But no. Our merchants have, very justifiably, lost their sense of adventure, and the idea seems to be to show the same merchandise as everybody else at a lower price, if possible. This is all very nice, except that a person who suddenly craves a bag of peanuts buys the first bag he sees; he doesn't venture forth on pilgrimages to special peanut stands. What makes it more pathetic is that there still seem to be people willing to spend from ninety-five dollars up for a dress (there are, too; they write in here) if they can get something very special. They have the most terrible time. And, incidentally, have you noticed that, regardless of the depression and unemployment, it is just as hard to find a *good* cook or a *good* nurse or a *good* secretary as it ever was?

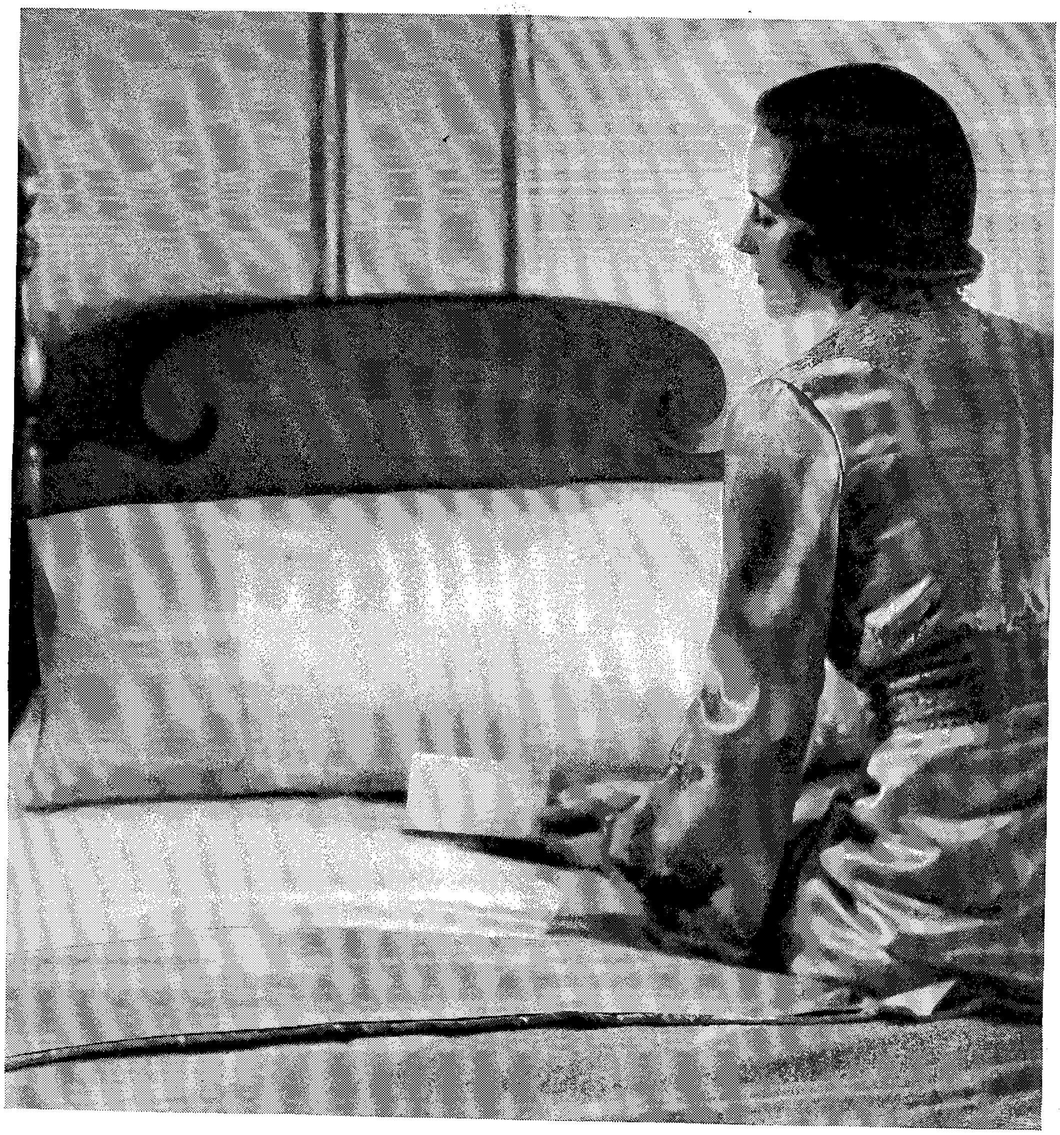
CHANGING the subject (and I *am* changing it, too) brings us, with a British bound, into the reefined and tweedy confines of Fortnum & Mason. There are two tweed suits here, for outdoor occasions at almost any time of year, that will snake money out of pockets that haven't been explored in months. One is a little number of a scraggy, unlined, lightweight tweed. This has gay metal buttons here and there, making a two-button double-breasted effect at the waistline; it has notched lapels, and a slight flare over the hips. The whole thing is so chic and so casual that it seems to fit and flatter the figger of almost anybody. In bright green, rusty orange, gay colors like that. The other suit, a Schiaparelli effort, has V-applications down the front of each shoulder finished by metal clips, and similar clips adorning the V-seaming on the patch pockets. It is a box-jacket type of thing, but you can belt it in if you like. Either of these are honeys; fifty-five and sixty-five dollars, respectively, prices considered unprecedented in the history of British swank.

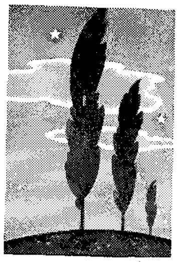
There is nothing startling this year about one-piece white bathing suits with a hand-knit look, but Fortnum & Mason have a short jacket, with three buttons fastening the ribbed waistband, and sloppy white slacks to match, that makes the costume one of those where-did-you-get-it beach things. So, in a quieter way, is a costume having slacks of heavy gray jersey with a waist-length, double-breasted box coat to match. F. & M. also sell tennis dresses with shorts attached to shirts, and skirts separate, in a special silk-and-wool fabric that looks like men's silk shirting; and they are making the greatest possible fuss over riding-habit coats of gunny-sacking. These are tailored in the strictest and most conventional lines, and the material (a nice, light-beige color) has a substantial look and plenty of body, but is cool and porous for summer riding.

SPEAKING of riding, Saks-Fifth Avenue have made up some polo shirts, of the regulation type, in cotton. Nobody seems to have thought of this cool and logical idea before, but the most orthodox horsewomen seem to like them. This shop also harbors a magnificent five-dollar girdle, imaginatively called No. 4047, in the Young Modern's corset shop. It is made of the finest elastic and a lightweight silky stuff, the bones don't punch your abdomen even when you slouch, it stays in place indefinitely and gives you a grand figure, and it is so comfortable that you have to remind yourself to take it off when you slip into your nightie. And ask any of the manufac-



"Now close your eyes!"





Doubtless you know by now you can't judge sheets by their price tags

*"*SIX *years ago!" you say to yourself. "Or was it seven? Anyhow here are my first* WAMSUTTA *sheets still as lovely and smooth . . . and just as strong as they ever were.*

*"*WHAT *was the idea in buying those bargain sheets to fill in with? 'Exactly as good as* WAMSUTTA, *Madam, and just compare the prices!' That's what the salesman said . . . And that's all I did compare . . . Unfortunately!"*

Consider *all* the facts: the lovely smoothness of Wamsutta . . . its old, old reputation for laundering better . . . the balanced strength and sheerness of it, which enables a Wamsutta sheet to last six years or more. That brings the cost down to 55 cents (or less) a year, at today's low prices. Little enough for almost anybody.

And remember, you can match Wamsutta's lovely colors with the finest of blankets . . . the famous North Star line.

WAMSUTTA MILLS, *Founded 1846,* NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
NEW YORK SALES OFFICE, 180 MADISON AVENUE

WAMSUTTA
PERCALE SHEETS
AND PILLOW CASES
THE FINEST OF COTTONS

WAMSUTTA SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

THAT

SOUNDS

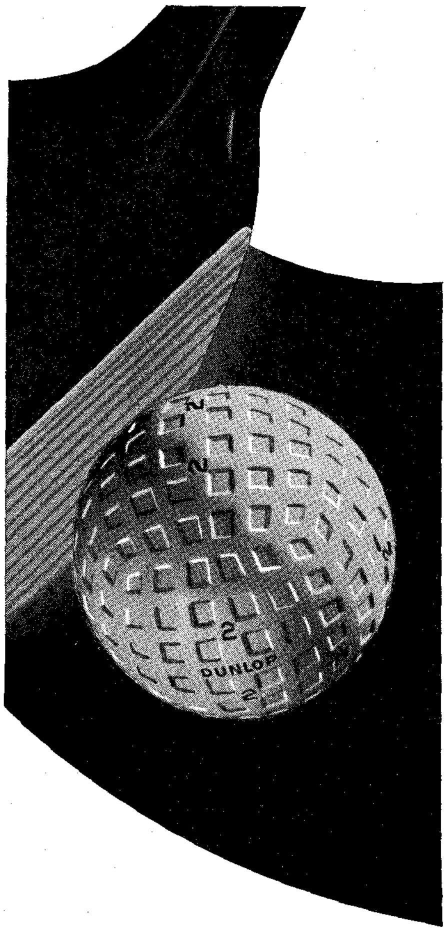
LIKE A GOOD DRIVE

SET an Imported Dunlop on the tee. Take a full swing. You'll hear a "click." Impossible to describe in words, that click . . . but the kind of solid snap that makes some one say: "That sounds like a good drive." And it is a good drive. Your hard-hitting wood has connected with the finest golf ball made. This year the Imported Dunlop is only 85¢ instead of one dollar. Net weight (1.68-1.62) mesh molded, max-marked. Ask your pro now.

imported

DUNLOP

now 85¢



turers whether or not I am tough about the girdle question.

HIGHLIGHTS around the bathing department at Franklin Simon: The summer pajamas include little two-piece jersey ones with striped tops, at $2.95; red-and-white checked-gingham ones with a white ruffly collar around the oval décolletage, for your morning housework; one-piece jersey things having three tiers of color from the oval neckline to the waist. This shop also has several garments that might be used either as beach coats or as informal dresses: there are casual capelike sleeves and a surplice collarless closing. The garments come in ribbed jersey or in printed linen and very handy. Among the bathing suits, there is one of a jersey with a silky, terry-cloth sort of finish, accompanied by a circular cape-or-skirt arrangement. Another with the detachable-skirt idea (and I think it's pretty silly, since practically nobody looks well in a skirtless suit) has a sort of front flap that can button up to the shoulders if you want to protect the chest from sunburn. There are slacks of a silky, finely ribbed corduroy, and marvellous ones of blue denim; very full and sloppy and workmanlike. The latter cost $2.95, by the way. Franklin Simon like gaily striped sweaters with low backs below the shoulder-to-shoulder strap that keeps them in place; they sell those padded sunbath mats with cushions on one end for less than $10; their big floppy hats for the beach are gay in hue and have the advantage (at least many of them do) of rolling up casually for the handbag instead of taking up All That Room.

YOU run the gamut of the emotions in the sweater department at Bonwit Teller, if you are at all excitable. There are sweaters of chiffon bouclé, incredibly lacy and feminine and transparent, though their cut is simple. At the opposite extreme are the official sweaters of the Olympic Committee. Just cotton mesh, with the short sleeves, hipband, and roundish neck outlined in tricolor bands (*you* guess what colors the Committee would select; why should *I* do all the work?). Then there is a new sweater, hand-knit with discreet dropstitches here and there, that has a deep, deep oval décolletage in front. They looked me straight in the eye and swore that the women in Biarritz wore them with nothing under them—no teddy, "no peas, no rice, no coconut oil," noth-

NOW OPEN

Pierre Roof
New York's Highest Dining Room and Dancing Floor

Luncheon—Tea

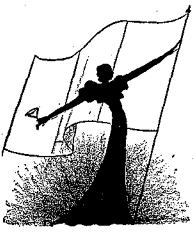
Dinner and Supper
Dancing

INCLUDING SUNDAY

JOE MOSS
and his
HOTEL PIERRE ORCHESTRA

HOTEL PIERRE
Fifth Avenue at 61st Street

CHARLES PIERRE, *Managing Director*



ÇA
C'EST PARIS!

• No Paris this year? Too bad. But this may cheer you up. While Kargère cannot give you the Bois . . . or Montmartre . . . or Mistinguett, we can show you Paris-made, Paris-inspired clothes as lovely as any you could find abroad. Weekly shipments comprise scores of clever original models for sports . . . daytime . . . evening . . . every one of them original with Kargère.

KARGÈRE
636 FIFTH AVENUE
PARIS: 39 AVE. DES CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES

NOW! a DEEP-WAVE MARCEL
PERMANENT

Styled for you alone in the modern manner, with our exclusive cool-comfort process

★HEATERLESS
★SELF-SETTING

$12.50

- * Formerly $20.00.
- * Ringlettes, if desired.
- * No charge for consultation. Write for Booklet K

MILLIUS
Formerly at Hotel Plaza

9 West 46th St., New York
BRyant 9-0005

ing—but I fancy you conservatives will want a little lingerie touch across the base of all that chest. And there are two-piece dresses of hand-crochet stuff, the tops with convertible collars and short sleeves and ribbed waistbands. They would look just like Aunt Mary's lace curtains on most people, but might look very very on an elegant and petite older woman.—L. L.

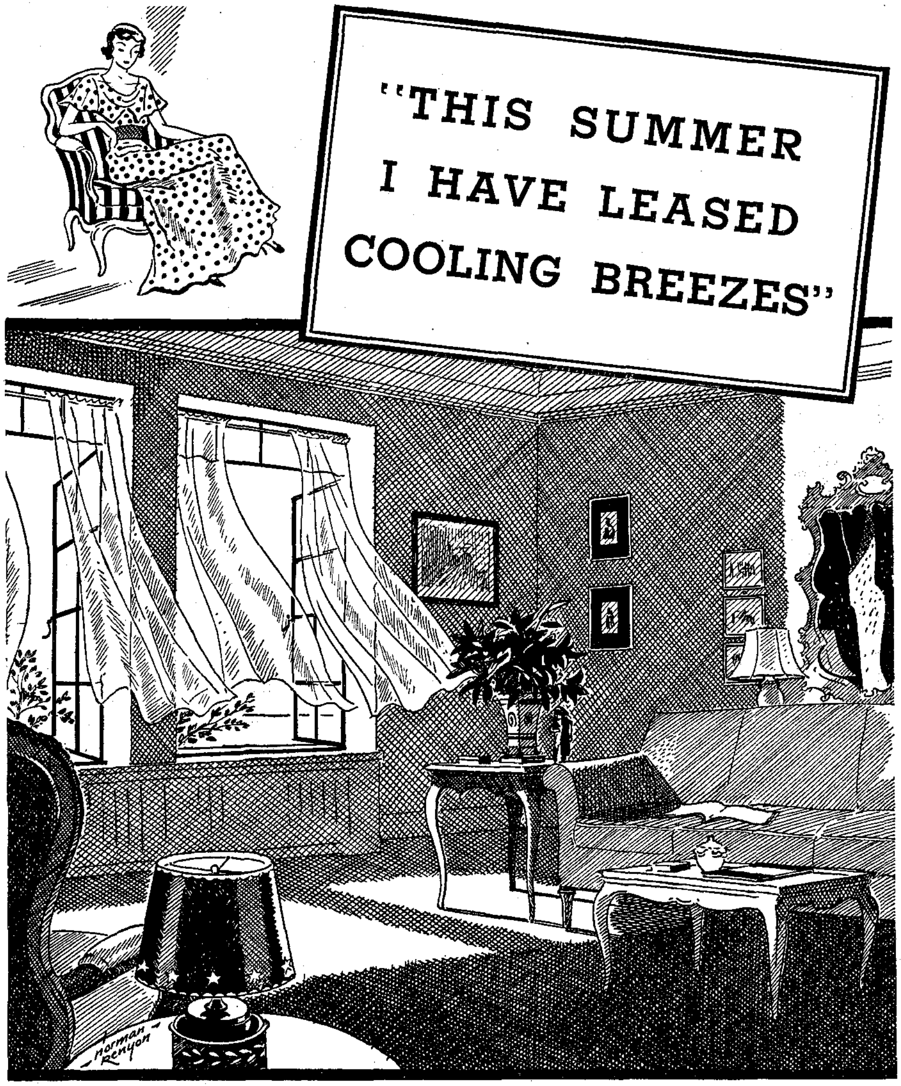
ABOUT THE HOUSE

Oil Lamps Made to Your Order—Garden Tricks

EDUCATION lurks this very minute behind the doors of the Thomas Adams Company, 63 West Forty-sixth Street, for ignoramuses who have grown up thinking the way to get a good oil lamp is to inherit it from your grandmother. The way to get a good oil lamp, I am now prepared to tell you, is to buy it from this same Thomas Adams Company, which seems to consist of two ladies who can fix you up with the proper chimneys, wicks, burners, and other vital parts, no matter what your requirements may be. They will even make up lamps from your own pet jars and vases, fitting them out with something appropriate in a shade. In case you have trouble thinking up a good use for oil lamps, just try buying a little place in the country some time.

BLANCHE STORRS, INC., at 518 Madison Avenue, is a shop full of handsome ideas for enhancing the joys of country life and town roof gardens, such as white iron furniture and big umbrellas and waterproof cushions. Among the white iron collection is a little bit of a stand called a tea-spike; it spikes into the soft, yielding ground beside your chair and balances one cup, glass, or ashtray while you use your hands for other purposes; $3. For $45 you can buy a glass-topped dining-table which ought to seat six comfortably; the iron frame, painted white (or anything you want), has supports for two flowerpots which can be seen through the glass top. A great big three-tier grilled flower stand (taller than *you*, Miss) is $37.50; it holds cut flowers or pots and has a flat side which backs up neatly against the wall.

Owners of umbrella tables, who always have their troubles trying to put floral decorations on an already groan-


"THIS SUMMER I HAVE LEASED COOLING BREEZES"
Norman Kenyon

"I have always wanted to live in Tudor City. And by moving in now I've taken advantage of the special terms in effect until September 30th. I have a delightful one-room apartment cooled by breezes from the river and the shady parks. And I can walk to my office in the Chrysler Building in just a few minutes. It's going to be a real blessing to escape those crowded subways during the hot summer."

1-room apartments are from $60, 2 rooms from $85, 3 rooms from $100 and 4 rooms from $125. All may be leased furnished for slightly more. Renting Office open until 9 P. M.

●

FRED F. FRENCH MANAGEMENT CO., INC.
Renting Office at East end of 42nd St. to 5 Prospect Place (Murray Hill 4-4900)

LIVE IN
TUDOR CITY
AND WALK TO BUSINESS

SKY SALON
Now Open
for
Dinner and Supper
Dancing

hotel
St. Moritz
ON THE PARK . . .
and of it . . . Here is your hotel . . . providing the utmost in suave continental service and enticing cuisine . . . and sweeping before your view the whole entrancing vista of Central Park . . .

The famous "St. Moritz Club Plan" provides those needing New York headquarters with unique privileges . . . moderate yearly fee includes a discount on any additional accommodations desired.

Charmingly decorated rooms as low as three dollars and a half a day . . . special weekly and monthly rates for the summer.

Sample St. Moritz atmosphere . . . prove that the spirit of the "European Manner" lives in New York . . . drop in this afternoon

"and have tea at Rumpelmayer's"

Direction: S. GREGORY TAYLOR
50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
NEW YORK

ing board with a spike running up through the middle, should go in and look at the Storrs solution of this little problem. It's a two-section metal flower-holder, each section shaped like a small crescent. These join hands around the umbrella pole, circling it with blooms, cut or growing—tall ones in the top tier, little ones below. If you *must* use growing plants in them, you can run a little pipe down into the earth so as to give the roots air, and then it's no trick at all. The same shop also has nice scalloped umbrellas which clamp onto the back of your chair; tiltable in any direction; $15. The fabrics are two-tone; natural on top, green underneath, and so on.

RUSSELL WRIGHT can also supply you with iron garden furniture which is possibly a little bit more Victorian than even your wildest dreams of nineteenth-century décor: all scrolls and intertwining vines and fruit and flowers, painted white or pink or whatever. He has a small loveseat and two types of chair, none of them too uncomfortable to sit upon. You can look at them at the Wright showroom, 165 East Thirty-fifth Street, which is a place you ought to see anyway, illustrating as it does what somebody who is smart can do with a sure-enough Early New York stable.

IT makes me very happy to be the bearer of further glad tidings about Salubra, that steadfast wallpaper which can be scrubbed down with soap and water and which never, never fades. It seems that the stuff is about to burst out in period designs, after having been practically restricted to acute modernism for these many years. I have seen some of the patterns, and they are very pleasant: good colors and a nice variety, including the Directoire, the Empire, the Adam, and the Colonial, all nicely adapted for country houses. You can go and look with your own eyes; Frederic Blank & Company, New York Central Building, are the American distributors. —B. B.

•

ON VIEWING
A FLORIST'S WHIMSY
AT 59TH AND MADISON

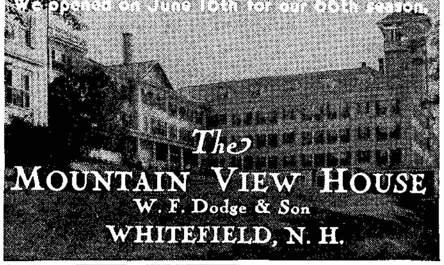
Consider if you can the heads
 That conjured up those grisly packs
Of elephants and dogs with beds
 Of pansies belching from their backs.
—MARGARET FISHBACK

So You Are Coming to New Hampshire!

We are delighted because we know you will want to join those smart care-free vacationers who drive ball and car thru our invigorating high altitude mountain atmosphere. You will want to share our gorgeous view of the majestic White Mountains. —Then, too, you will enjoy our spacious lounges, exquisite cuisine and modern appointments.

We have a little booklet whose illustrations will indicate to you why our inn (we accommodate 300 guests) has attracted so many smart New Yorkers here in the past. We would like to send it to you. May we?

We opened on June 16th for our 66th season.



The MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE
W. F. Dodge & Son
WHITEFIELD, N. H.

HOTEL

ATTENTION!

IT is the careful attention to the wishes and whims of its guests that makes living at the Windermere a real delight . . . and the special attention recently given the rent schedules makes it a real economy.

1, 2 and 3 ROOMS
FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED
LARGE SERVING PANTRIES
Moderately Priced Restaurant

OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT

HOTEL WINDERMERE
West End Avenue
at 92nd Street

THE BOYS LOOK 'EM OVER

"SAY, didja notice Miss Moskowitz in the Ladies Ready-to-Wear?"

"Did I? I should say I did! Some number!"

"You said it, some number! I was walkin' past her department today and I seen her for the first time. I mean, I seen her at least a hunard times before, but it seemsa me before today I really din notice her close. But today I took a good look at her. Boy, she got some It!"

"You said it, she's got It! And maybe Mr. Briskin doan know she's got It."

"You meana say she and Mr. Briskin, they keepin' company?"

"I doan know about that keepin'-company part. All I know is evvey night right after work Mr. Briskin meets Miss Moskowitz on the Eighth Avenoo corner."

"You seen 'em?"

"Say, I doan have to see 'em: I know it for a fact. I was talkin' to Miss Kelly in our department and she gimme the lowdown."

"There's a busted bulb for you—Miss Kelly."

"Well, I wouldn't go that far. Say, you doan know about them quiet ones. Miss Kelly's got a smart head on her shoulders."

"How do you know?"

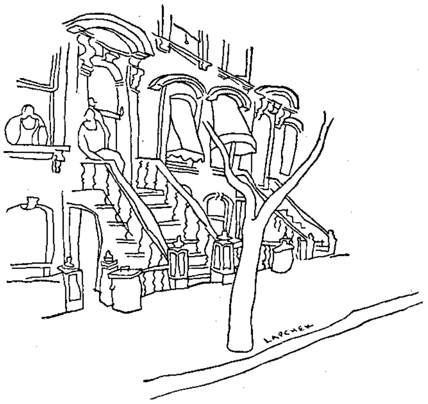
"I was out with her last night."

"Gee, how can you go out with a dame like that? Miss Kelly, she ain't got no class."

"You be supprised how nice she looks at night all dressed up. You be supprised how nice some of the girls in the store can look when they ain't workin'. Miss Kelly, she had passes for a show. 'Hearts Aflame' was the name of the show."

"Good show?"

"Naw. It's a drammer. If I'd a known what kind of a play it was gonna be I wouldn'a gone. I wasted



IT MAY BE YOUR *Powder*
AND NOT YOUR FACE THAT *shines*

You've probably noticed that sometimes your face seems to shine even though you've just powdered it. More than likely it isn't your face that's shiny but the powder you use. Many powders have a glint in them that catches the highlights on nose and forehead immediately. But Primrose Chiffon is so differently, so finely made that there is no shine in it. You'll find it as soft as velvet . . . and as delicate and unshining as chiffon. A paradoxical powder, that's too light to cake or clog the pores yet it clings for hours, insuring you a smooth, softly glowing skin. Seven lovely shades, in boxes, $3 and $1.

Primrose House

Salon: 595 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE CLEVER NEW COTTON PACKAGE

The Cotton Picker
BAUER & BLACK

Everybody's "picking cotton" from this *clever* new package. *You pick a tiny wisp or a crushy handful*—and the rest stays clean, protected by the snug-fitting cap. No paper to unroll and reroll. Holds a generous coil of finest absorbent cotton. Choice of four pastel shades for dressing table, nursery, medicine cabinet, manicure. Cellophane-wrapped. The Cotton Picker is made by Bauer & Black. All department and drug stores have it—25 cents. Free sample via coupon below.

BAUER & BLACK
DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago . . New York . . Toronto

BAUER & BLACK, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
Dear Sirs: Please send free sample of The Cotton Picker.
NY 6-18
Name ....
Address ....
City .... *State* ....
In Canada, Address 96 Spadina Ave., Toronto

my evenin'. But I learned a lotta stuff."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. About Miss Moskowitz. She 'uster have a crush on Mr. Selzburg, the assistant cashier. He uster take Miss Moskowitz out."

"Yeah? What happened?"

"Well, Miss Kelly told me last night that Mr. Selzburg, he tried to get Miss Moskowitz kinder drunk on hard liquor. Mr. Selzburg took Miss Moskowitz to a night club and then he got drunk and he wanted Miss Moskowitz to get drunk, too, but Miss Moskowitz wouldn't stand for it."

"Say, that's a shame, he should do somethin' like that to Miss Moskowitz. He oughtn't to pull anything like that on her."

"You said it, he oughtn't, but you doan know the hot part of it. I bet you doan know that Mr. Briskin is a married man."

"YOU meana say Mr. Briskin is a married man and he's meetin' Miss Moskowitz on Eighth Avenoo after the store closes?"

"Yeah."

"Y'know, that's a shame Miss Moskowitz doan know Mr. Briskin's a married man. How does Miss Kelly know he *is* married?"

"Well, it's this way. . . . Aw, I better not say."

"Aw, come on. You know I can keep my mouth shut."

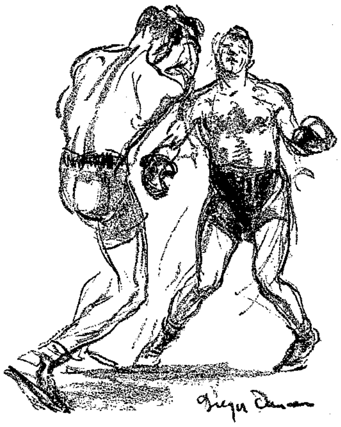
"Well, Miss Kelly, she uster go out with Mr. Briskin herself."

"Miss Kelly? My Gawd, with that pan?"

"You be supprised how different she looks all made up and in some swell clothes. Well—say, she told me not to say a word, so for cryin' out loud, keep your trap shut."

"Din I tell you I would? Go on."

"Well, Miss Kelly uster see a lot of Mr. Briskin. Well, outa clear sky she gets a letter from Mrs. Briskin



The FINEST *and* RAREST TEA IN CHINA
Hu-Kwa from Foo-Kien

Hu-Kwa Tea—a product of no ordinary character—is cultivated on only a few of the sunniest hillsides in the province of Foo-Kien, China. It first came to this country by clipper ship to warm, with its richness and its distinctive smoky flavor, the hearts and hearths of our forefathers.

Since 1904, Mark T. Wendell has been the sole importer of Hu-Kwa. Today it is the choice of the connoisseur who appreciates true China Tea—unblended aromatic, satisfying. Many order it in the original 5-pound chest, decorated in legendary design—lead lined, wrapped in grass matting. Your check for $9.50 will bring it to you; or send $2.50 for a 1-pound caddy.

Delivery Prepaid on Initial Orders

MARK T. WENDELL
Sole Importer
156 State Street, Boston

To suit your type PERMANENT WAVES of lasting beauty that enhance the natural loveliness of your hair and the charm of your features. Transformations—*finest* quality—in the Continental manner—undetectable, light. Modified Prices.

HERMAN J. BOSCH
Hotels: Biltmore, Commodore, Pierre
NEW YORK CITY

Before Vacation Mark Your Clothes with CASH'S NAMES

At home or away CASH'S NAMES prevent laundry losses ownership disputes; identify both wearer and wearables. The permanent, neat, economical method of marking clothing and linen. "CASH'S" woven between names guarantees the quality. Now obtainable woven on colored grounds at regular prices—ask about CASH'S COLOR ASSORTMENT. **SPECIAL GIFT: with every order received before August 15, 1932 we will give FREE an additional dozen Names.**

If unable to secure CASH'S NAMES from your dealer write for samples and order blank to

J. & J. CASH, Inc.
422nd St., So. Norwalk, Conn.
6208 So. Gramercy Place,
Los Angeles, Cal.

JOSEPH LYONS
12 DOZ. $3.00
6 DOZ. $2.00
9 DOZ. $2.50 3 DOZ. $1.50

tellin' her she should keep away from her husband. Make out Miss Kelly wasn't frightened. Well, she certain'y stopped seein' him after that, all right. Now she doan know if she should tell Miss Moskowitz or not. After all, it ain't her business."

"Well, waddeya know about that?"

"Now you promised you wouldn't say a word—"

"I gave you my word, din I? Well, waddeya know about that? Say, them guys like Mr. Briskin and Mr. Selzburg, they should be run outa the store. They ain't got no right to date girls in the store up. They're married men and high livers and they shouldn't be allowed to date none of the girls up."

"You said it. What chance has a poor guy like you or me got with them babies in the ring? Them guys, they make twice the dough we pull down a week."

"So Miss Kelly uster go out with Mr. Briskin, ha?"

"Yeah. Why?"

"Say, from over here Miss Kelly doan look so bad, now that I look at her."

"Doan look so bad? I'm tellin' you: you be supprised how nice she looks when she's dressed up and when she's all made up. It's like all the difference between night and day."

"I think I'll go over and say 'Hello,' just for the fun of it."

"Say, wait a minute. I thought you said Miss Kelly—hey, doan go way. Just a minute. She's supposed to get me passes . . . Well, waddeya know about a guy like that. And he calls hisself a pal, yet!"—Arthur Kober

•

$1 CUTEST THING

The Daily Mirror will pay $1 each for every "Cutest Thing My Baby Said" printed. Address Cutest Thing Editor, the Mirror, Box 539, Grand Central P. O., N. Y. C.

A few minutes after an alarm of fire was sounded in a hotel, one of the guests joined the group that was watching and chaffed them on their apparent excitement.

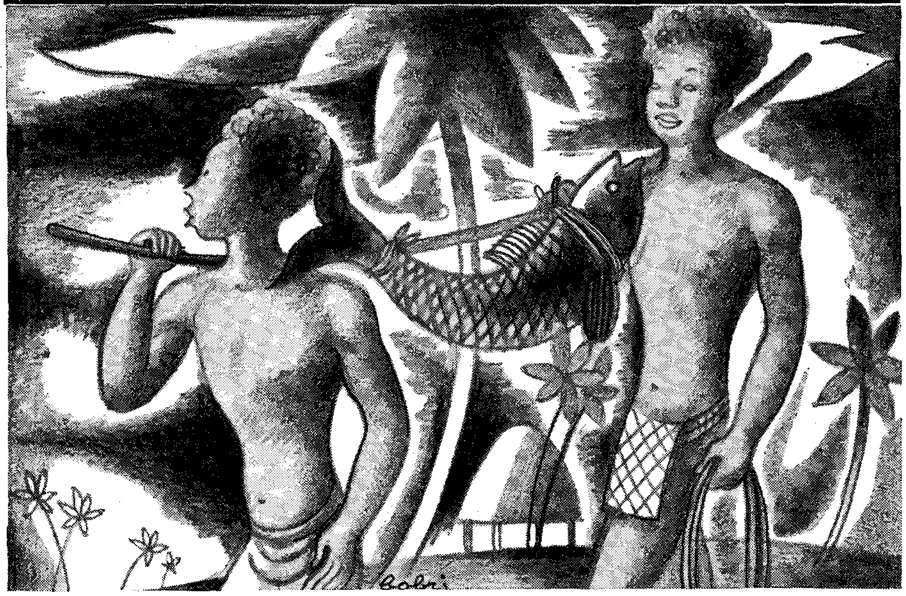
"There was nothing to be excited about," he said. "I took my time dressing, lighted a cigar, didn't like the knot in my tie, so tied it over again—that's how cool I was."

"Fine," one of his friends remarked, "but why didn't you put your pants on?"
—Rose Kaplan, Hancock, N. Y.
—*The Daily Mirror.*

Now isn't that the cutest thing!

. . . spend your winter in a world of wonders

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS



We begin by taking an unfair advantage . . . we cast a spell upon you with such names as Tahiti, Rarotonga, Samoa, Viti Levu, embodying all the fabled glamour of the South Seas.

But getting right down to hard facts and budgets . . . here is real economy! Consider the cost of these four-and-a-half winter months on brilliant Southern Seas . . . with supreme comfort in every detail of your living. Compare it with what you spend in the season at home.

Then, having settled figures and facts, come back to your dreams . . . and plans. This "Southern Hemisphere" cruise is an event among all world-cruises. It will be the first 'round-the-world voyage ever to call at the wild and magnificent Malaysian Isles of Alor and Soembawa, at Mahe of the Seychelles . . . in addition to many featured attractions of other world-cruises . . . including Australia, East and South Africa, South America. 35 ports . . . 20 entirely exclusive with this cruise.

And amid all this teeming life and riotous colour of the tropics, you will enjoy the luxury and supreme service of the CARINTHIA, the newest Cunarder. Southward from New York, January 7. Rates from $2000.

Literature from your Local Agent or

CUNARD • COOK'S
25 Broadway, New York
587 Fifth Ave., New York

Carinthia
SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE
world Cruise

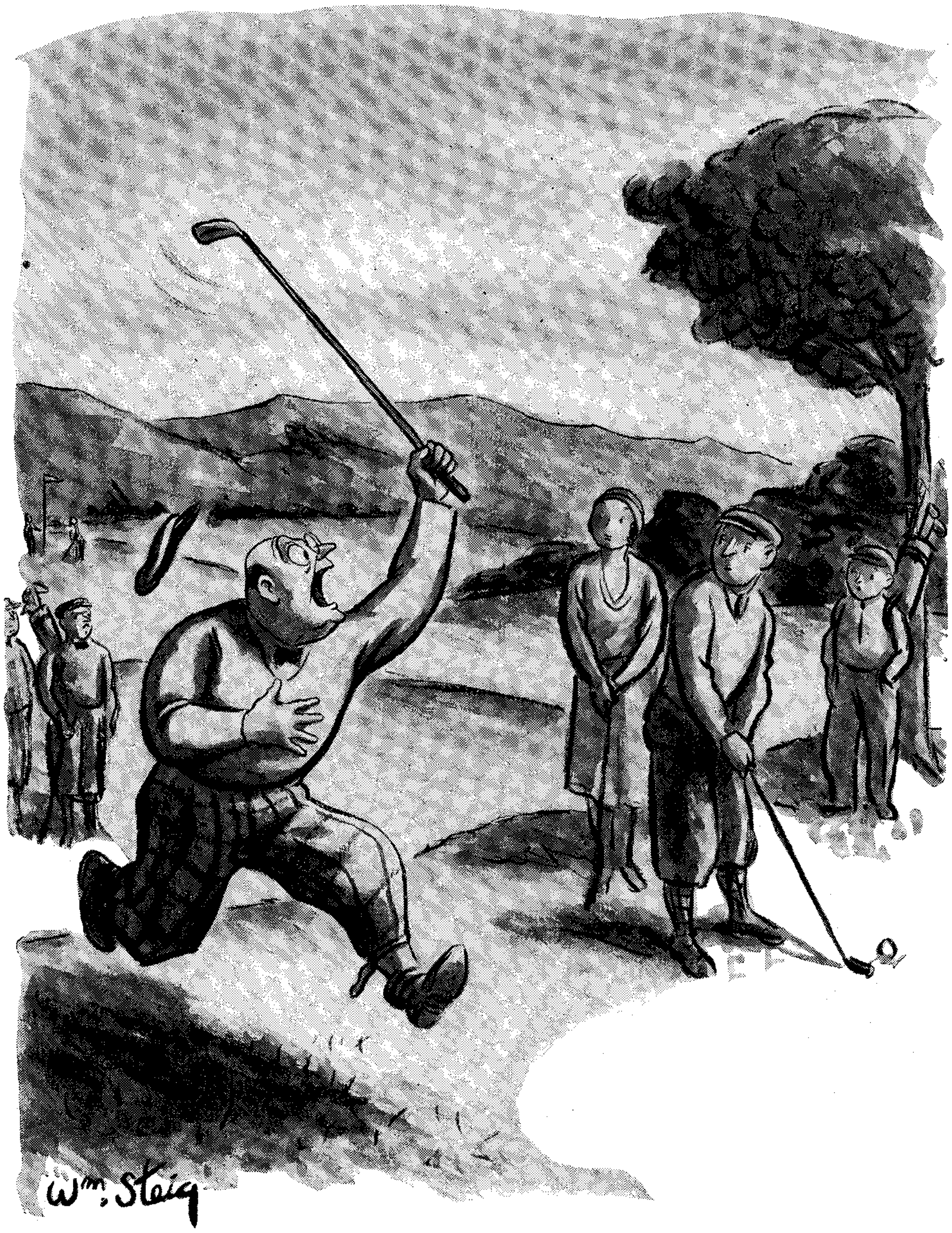
TEE AND GREEN

How to Watch the Open—Melhorn in the Bushes—Best Shot of Sarazen's Career

It takes, according to the best authorities, five years to learn how to play golf really well. It takes longer than that to learn how to watch it. The particular difficulty at most big tournaments lies in the fact that the course is overrun with marshals. It is the duty of a marshal, equipped with a flag and usually some badges, to prevent stray spectators from wandering into the line of a drive or standing too close to a contestant while he is making a shot. Actually, this usually turns out to be his least noticeable function. The ones we have observed in the past have almost without exception regarded their banners and badges simply as tickets to the most advantageous viewpoints on the course. Watching a tournament frequently consists in studying the course marshals from the rear, a pastime which eventually loses its allure.

An easier and more effective method is to select what looks like one of the uglier hazards on the course and settle down there to see what happens. The practicality of this became apparent to us three seasons ago at Winged Foot, where the marshal trouble was exaggerated by a large and hysterical gallery that had come out to straggle after Bobby Jones. We had retired to a small patch of forest near the fourth hole, to consider the advisability of hiring out as a caddy or going home, when we saw the one moment of the tournament that we would have hated most to miss. There was a noise of someone thrashing about in a bramble patch near the place where we were sitting. We looked out and saw Wild Bill Melhorn living up to his reputation in a way that he has seldom managed since. He was trying to hold back some alders with his left foot and his teeth while using a niblick to dig at his ball, which had lodged itself under a stone. He got it out after three tries, bunting it into a tree stump. Then he bunkered it in seven and got down in ten, with a good recovery, on a par-four hole. Most pros, under the circumstances, would have picked up and gone back to the clubhouse, relieved that the disaster had come at the beginning of the tournament if it had to come at all. Melhorn remarked: "Well, I'll spot the field six strokes," and got a birdie on the next hole.

Winged Foot is a considerably wilder course than Fresh Meadow, but Fresh Meadow has one excellent stand of timber which should be worth investigating in next week's Open. Shady and comfortable—for a noncontestant—it runs along the sixteenth fairway, separating it from the thirteenth. It is all the more inviting to a brassie shot because the other side of the sixteenth is out of bounds, and because the approach to the green, as we remember it, is better from the right. This patch of woods is notable already as the spot where Gene Sarazen made what people who saw it describe as the best shot of his career. A year or two ago, in an exhibition match against Hagen, his ball rolled into the edge of the grove in such a way that his shot for the pin was to all appearances completely shut off by trees. Sarazen had a fair opening through which to get back on the fairway, but instead of using it, he hooked his ball with a mashie niblick. It shot through a narrow opening in the branches, then curved sharply in to the green and stopped two feet from the hole. It was



"A hole in one! Me! I'm going cra-zy!"

THE MARYLAND GOLFER

Worn by 400 Maryland Golfers
...including the Woman State Golf Champion--
Tailored by "TOMBOY"
of *Pre-Shrunk Seersucker*

Exclusively designed by us to meet the specifications of a noted golfer ...Lots of "swing" freedom!...The "Ted-bottom" shirt scorns superfluous undies.

Green-and-white
yellow-and-white
red-and-white
blue-and-white
Sizes 14-40 . . . $4.95

Orders intelligently filled by mail
Postage Free, East of the Mississippi

HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.

FELTMANS
CONEY ISLAND
WORLD'S LARGEST RESTAURANT
IN and OUTDOOR DINING and DANCING
MODERATE PRICES
NO COVER CHARGE

a curious shot for Sarazen to make. In a tournament, he would almost invariably have played back and dropped a stroke, not because he is afraid to gamble but because the secret of gambling in golf is to pay your losses promptly. Sarazen's performance at Sandwich, in carding thirteen under an admittedly easy par, was a shade better than anyone had a right to expect, but stroke for stroke he has probably played more consistent golf than anyone else in the country for the past ten years. If he had not won in England, we would have picked him for the Open here, and even with the averages against him, he will doubtless be the favorite. With Sarazen and Burke paired to start together, Hagen, Armour, Smith, and the rest of the celebrities, for all the attention they will get, might as well play their first rounds with a pair of dice in the club bar.

THE only person we can think of at the moment who would dispute the idea that it takes five years to acquire a creditable game of golf is Alex Morrison, a West Coast pro and vaudeville golfer, who seems to believe that the trick can be acquired in practically no time. He explains how in the book "A New Way to Better Golf." Books about golf are generally irritating because one resents, from an armchair, the kind of didacticism that might be welcome on a practice tee. Mr. Morrison has the arrogance of his confreres, but most of what he says makes better sense. He claims part of the credit for bringing Babe Ruth's game down to the low seventies and advocates one of Ruth's golfing habits which particularly pleased us. Ruth carries an extra driver in his bag. Before he tees up, he swings it with his regular one, as though they were a pair of bats.

—R. L. T.

•

When the conference committee broke up at 10:30 tonight Senator Pat Harrison, ranking Democrat on the committee, said: "We have reached a complete agreement. We have balanced the budget absolutely."

Senator James E. Watson, Republican leader of the Senate, said: "We are in complete agreement. We have balanced the budget."

Senator David A. Reed, Republican, of Pennsylvania, said: "We have agreed on the bill and balanced the budget."

Senator Smoot also said the budget had been balanced.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Guess *that* reporter wasn't taking any chances!

"CHARGED BY NATURE"...

ON YOUR ACCOUNT

. . . don't get jittery—you won't get the bill on the first. But, what merchandise you'll receive every time you quaff a bottle of Saratoga's sparkling Geyser water! For Nature in a generous mood carbonated the water *herself*. And New York State saw to it that not an iota was added to the original product—not an iota removed. In its glistening green bottle Geyser comes to you as it comes from the earth.

• It's a perfectly swell drink anytime, meal time, between time, bedtime. It's cooling, refreshing and all that, but it's more—it's downright healthful! Ask for it at grocers, druggists, restaurants. Insist on the green, shield-shaped label bearing the Seal of New York State.

SARATOGA GEYSER

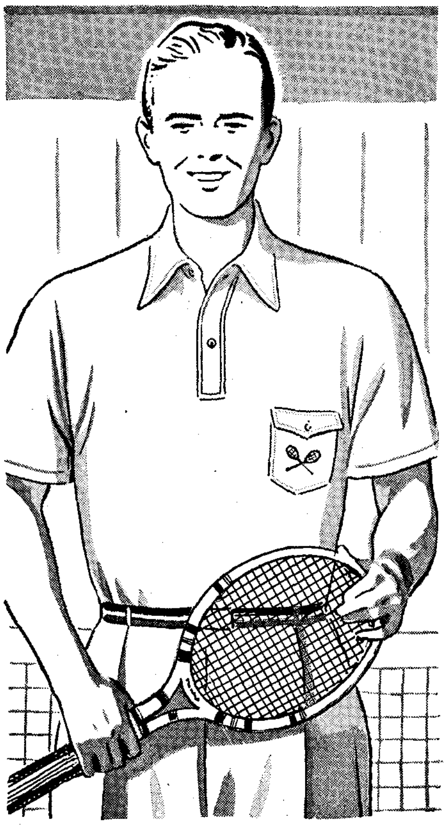
Why Go To An European Spa . . .

when Newyorkstate's Saratoga Springs are so near at hand! The famous naturally carbonated mineral waters used in the State baths, are the peers of any you'd find—no matter how far you'd travel.

• Send for booklet on New York State owned waters and baths. Address: Saratoga Springs Commission, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

SARATOGA
GEYSER
WATER

THE
COOLEST
SHIRT
a Sportsman
ever wore



Spalding introduces the ideal shirt for hot weather sports. It's made of cotton mesh that's a standing invitation to breezes. Quarter length sleeves, and collar in smart polo style. Crossed rackets on breast pocket $2

Without pocket decoration $1.75

Spalding

518 Fifth Avenue, ***at 43rd Street***
105 Nassau Street, ***above Fulton***
28 New St., ***cor. Exchange Place***

© 1932, A. G. S. & BROS.

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

A United With Right Flavor—The Crushes at Tuxedo and West Point

ONE of the biggest anomalies in racing was corrected last week when the United Hunts moved from the midst of the two-family tapestry-brick villas, gashouses, cheap track hangers-on, and billiard-table turf of Aqueduct to the sylvan and rugged West Hills course. There the atmosphere of a country meeting was rendered to perfection: coaches and brakes lined the rail, their tailboards become alluring lunch tables; pop, hot dogs, and souvenirs were hawked in true Epsom Cockney style; grand old men of the hunting field patrolled the course on wise old veterans.

The three brush races filled remarkably well. The longest one, confined to amateur riders, found a horse called His Lordship winning, after running well behind the sizzling pace set by Ambrose Clark's Hari-Kari for most of the trip. The latter could do no better than third after opening an apparently unbridgeable gap, for Mrs. Jock Whitney's much-touted Coral Reef II got up to take second.

The non-winners' race saw Richard Mellon's recent purchase, Coq d'Or, leap to the front when the flag dropped and hold this place for a lap, but then an error in judgment came into his fencing and he turned a real purler. Mrs. Bosley's Blue Banner, who had been going conservatively and well, came on to win easily, owing to the fact that the lad on Khyber Pass didn't make his move at the right instant and couldn't challenge seriously.

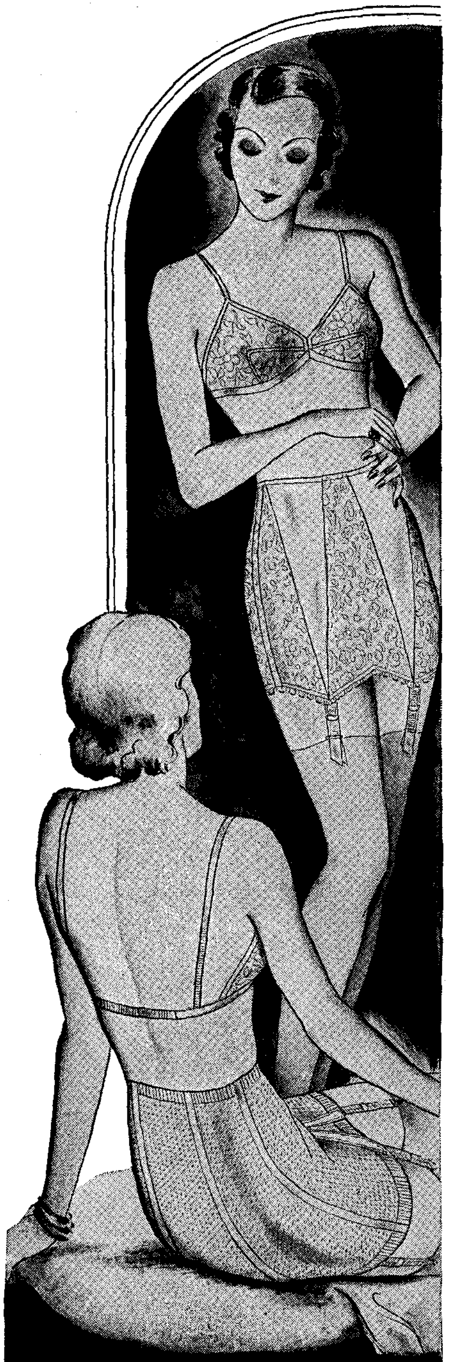
FOR a real thriller, the Bowman 'chase was the best of the three brush races. Mrs. Plunket Stewart's Sir Gallahad horse, Outlaw, was a real favorite and ran a slashing race, with Mrs. Redmond's Fairbanks II always close. Over the last fence but one, Outlaw opened up an eight-length lead and Rigan McKinney put the race in his pocket and sat up on him. Just about then, Fairbanks II closed with a rush, and they fought it out down the stretch with arms and whips flying and no one, unless at the exact finish, able to call the winner, who, it developed, was Fairbanks II, by a long eyelash.

The best race of the day was the timber affair, with practically every good gentleman jock up on some fairly representative horse. Three and a half miles is a long pull up and down those hills in June, but Melita II, with Jack Skinner up, and Ostend, ridden by Bill Streete, fought it out in the back for the whole distance, with the former just getting up to win in a hair-raising, driving finish. Stonedale, the favorite (a poor third), and Duncan Read's owner-ridden Silvery Jim were the only others to finish without mishap. Rosshill fell in the seclusion of the woods; Lunar and Dew Bank, the latter running his first race after a career in the show ring, were pulled up; and Soissons, the dingy-looking and cantankerous bad boy of racing, fell flat when running a sound last, thus exhausting his repertory, which to date has consisted of winning the Maryland Cup last year and refusing in every race thereafter.

TUXEDO, flower of the Ramapos, and West Point, the jewel of the Hudson, have had their respective shows and left a pretty skein of tangled judging for future arbiters to unravel. At the former, the gallery was mostly too impeccably aloof from the toil and dust of shows, and at the latter too overpowered by cadets, ivy walls, and June Week in general, to realize that the beans were being spilled in all directions.

Mr. James Marshall, the saddle judge at Tuxedo, fell madly in love with a horse called Sir Walter from the Lee Belle Stables, and carried this infatuation to the point of giving him five blue ribbons, two at the expense of Flowing Gold. Sir Walter has various commendable features—his manners are good and he has pleasant gaits—but he is without a spark of brilliance, and in addition he verges toward legginess in conformation. Flowing Gold is a great horse; not faultless, of course, but of a superior magnetism and presence, and possessed of a magnificent trot, on which alone he should have beaten everything there.

Hunters, too, were the subject of some rather inexplicable crushes. The first day, Freddy Wettach's Burmah had only to appear to win a blue; in hunter hacks and suitables, these were well deserved, but in the middleweight class he made a run-out refusal so



"Lo-Bak"—Ideal for Summer Wear

In this brief but effective brassiere you can keep comfortably cool and completely self-confident all Summer long—*cool* and *comfortable* because there's so little to it, *confident* because "Lo-Bak" gives the same perfect "uplift" lines for which *all* Maiden Form Brassieres are famous. Shown (front view) with lace girdle No. 856 and (back view) with Ever-Sheer elastic girdle No. 868. Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., 245 Fifth Ave., New York.

Look for the Name

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Maiden Form
BRASSIERE
GIRDLES ~ GARTER BELTS

berserk, so dangerous from hunting standards, that his win was of problematical justice. Mr. Warfield's Prince Charming, Mrs. Gimbel's Trolly and His Elegance, and Miss Davies' Super Lad, all went well the first day to receive minor awards, but when the stakes came around, the judges seemed to cry "Surprise! Surprise!," for every one of them was put above Burmah. And then the saddle division found Flowing Gold moved up from fourth to first.

THIS position he maintained at West Point without any difficulty, while Sir Walter dropped into the obscure mists of thirds and fourths and Lady Mary rested at home. Burmah had a white ribbon to his credit, the diva-like display of temperament which had been overlooked by the Tuxedo judges being unpleasing to the West Point officials. Prince Charming had a successful show, winning several classes and the stake, although at Tuxedo he seemed about to have one of his erratic spells, which last for months and are not conducive to ribbons.

THE high spot in human interest on the circuit, though, was the arrival of a stormy petrel, in the guise of an adventitious lady in an overstimulated condition, at the annual New Canaan show, which is a very sanctity-of-the-home-and-family gathering. She shot forth over the outside course, crying at each fence in a tone of shimmering ecstasy: "Bee-yutiful!" Subsequently, she began jumping back and forth over a shady fence on which reposed several dozen children and nurses. Gently approached by a member of the committee, she was asked to dismount, whereupon, like Sweet Alice, she broke into shuddering sobs. Two policemen, who had been having a dull time of it in all the law and order, were asked to take charge. An hour of gay badinage followed, and then—the officers wearying of such Victorian diversion and requesting to take her home—ensued contumely and recrimination and scratching, with the Law finally triumphant and a great many heartfelt sighs of relief drawn by the second line of defence. —TOUCH AND GO

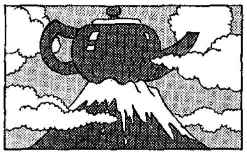
•

"I think I go back to Sweden."—*Greta Garbo as quoted by the A.P. in the World-Telegram.*

"I tank I go back to Sveden."—*Greta Garbo as quoted by the A.P. in the Evening Post.*

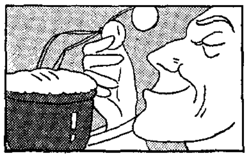
Honey, is you gwine back?

SHOPPING HINTS from PICCADILLY



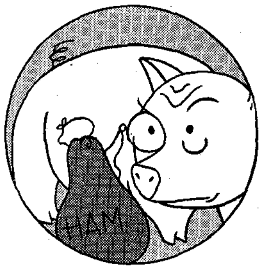
TEA FOR SUMMER

Our Earl Grey (China) and Darjeeling (India) blends make better iced tea than any other tea and are the least expensive of all summer drinks. 300 tall glasses of delicately flavoured coolness in every pound.



MEAT PIES

No summer gathering in England is complete without a Fortmason meat pie. Veal and Ham Pie and Fresh Pork Pie containing morsels of tender meat gleaming through rich jelly flavoured with little herbs. Made from the secret recipe that we evolved for the running of the first Epsom Derby in 1780.



HAMS

Never can you say that you have known the supreme triumph of ham flavour until you taste our ham. Yorks, Bradenhams, Wiltshires and Mayforts—each one from our primest English curings. Cooked or uncooked.

PICKLES FOR VIANDS

As the flowers have a place in the summer day, so have our pickles in the summer menu. Chow Chow, Walnut and Mixed Pickles, celebrated for their piquancy and zestful flavour.

FORTNUM
& MASON INC.
697 MADISON AVE.
• NEW YORK •

THE
STAGE
for JUNE
An independent and impartial critical review of the theatre.

contains

Scene photographs, with detailed comment, of three recent plays: *Another Language, The Man Who Changed His Name,* and *Merry-Go-Round.*

An Analysis of modern acting, as contrasted with that of the histrionic giants of our grandfathers' time, by Hiram Motherwell.

A Playgoer's Afterthoughts, with critical (and not always complimentary) comment on the latest plays.

The sad register of the amounts of money which well meaning play-backers have lost on Broadway this past season.

A list of the ten plays which were really worth seeing (maybe you won't agree).

An authentic revelation (with photographic authentication) of how those surprising stage effects were produced.

A list, with critical comment and all useful information for the theatregoer, of plays current in New York.

Pages of Theatre Talk, with news and comment, serious and frivolous, about theatrical matters.

Also news and comment on the theatre abroad, on recent music and movies, on theatre books. And an abundance of fine pictures.

25 cents
on principal newsstands

By subscription, $2.50
50 EAST 42ND ST.
NEW YORK

Time for QUIMBY'S
Cold Spring Club

Main Camp and 25 comfortable Cabins with Baths and open fires. Boats on 5 lakes well stocked with Speckled Trout, Lakers, Salmon, Bass. Guides, saddle horses; tennis; bathing; golf nearby. Excellent roads; garage. Elevation 2,000 feet.

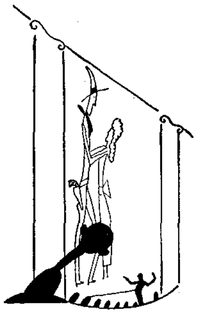
Illustrated Folder
Season: May to Oct. 36th Year.

Special attractive rates.
HORTENSE T. QUIMBY
Owner-Manager
AVERILL—*Northeastern* VERMONT

SHORTHAND
& TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH
by Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University 5 years and who has trained over 4,000 secretaries at the
MILLER INSTITUTE
OF SHORTHAND
1450 Broadway at 41st St., N. Y. City

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The War on Skis—Guy Kibbee for Governor—Columnists and the Like



IN spite of the fact that it is a war story, "The Doomed Battalion," now at the Rivoli, has considerable freshness and quite a bit of spirit. It depends for these agreeable attributes not upon the essential details of the recent conflict but upon such innocuous trifles as the landscape of the Austrian Tyrol, and especially upon such delirious and delightful skiing as no newsreel of mountain sports or of champions at play in St. Moritz has ever chanced to give us. These scenes, the gossips tell me, were actually taken along the Italian border and hither and yon about those very hills, although the interiors required were built, as usual, on the customary Hollywood lots; the value hoped for in photographing the genuine scenes is realized in this movie, which is certainly not always the case in such experiments.

Such rompings, then, upon skis and such climbing of mountain crags there are here that the picture might almost be considered a sports story; which I, for one, would have welcomed in its place, there coming over me always at the first hint that a picture is of the war a sense of ominous oppression. The movies of the war have hardly covered its potentialities, yet there is something terribly stereotyped and routine now about most of such pictures. In "The Doomed Battalion," the war plot has quite a lot in it that is directly suggestive of "Suspense," in which a group of men wait for imminent death, something in it of "Journey's End," and perhaps a snack of "All Quiet." No other picture, though, has shown us what can be done upon those heights and slopes and precipices by those trained to them—if never by our own wizened limbs.

IF the general vogue for war pictures is waning a little, and "The Doomed Battalion" as such comes a little late, "The Dark Horse," on the other hand, is very much in the fore-

MUSIC..STARLIGHT
Gay Romancing
COOLING BREEZES..
Dining..Dancing
20 MINUTES *from* TIMES SQUARE
Marine Roof
Hotel
BOSSERT
MONTAGUE AND HICKS STS.
BROOKLYN HEIGHTS

! *FIRST SHOWING OF THE ORIGINAL PRODUCTION* !
KONGRESS TANZT
(Congress Dances)
with Lilian HARVEY
Willy FRITSCH—Conrad VEIDT
Little CARNEGIE 146 West 57th St. 35c to 1 P. M.

PLAZA 58th Street East of Madison Ave.
Saturday to Monday—June 18, 19 and 20
ELISSA LANDI in "THE WOMAN IN ROOM 13."
Tuesday and Wednesday—June 21 and 22
LESLIE HOWARD in "RESERVED FOR LADIES"
Thursday and Friday—June 23 and 24
SYLVIA SIDNEY and CHESTER MORRIS in "THE MIRACLE MAN."

PLYMOUTH West 45th St., Eves. 8:20 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:20
8th MONTH
LONGEST RUN HIT IN NEW YORK
Counsellor-at-Law
by ELMER RICE
with OTTO KRUGER

SIGOURNEY THAYER presents
MADGE KENNEDY
in BRIDAL WISE
with JAMES RENNIE directed by Frank Craven
"The kind of comedy that is rich in laughs of the most convulsing kind."
—*John Mason Brown, Post.*
CORT Thea., W. 48 St. Eves. 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

The New Comedy Success!
"Another Language"
with Glenn Anders—Dorothy Stickney
Margaret Wycherly—John Beal
"One of the finest plays of the year, subtle, beautiful and tender" —*Atkinson, Times.*
BOOTH Theatre—W. 45th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Pulitzer Prize Winner 1931-32
Sam H. Harris Presents
"OF THEE I SING"
A New Musical Comedy
with
WILLIAM GAXTON LOIS MORAN VICTOR MOORE
MUSIC BOX Thea. 45th St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

PHILIP BARRY'S *Comedy*
The Animal Kingdom
Staged by Gilbert Miller
"BARRY'S BEST PLAY"
—*John Anderson, Journal.*
EMPIRE Thea. B'way & 40th St. Eves. 8:40
Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:30

LAST WEEKS
REUNION in VIENNA
A comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St. W. B'way.
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

front of the fashion. It is another one of those sardonic comments upon our political life, some of its jocoseness, for instance, being very much in the tone of such current stage attractions as "Of Thee I Sing" and "Face the Music." Naturally, now we accept all this subversive doctrine with a complaisant affability, and I don't think the picture would seem startling or novel, or even really very funny, were it not for the characterization Guy Kibbee gives of the "people's choice" of the moment. He is a candidate for governor in this instance—not for vice-president—and is elected, of course, at last. Mr. Kibbee is another of those movie performers who are always a delight to me. He can display, perhaps better than any other gentleman on the screen, all the somehow terribly funny qualities of a complete innocence which may be equivalent only to a complete lack of intelligence. I should add that he makes his characterization delightful: a most charming, welcome, little old gentleman wandering about the earth without the slightest comprehension of what is going on around him. A far more endearing figure, incidentally—and a happier one, the cynics might reflect—than those enterprising and slick persons also known to us, one of whom is shown capably in this tale by Warren William, as the campaign manager for the vague little governor.

WRITERS of gossip columns appear to have aroused interest in the movie-makers of late, for some unearthly reason. In "Merrily We Go to Hell," Fredric March is a columnist who marries an heiress (Sylvia Sydney) and likes *crème de menthe* with gingerbread, who makes such remarks as "You opened my veins and carried away my blood in a golden bowl," who writes a successful play and gets drunk after the opening, to the chagrin of his heiress wife. It all seemed to me very dull indeed. Ricardo Cortez is another columnist in "Is My Face Red?" and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., does something or other of the kind in "Love Is a Racket," but I need not worry you with their good points. Nor need you be much agitated about "Society Girl," wherein James Dunn, as a young boxer, loses six pounds and the middleweight championship in consequence of his dalliance with the chatelaine of a Long Island house easily larger than the Roxy.

Addendum: In the movies now, one never hands a telephone to anyone; one throws it. —J. C. M.

APARTMENTS

829 PARK AVE.
7-8 Rooms 2-3 Baths
Simplex and Duplex

955 PARK AVE.
7-9 Rooms 3-4 Baths
4 Rm. Doctor's Apt., Sep. Ent.

1261 MADISON AVE.
8-9 Rooms 2-3 Baths
2 Rm. Apt. Suitable Doctor

149 EAST 40th ST.
3-4 Rooms
2 Rooms Suitable Doctor

161 EAST 79th ST.
7-8 Rooms 3 Baths
3 Master Bedrooms

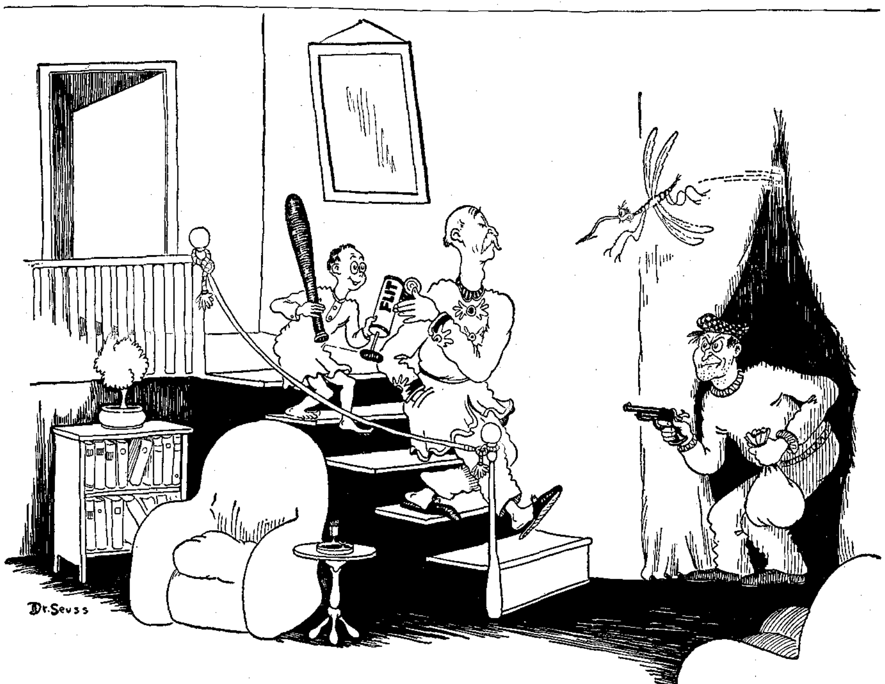
122 EAST 82d ST.
4-5-6-7 Rooms
Excellent Exposure

12 EAST 97th ST.
2-3-4 Rooms
Restaurant and Valet Service

300 WEST 23d ST.
1-3 Rms. Equipped Kitchens, Dining Alcoves—Sun Terraces, Free Gas for Cooking, Refrigeration

All equipped with Mechanical or Electrical Refrigeration. Occupancy now or Oct. 1st.

N. A. BERWIN & CO., INC.
103 Park Ave. . . . Ashland 4-8100



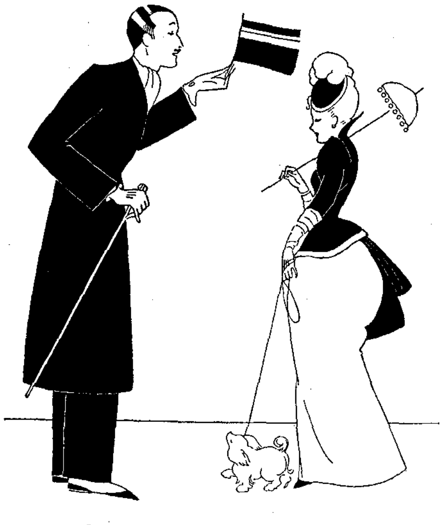
"The Flit Gun First, Henry!"
© 1932 Dr. Seuss
(Advertisement)

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER,
25 West 45th Street, New York.
Please enter my subscription for THE NEW YORKER—
☐ 1 Year—$5.00 ☐ 2 Years—$7.00
(POSTAGE: Canada, 50c; Foreign, $1.00 additional per year)
(Tariff: Canada, $2.60 additional per year)
Name...
Address...

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect

A pure country flavor meets a fresh-city salad



. . . and now they're "that way" about each other! In fact the best 400 salads in the city absolutely pant for Ivanhoe Mayonnaise. A golden mayonnaise, brimming over with vigorous freshness; tastiness such as you've never had before and an indescribably racy flavor.

Ivanhoe is new to New York palates though its recipe is really an heirloom! Mixed by a mother of long ago, this rich and creamy mayonnaise is made from the self-same recipe today. It's a *real* mayonnaise—as different from ordinary mayonnaise as Park Avenue is from Tenth Avenue—yet it pleases both tastes.

Order a jar of Ivanhoe tomorrow—all sizes at all of the wiser grocers.

sealed IVANHOE Mayonnaise

Protection—at no extra cost! It's sealed! It's safe!

RICH-CREAM
IVANHOE
MAYONNAISE

FROM AN OLD HOME RECIPE

OUT OF TOWN

For Heroes of Zero Weather—English Houseparties in Italian Settings

PROBABLY you are one of those people who think of summer vacations in terms of freckled noses, tanned arms, mosquito bites, and chronic laziness. Most people do. But there are those who start bouncing around, full of an offensive joy of life, only when the thermometer reaches the freezing point. You already know that South America, being the wrong side of the Equator, gives you crisp, autumnal weather during July and August. And there are all kinds of cruises through the fjords and about the North Cape, where, though there are no frozen noses, tweeds and furs are the most comfortable attire. Of these expeditions, you might first investigate that of the Kungsholm, of the Swedish American Line.

But for people who *think* romantically of the days when people used to break the ice in the washbowl with cries of ecstasy every morning, zero weather is the only thing. For them there is a cruise that is going up near the North Pole, no less. The icebreaker Malygin carried tourists farther north last summer than tourists had ever ventured before, where they delightedly discovered four new islands and exchanged mail with the Graf Zeppelin in the heart of the Arctic. This year the Malygin hopes to meet the Zeppelin again (possibly exchanging passengers this time). Intourist, Inc., will assemble the party in Moscow July 25 and start the cruise aboard the Malygin from Archangel August 1. You sail over the White Sea, Barents Sea, and Arctic Ocean and get several days in the Franz Josef archipelago, a trip to the reindeer ranch on Kolguev island, and a dog-sled trip across the Yuria Glacier on Hooker Island, some seven hundred miles from the Pole. About thirty days after the start, the ship docks at Murmansk, the extreme northern port of Europe; the party disbands at Leningrad. They swear the cabins are steam-heated, the chef and the crew of fifty are competent, and that an old lady of seventy-three, who happily shot polar bears from the deck last summer, flourished.

LESS adventurous winter-sports devotees can find ice and snow within three hours' motoring distance of Tacoma and Seattle. Throughout the summer, you can practice all the skiing tricks you learned at Placid or St. Moritz at places within easy hiking distance of Paradise, in Mt. Rainier National Park. And you can learn here the delights of the "nature coasting" beloved by the inhabitants and reminiscent of your cellar-door sliding days. You wear pants with canvas reinforcements on the seat made slippery by paraffin and, your legs held under the arms of the person in front of you, zizz down the hills yodelling.

ANOTHER place that offers you winter-in-summer, right by the good old U.S.A. (hip, hip!), is a ranch in Waterton Lakes Park, Alberta, Canada. The Marquis degli Albizzi, who runs it, offers you the darndest assortment of sports: a beach a quarter of a mile long gives you wonderful swimming; fly-fishing, canoeing, and riding are all available. There is mountain-climbing and glacier-sliding not far away and, since the Marquis belonged to a famous Alpine skiing regiment, you can have expert instruction in this sport. Two hundred a month covers the use of all equipment and horses as well as board and room; it will be three hundred altogether if you stay two months. And he will try to enlist you as a recruit in a pet project of his for next winter, namely: a skiing trip through Canada, in case you dare think that far ahead. You can get to his ranch over the Canadian Pacific to McLeod, Alberta, or the Great Northern to Glacier Park, Montana.

TO get back to warm climates and Romance (which means high temperatures to softies like us), the spotlight has fastened itself so brilliantly on the island of Mallorca that over-popularity has set in, alas! But Brioni, in the Adriatic between Venice and Trieste, somehow remains highly civilized but unspoiled. This group of islands (Brioni is the largest) has been patronized by the horsy sets of Vienna, Budapest, Berlin, and Rome, and by the British for years, but Americans have only lately been

HOLLYWOOD
ROOSEVELT
HOTEL

...You'll enjoy every minute of your stay at Hollywood's largest and finest hotel—on Hollywood Boulevard, where comfortable refinement and divertisement go hand in hand.

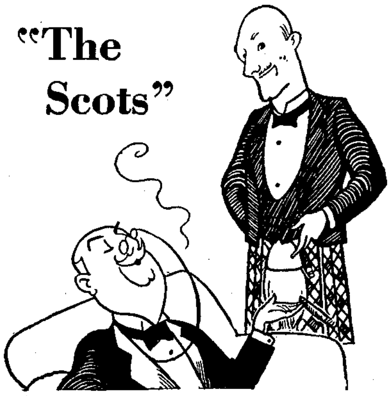
THEATRES, SHOPS, ETC. are nearby. There are three hundred delightful outside rooms and suites available at moderate rates.

TWENTY MINUTES from downtown Los Angeles. Convenient to golf courses, studios, mountains and seashore. Home of the famous *Blossom Room*, rendezvous of the stars of stage and screen.

Folder on request.

Dave Boice, *Manager*

"The Scots"



says the Epicure, "are renowned for their thrift (a splendid virtue) . . . but even the Scotch ne'er dreamed of the thrift-opportunities afforded by *The* WARWICK. Here the most sumptuous kind of hotel living is available even to *post bellum* incomes. The luxurious Tower Suites and Residential Apartments are priced so thriftily that prudent folk are now reserving them for Fall occupancy."

The Warwick

ALBERT F. MILLER . . . *Resident Manager*
65 WEST 54TH STREET, NEW YORK
Also . . . *Select Transient Accommodations*

conscious of it. People who love the fervent and feverish life of the Lido will be disappointed; it's like an English houseparty in an Italian setting. The golf links give you a view of the blue Adriatic from every hole; there are miles of bridle paths through pine woods; bicycling is your mode of locomotion, since motors are not allowed. Polo enthusiasts see to it that there is a game almost every afternoon on one of the two fields (one of them is unique in having a Roman ruin, by the way); lazy people can loll about in bathing suits, either swimming to a raft occasionally or being rowed thither by an old Italian with hoop earrings. Bars are sprinkled obligingly about and, after a late dinner, you can listen to Viennese music in the tiny night club, or dance in an open-air bowl, with tiers of tables ascending all around it.

You can fly from Venice to Brioni in a little over an hour or dedicate seven hours to getting there by boat. It is best to visit the island in the autumn, for not only is the weather perfect then but summertime finds the place overrun with vacationing Italians.

—P. L.

•

TO A YOUNG GIRL

Narrow green leaves
  With shadow dapple
The chill, the tart,
  The wild crabapple

Whose tint deceives
  In earliest summer
The hungry heart
  Of every comer.

On windy bough
  So lightly swung,
O lovely fruit,
  Still summer-young,

Grow sweeter now
  Or you may waste
Your June to suit
  An autumn taste.

—MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT

•

A year ago Meyerson was slain as he was leaving a synagogue after Yom Kippur services. A year ago he was convicted of petit larceny and burglary, but given a suspended sentence. More recently police have been looking for him in connection with another shooting.—*The Mirror.*

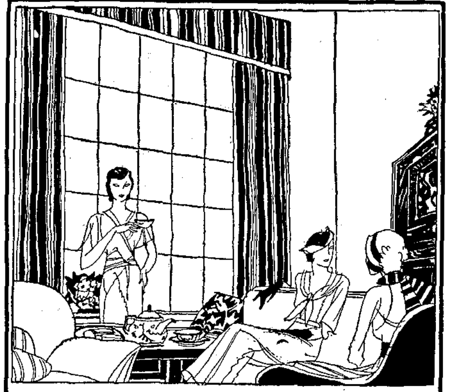
Somebody'll get Meyerson, sooner or later.

Dorrick
FLANNELS
DIRECT FINCHLEY
ENGLISH IMPORTATION

COOL, DELIGHTFUL AND OF VERY EXCEPTIONAL QUALITY. TAILORED INTO SUITS WHICH EMBRACE FINCHLEY CHARACTER AND CORRECTNESS. GREYS, BROWNS, BLUES AND LOVAT GREEN. QUILL STRIPES OR PLAIN.

SINGLE AND DOUBLE-BREASTED
FORTY DOLLARS
TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

Finchley
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO



"My dear, I can't tell you how impressed I am. I've never seen such comfort and luxury in a small apartment. It must cost a king's ransom to live here".

"It is nice isn't it, Mary. We're pleased as Punch. The terrace is grand and cool these warmish days and the layout suits us to a 'T'. And it isn't near as expensive as you might think. Why don't you stop in and have a talk with the renting agents?"

The apartments of the
CENTURY
25 CENTRAL PARK WEST - 62nd to 63rd Streets
Agent on Premises - Tel. COl. 5-5559
Renting and Managing Agents
CHANIN Management, Inc.
Main Office 122 E. 42nd St. Tel. LExington 2-3800

See Europe by IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

The quickest and most comfortable way

● Imperial Airways operate the largest and most powerful air liners in the world

Particulars and time-tables from any Travel Agent or from

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS
578 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK

Telephone: Pl 3-0794
Cables: Flying New York

Stuarts

ANNA HELD'S Tavern

On Bronx River Parkway at Crompond Road in beautiful Croton Lake section.
DANCING EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT
Table d'hote $1.50 or a la carte.
Telephone Peekskill 3040

THE COLLECTOR

IT was a tropical morning in late June and from the cool shelter of the porch I could see my nephew Peter violently and mysteriously active among the flowerbeds. It made me feel hotter to watch him and I was relieved when he came up the steps. He was carrying a quart Mason jar under his arm and, though he looked rather purple, his manner was lofty.

"Sit down and talk to me," I suggested.

"All right," he said, "but I can't stay very long. I have to catch a lot of insects. I'm starting a collection."

"Splendid," I said. "Have you caught many?"

"Quite a lot," he said. "You can look at them if you want to. I expect some of them are pretty rare."

"I expect so," I said, peering into the jar. "You have a nice lot of ants, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes," he said hurriedly. "Yes, I thought I might as well have plenty of ants. Did you notice the grasshopper?"

"And the moth," I said in a respectful tone, "and the two green flies, and, uh, this one."

I POINTED to a rather unprepossessing small beetle that lay at the bottom of the jar, either dead or swooning.

"That's a sort of a bug," he said in a professional tone. "It's about the rarest one. Of course, I have to catch a lot more."

"Of course," I murmured.

"You can watch me if you'd like to," he said generously. "Only you mustn't help me."

"Mustn't I?" I said. I was surprised but grateful.

"Naturally not," he said with dignity. "When we go back to school, they have a prize for the best collection, but you can't win it if anybody helped you. The prize," he added, "is five dollars."

"That's a big one," I said.

"Pretty big," he agreed in a worldly tone. "I expect by that time I'll have a lot of rare insects. You know, I might even discover some that nobody ever heard about."

"You might," I admitted. He had

EXTRAORDINARY charm. Distinguished and convenient location. Apartments now leasing for October first occupancy. Wood-burning fireplaces in all living rooms. Serving pantries with electrical refrigeration. Furnishing complete hotel service . . . if desired.

Transit or Extended Visits

Mayfair House
610 Park Avenue at 65th Street
EDWARD H. CRANDALL

Just 1500 pairs of hand made French shoes in an infinite variety of exclusive styles, during this sale

at **$9.85**

FRENCH BOOTERY
586 MADISON AVE.
at 57th St., N. Y. C.

THE **Surrey** HOTEL
20 EAST 76th STREET
New York City

A smart clientele . . . cuisine for the epicure . . . courteous service, efficient yet unobtrusive. The cost is surprisingly moderate.

Now leasing for October occupancy

●

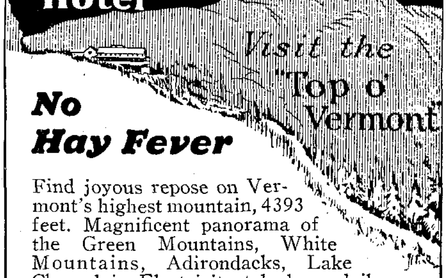
OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT
RHinelander 4-1690

America's Largest Collection of MODERN FURNITURE

For the Home, the Studio or Office . . . at prices within the range of limited incomes

MODERNAGE
FURNITURE COMPANY
Factory and Showrooms
541 East 17th St., N. Y.
STuyvesant 9-5486

MOUNT MANSFIELD Hotel


Visit the "Top o' Vermont"

No Hay Fever

Find joyous repose on Vermont's highest mountain, 4393 feet. Magnificent panorama of the Green Mountains, White Mountains, Adirondacks, Lake Champlain. Electricity, telephone, daily mail. Splendid motor road to summit. For illustrated booklet or reservations, write:

MOUNT MANSFIELD HOTEL
Box 12 Stowe, Vermont

The Barbizon
140 East 63rd Street

NEW YORK'S SMARTEST RESIDENCE FOR YOUNG WOMEN

Known for its Unsurpassed Individual Service . . . A Centre of Arts and Social Activities. And the Rates are Inspiringly Low.
From $12 Weekly, $2.50 Daily
Write for Booklet C

set the jar on the table beside me. The grasshopper was jumping around a good deal and the moth fluttered against the glass with soft futility. For some reason, I preferred not to look at them.

"They're trying to get out," he said uneasily.

"Yes," I said. He seemed a trifle worried.

"I was just wondering," he said at last. "How do you fix them so you can make them into a collection?"

I hesitated.

"Well," I said, "you put stuff in the jar that kills them and then you stick pins through them and mount them."

"Oh," he said. There was a long silence, broken only by faint thuds as the grasshopper hurled itself against the sides of the jar. I rose hastily.

"I'll get the stuff right now," I said.

It was several minutes later that I came back with the bottle of spirits of camphor.

"We'll just pour some of this on a piece of cotton," I said in a bright executioner's voice, "and put it in the jar . . . Why, uh, what happened?"

My nephew was embarrassed.

"They got out," he said uncomfortably. "I just took off the top for a minute to see if they were all right and they got out. I couldn't catch them."

"That's too bad," I said feebly. My nephew, I noticed, seemed more cheerful.

"Oh, I can catch some more tomorrow," he said in a careless tone. "And I still have that bug—you know, the rare one. You don't see bugs like that very often."

"Why, no. No, you don't," I said.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

•

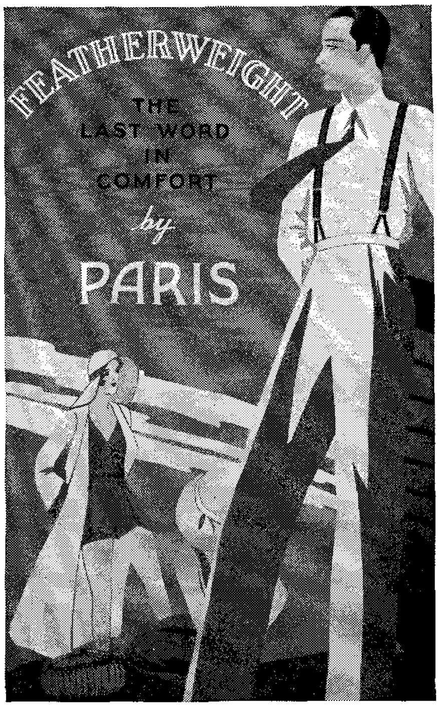
CAMBRIDGE, Mass., (AP)—Harvard and Yale engage in their 39th annual track and field meet at Soldiers Field Saturday with Coach Eddie Farrell's Harvard squad prepared to give the Blue Stiff competition. Twenty-three times in the past Harvard has bowed to the supremacy of Yale.—*Portland (Me.) Press Herald.*

—the Crimson Slob!

•

"I went on the stage in St. Louis, and soon had the world at my feet, especially the Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs."—*Miss Mae Pennington, quoted in the Herald Tribune.*

As an Elk, we resent that.



NEW STYLE SENSATION
Now on display at leading stores

See these smart, new styles tomorrow. They are a revelation in comfort.

Featherweight Paris Suspenders are proper summer wear without coat or vest. And it would be improper to deny your legs the comfort of Featherweight Paris Garters.

Featherweight Paris Suspenders $1
Other styles to $2.50
Featherweight Paris Garters 50c
Other styles 25c *to* $1

FEATHERWEIGHT
PARIS
Garters
AND
Suspenders

A. STEIN & COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

Modern Art in Corsetry
Corsets and Corsilouettes
For the Matron and Débutante
Evening Brassières
Strapless—Clinging—Slenderizing
Revised Prices
Miss Eleanor inc.
(Formerly with Mme. Binner)
44 West 56th St. CIrcle 7-5655 New York

I can't keep my husband home ANY MORE

NIGHT after night, he insists on our dining at the New Yorker. I'm delighted—but I can't help smiling to myself. He used to say he couldn't stand hotel food. It all tasted alike, flat, uninteresting, half-cooked.

But after one meal at the New Yorker, he certainly changed his tune! Now he simply raves about New Yorker cooking. No matter what he orders, it's always seasoned just right, done to a turn—*perfect!*

And the prices are so reasonable. A splendid dinner in the Coffee Shop costs only 80c. If you want something "extra"—go to the Summer Terrace. For $2 you get a gorgeous meal, beautiful surroundings and Jack Pettis' dance orchestra—a treat in itself. Even my husband has to dance!

LUNCHEON **1.00**
SUMMER TERRACE
(*Music by Jack Pettis' Orchestra*)

Coffee Shop	35c & up
Empire Tea Room	65c
Manhattan Room	85c

DINNER **2.00**
SUMMER TERRACE
Dinner and Supper Dancing
(*with Jack Pettis' Orchestra*)

Coffee Shop	80c
Empire Tea Room	90c
Manhattan Room	$1.25 to $1.75

Popular a la carte prices in all restaurants

Old-fashion Sunday Dinner served
12 noon to 9 P. M.—$2.00
Dance Music 6 to 9

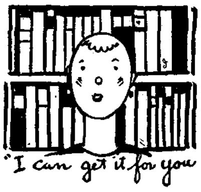
HOTEL NEW YORKER

2500 ROOMS—$3.50 AND UP
34th STREET AT 8th AVE., NEW YORK
RALPH HITZ, *President*

BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL • DETROIT
Also under Ralph Hitz Direction

BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS

Fishermen and Financiers


"I can get it for you"

THERE are all sorts of books to choose from this week, but my choice would fall on "I Cover the Waterfront," by Max Miller and published by Dutton. Mr. Miller's occupation, you would say offhand, is one of the most prosaic in the world. He is a reporter on the San Diego *Sun*, assigned to cover doings along the waterfront. This, as he himself points out, is not at all like being a ship-news reporter on one of the New York papers, for their life is very grand, and consists largely of riding down the harbor on tugboats to meet incoming liners laden with opera singers, movie stars, heavyweight champions, and important financiers. His job has rather to do with such matters as recording minor ferryboat accidents, with announcing the size of the sardine fishermen's catch, or the tuna fishermen's, telling the doings of the excursion boats, chronicling details of the occasional waterside brawls.

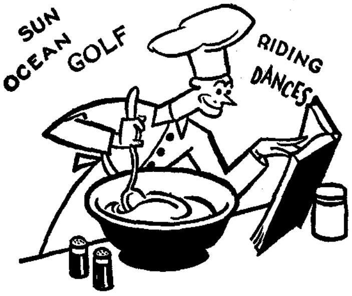
His book is a rambling but thoroughly delightful recital of the various incidents and episodes experienced in the course of his days. There is the tale of Charlie Ryan, who in his lifetime had handled hundreds of tons of fish, and all as unemotionally as the coal dealer handles his tons of coal, and then became infatuated with four small trout in the backyard fish pool he'd built for his daughter. There is the story of Mike Bachalachi, who on calm days would lie out over the bow of his schooner, listening hard, and never failed to guide the vessel right into the midst of a school of sardines. He claimed he could hear them through the water, flipping their tails. And there are countless other anecdotes about people lesser and greater: about Johnny Lafferty, the bargeman, and his funeral; about deep-sea divers and lobster fishermen, and the captains of lighters in the harbor. There is even one about Lindbergh, dating from the days when he was waiting around San Diego for the Ryan airplane factory there to deliver his monoplane, and worrying principally about whether, once he'd reached Paris, he could sell it for enough to pay his passage home.

None of them, by the way, is half as salty as you might imagine. There is no description of storms, little about great gray combers, and so on; perhaps because Mr. Miller, like the people he writes about, has through years of experience come to take such matters for granted, as a kind of ever-present background of his life. But, perhaps for the very reason that he doesn't stress it, one does have all the more clearly the sense of the harbor, slow and sunny and lazily moving, with its smells, its seagulls, and its intricate swarming activities, human and otherwise.

More important still is the impression of honesty, and of depth, the book gives one. Though the style is almost conversational in its unpretentiousness, one has that feeling, so valuable and yet so rare nowadays, that the book was written lovingly, in the sense that its author meditated over it, worked over it, and carried it with him in his mind a long time before writing it. It's a book you really ought to read.

FROM autobiography we turn to biography, in the instance of Ida M. Tarbell's "Owen D. Young," published by Macmillan. Here we encounter a curious problem. There is little doubt that Mr. Young, as a business executive, has shown courage, foresight, and integrity, or that he has displayed the same qualities in his political and statesmanlike activities. At the same time, however, it is extremely doubtful if he can be quite the paragon of these virtues that Miss Tarbell makes him out.

She, poor lady, seems never to have been able to overcome those difficulties which face the biographer of a living person. Most of her material on his early years, of course, came inevitably from people who, besides having known him in his youth, know also the eminence he has attained to now. What more natural, then, than that their remembrance of the past should be somewhat colored by the present, that every schoolteacher should recall how, even when he didn't know his lessons, he made his presence felt in the class, that every businessman with whom he came in contact when he was a young law clerk in Boston should distinctly remember saying to his wife: "That lad, Owen D. Young—he will go far"? All this is undoubtedly how the story came to Miss Tarbell, and



Recipe for a successful week-end

SUN, Ocean. A pleasant atmosphere. Lots of comfort. Things to do. Mix well. . . . And there you have Chalfonte-Haddon Hall in Atlantic City. You can bet that will set you up!

There's golf. And riding. Squash. A gym. Game rooms. Concerts. Dances. . . . Get the week-end habit. It's not expensive and it'll do you good. Write or phone 4-0141.

American and European Plans

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

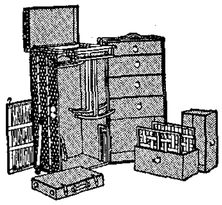
ATLANTIC CITY

Leeds and Lippincott Company

genuine Louis Vuitton

Luggage

at new prices



16 EAST 52ND STREET, NEW YORK

Arthur Gilmore INC.

SUN BATHING

in penthouse in bathing suits. Complete privacy—vicinity of Sutton Place and river—bridge, backgammon and ping pong. $1.50 per person. Tea and dinner by reservation.

For information call Plaza 3-6488

some of it may even be true, but set down in print, as she sets it down, it makes her subject's youth seem a parade of glory indeed.

She shows the same lack of selectivity in dealing with his later career. His law partners, his associates of the General Electric Company, have, naturally, nothing but encomium for him, and Miss Tarbell stints not in quoting them. There are pages devoted to praising him for his work in formulating the Dawes Plan for funding the German debt, omitting nothing except the unfortunate fact that the Dawes Plan, after all, didn't work; and pages more, similarly uncritical, on his other activities in international finance. At the outset of the book, Miss Tarbell remarks, a little apologetically, that she has written "what approaches a eulogy." Toward its end, one finds her, almost in desperation, pleading with one of Mr. Young's associates for a little—just the littlest bit—of unfavorable criticism. What she gets is the searing statement that Mr. Young, though unfailingly kind, considerate, gentle, tactful, etc., could possibly be pretty disagreeable if he ever really were aroused.

I am afraid I shall have to refer you to THE NEW YORKER Biographical Law of Living Persons, which, when first propounded by me over a year ago, stated that, all other things being equal, the value of such a biography varies directly with the years elapsed since the subject's death. This, it has since been pointed out, would put the value of all biographies of living persons as a minus quantity, and I am convinced now that this was an error. Biographies of living persons are worth even less than that—particularly when they set out to make a really good man seem a god.

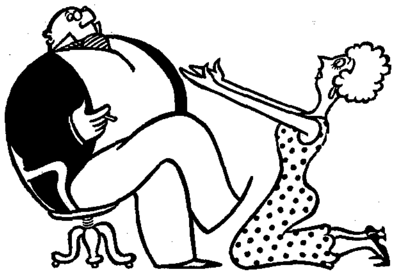
LET me just mention, too: "The French Husband," by Kathleen Coyle, published by Dutton—a very pleasant and brightly written study of international marriages. . . . "Puppets in Yorkshire," by Walter Wilkinson, published by Stokes, describing in cheerful, ambling fashion the adventures of a perambulating puppet-show proprietor. . . . "Live Bait," by Ethel M. Dell, published by Putnam—short stories this time, and all about love. —R. M. C.

•

BEVERLY HILLS, Cal.—I don't suppose there is any country, unless it be India, where the . . . —*Will Rogers in the Times.*

The cowpuncher's subjunctive.

Now we're making cigarettes...



by request

• All our business life we have been making Listerine and Listerine Tooth Paste. They are both first-rate products and the making of them has always kept us busy.

About three years ago, several people with super-sensitive throats suggested that we bring out a cigarette impregnated with some of the essential oils of Listerine. Experimenting themselves, they had found such a cigarette was wonderfully soothing and cooling to the mouth and throat.

More to please them than for any other reason, we produced such a cigarette. We called it the Listerine Cigarette. We never expected to sell a great many of them. After all, cigarettes are not our line.

But now, these cigarettes have grown so popular that we are manufacturing them on a large scale. We're in the cigarette business in earnest—and by request. The darn things have simply taken the country by storm. We're behind on our orders.

Maybe you will want to try them. If you do, you can get them at most cigar and drug stores. If not, ask your nearest dealer to order them for you. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

LISTERINE Cigarettes

LISTERINE
CIGARETTES

20 for 20¢

Cellophane wrapped

Live on...
SEVEN SEAS STREET
next winter

Pay your rent (and a moderate one) to the **Empress of Britain.** Live a gay and spacious life... in her roomy apartments... on her two great play-decks. Make a new circle of friends. Give and receive dinner and bridge invitations. Play tennis, squash. Swim in the two pools. Go to masquerade balls. Have your *apéritif* before dinner.

No need to hunt for parking space on Seven Seas Street. Go sightseeing, and you may choose among chauffeured motor-cars, rickshaws, or camels.

Shop... and you may pick up an antique bronze, or a priceless embroidery. Stroll about... under tree-ferns, past temples roofed with gold. Ask a riddle of the Sphinx that looked on the loves of Antony and Cleopatra. See Javanese dancing girls at play. Meet kimonoed Japanese maidens writing poems to blossoming plum-trees.

Empress of Britain... WORLD CRUISE

Isn't that better than buying rabbit's-wool underwear, and checking butcher-bills? Life on the "Empress" is life indeed.

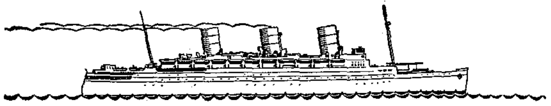
Fares as low as $2,250. Majority of apartments with private bath. See deck plans, study the itinerary. Your own agent, or any Canadian Pacific office: New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Montreal, and 30 other cities in U. S. and Canada.

Empress of Britain World Cruise sails from New York December 3, 1932.

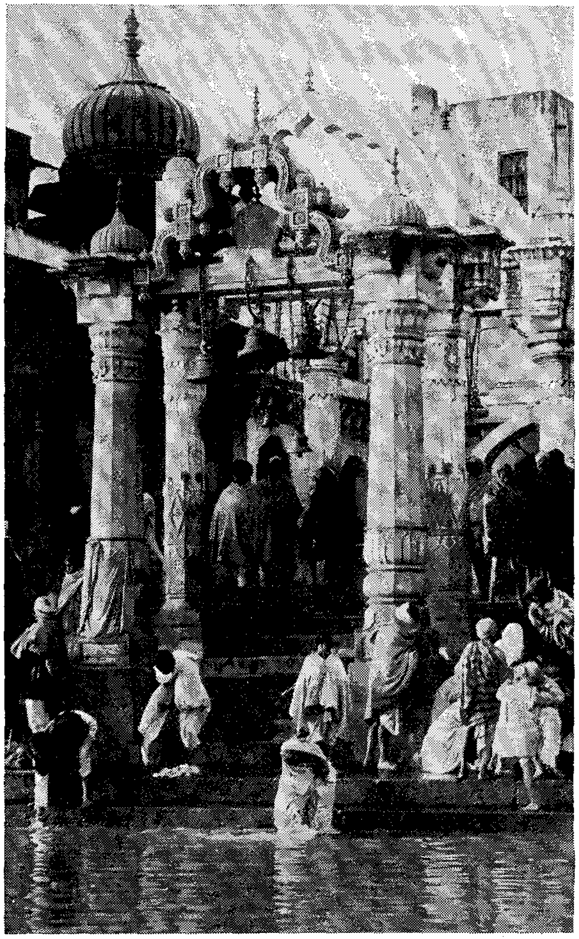
This season's Trans-Atlantic sailings from Québec to Cherbourg, Southampton: July 2, 20, August 6, 20, September 3, 17, October 1, 15.

WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

Canadian Pacific



•
DEC. 3rd
Goodbye to
NEW YORK
•
MADEIRA
GIBRALTAR
ALGIERS
•
Full-size tennis-court on this ship
•
MONTE CARLO
NAPLES
•
Squash-racquets too
•
ATHENS
JERUSALEM
Christmas Eve in
BETHLEHEM
•
New Year's Eve in
CAIRO
•
INDIA
CEYLON
•
Largest swimming pool afloat
•
More space per individual passenger than any other liner

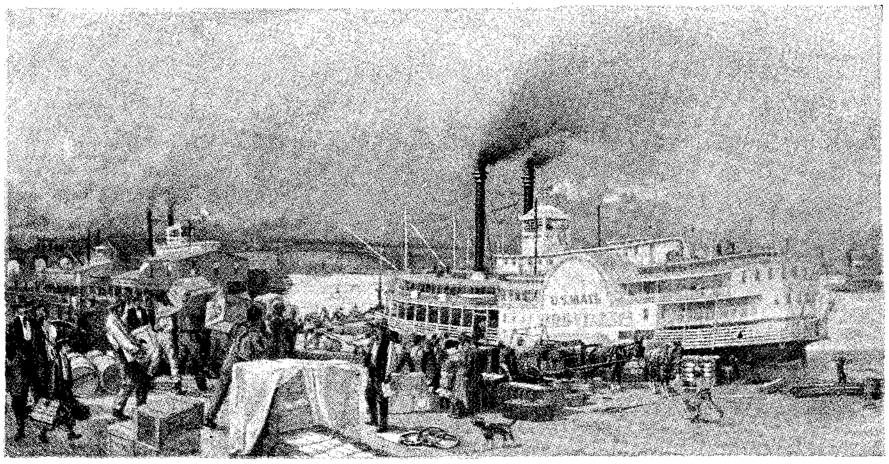


BATAVIA
SINGAPORE
BANGKOK
•
That whimsical Knickerbocker Bar!
•
MANILA
CHINA
JAPAN
•
Dances, entertainments like the finest resort hotels
•
HAWAII
PANAMA
CUBA
•
Only Class AA, 5-day-to-Europe liner to make a World Cruise
•
Back to
NEW YORK
•
129 DAYS
23 COUNTRIES
81 PORTS AND PLACES
•
10TH ANNUAL
WORLD CRUISE
•

A bathing ghat in India

Budweiser

GOING STRONG IN 1870 — AND EVER SINCE



BUDWEISER
helped make life on the Mississippi grand, gay and gallant

Back in the happy times that Mark Twain wrote about, every steamboat on the Mississippi tried to outdo all the others in the magnificence of its menu. They were determined that fine foods should not suffer for lack of fine drink. So—foaming BUDWEISER became the most popular bottled beer on the river because it matched delicious dishes so smoothly. Not only on the river, but everywhere, this beer was the favorite among those who gallantly 'drank like gentlemen'—temperately.

Today, BUDWEISER is brewed just as it always was. It has the maximum of alcohol allowed by law and the same old tang, the same fine flavors of choice barley and imported Saazer hops. Drink BUDWEISER with your meals. Nothing brings out the flavors of delicious dishes better than does this fine, old brew. Whether it be with a ham sandwich or a full course dinner, BUDWEISER *tastes better with food and food tastes better with* BUDWEISER.

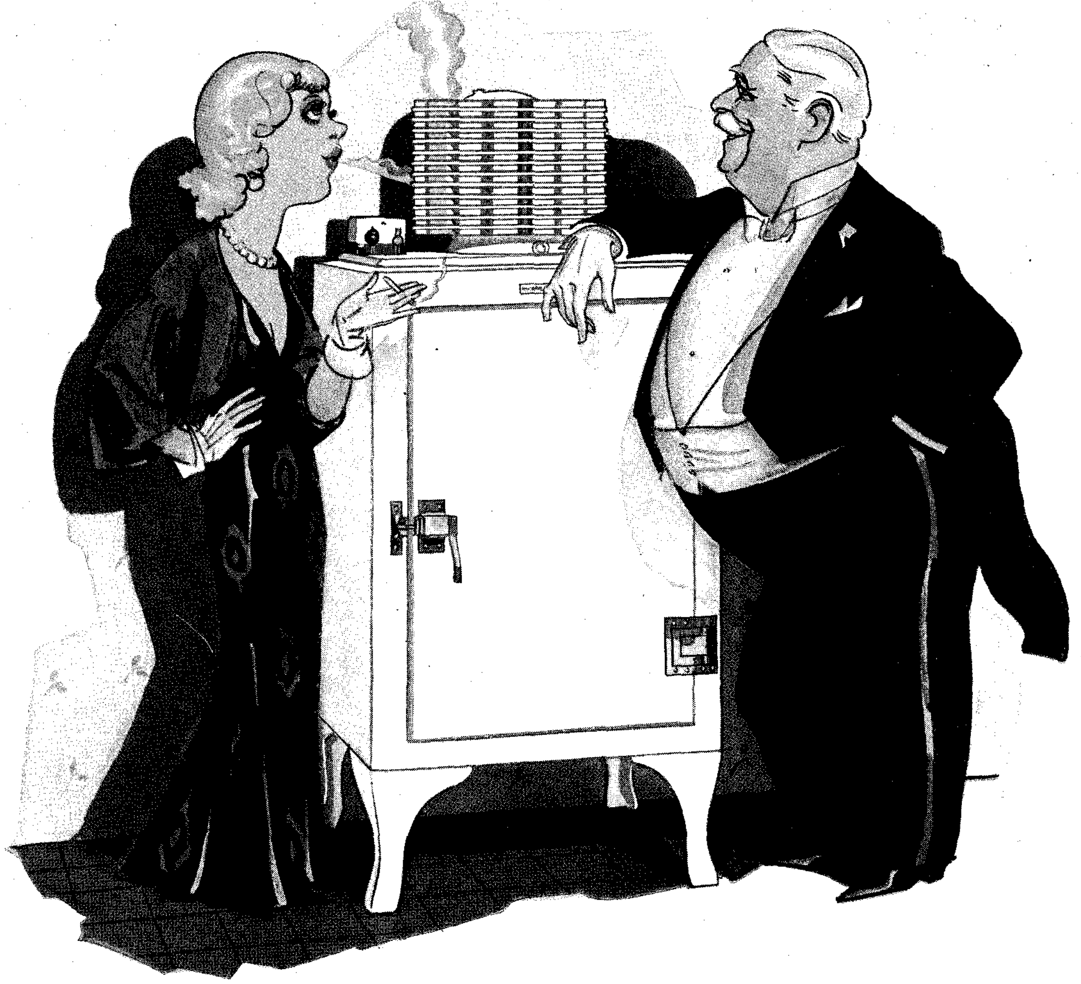
ANHEUSER-BUSCH
BUDWEISER
ST. LOUIS, MO.
U.S. PERMIT
MO-L-22
TRADE
MARK
Budweiser
Choicest Cereals and Hops
Anheuser-Busch Inc.
St. Louis, Mo.

Bottled exclusively by Anheuser-Busch in the largest and finest bottling plant in the world

ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS

BUSCH
EXTRA DRY

And when you want ginger ale . . . BUSCH EXTRA DRY, *America's finest ginger ale, fits every occasion—in the home, at the club, for dancing and dining, for old and young of both sexes.*



REX COLE CALLS IT "FREE-COOLING"

(Einstein would call it "Natural Radiation")

"FREE-COOLING" is a lot like "Free-Wheeling", the present rage in motoring. Everybody takes to Free-Wheeling because it takes advantage of the natural law of momentum — your car *coasts* and you save money.

"Free-Cooling" (an exclusive G-E feature), also saves money, by letting nature do the work. General Electric engineers planned it that way—they put the unit on top and the cooling system outside so the air in the kitchen could pass through the coils of the Monitor Top mechanism and carry away the heat with it.

With nature doing so much of the work, gratis, the G-E mechanism is smaller, simpler and infinitely more dependable. No extra parts are needed to force the cooling. Nature does it! No heat oozes from the bottom of the cabinet. Nature does it! (On top where nature *can* do it.)

Let "Free-Cooling" solve *your* refrigeration problem *for good. Year after year it will do the job* patiently, quietly, thoroughly and above all economically. And don't let anyone kid you — "Free-Cooling" is found only in a General Electric.

REX COLE

INC.

DISTRIBUTOR

4th AVENUE at 21st STREET, N. Y. • GRamercy 5-6660

Tune in on the Rex Cole Mountaineers, in a program of mountain music, every evening except Thursday and Sunday, at 6:30 p. m. over WEAF

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR